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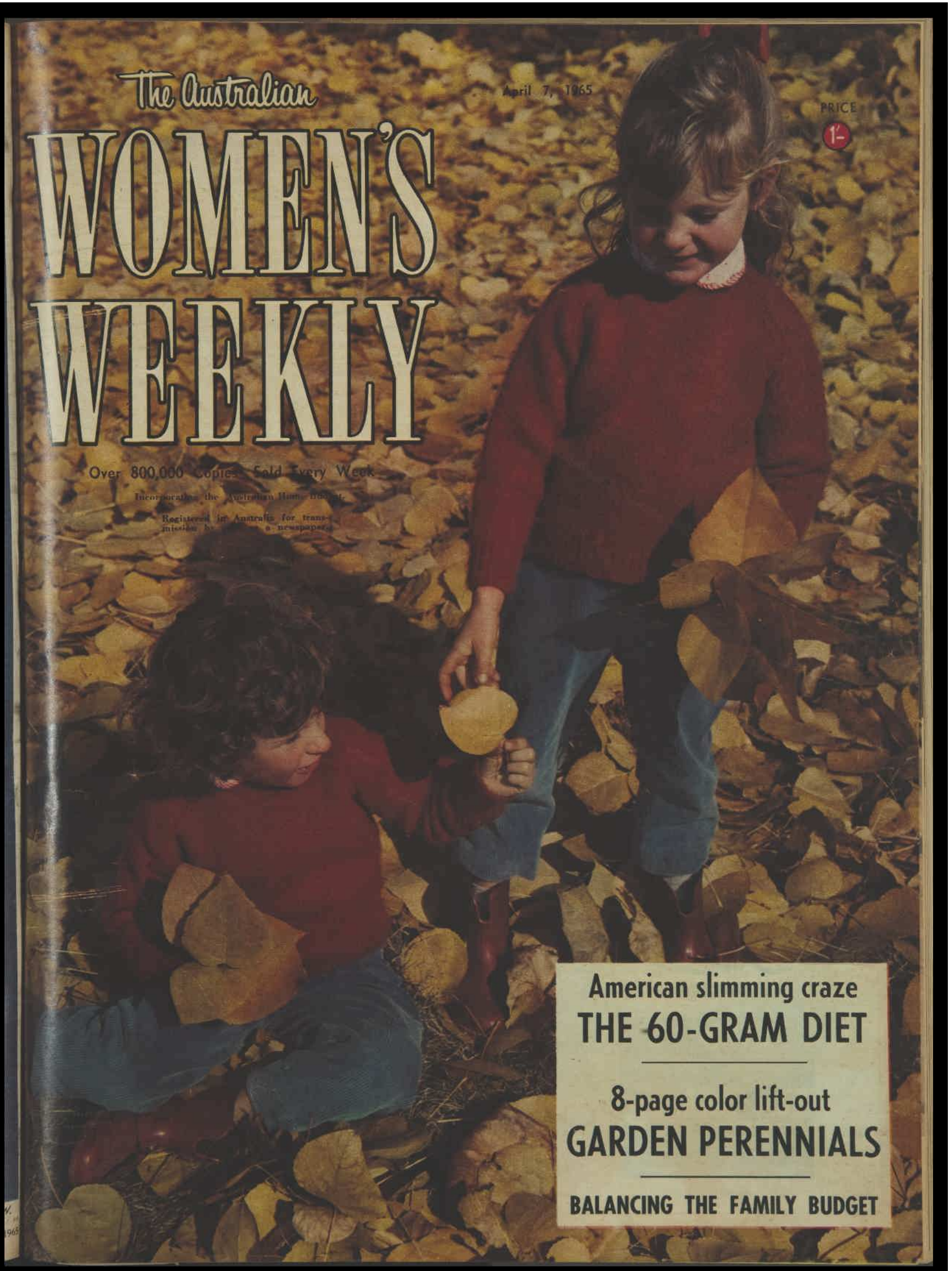

American slimming craze
THE 60-GRAM DIET

8-page color lift-out
GARDEN PERENNIALS

BALANCING THE FAMILY BUDGET

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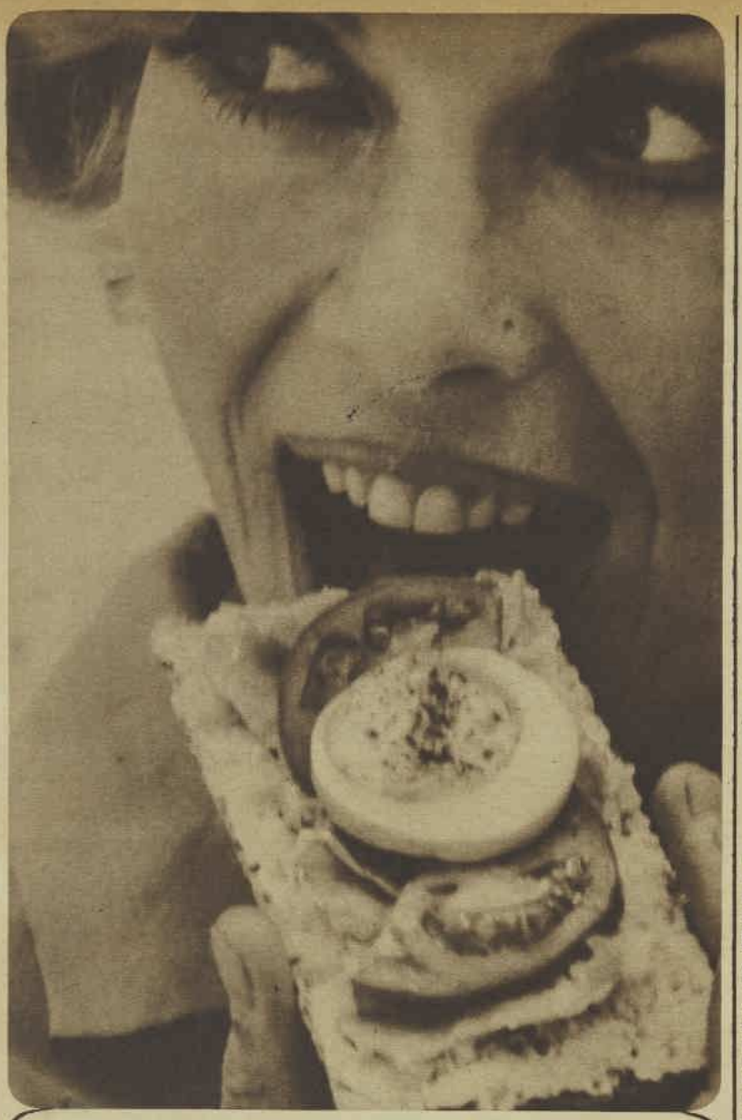

Sweden has some beautiful ideas

Swedish Smorrebrod: Colourful, fun-to-eat open-faced sandwiches. With tempting toppings you can yield to. With shredded lettuce, slices of hard-boiled egg sprinkled with paprika, garnished with tomato or red pepper strips. Or with any toppings you like, but *always* with the good rich taste of rye. The good rich taste of Ry-King. Crunchy, flavoursome goodness that satisfies and delights — with never a worry about calories. Try the king of the crispbreads, Ry-King.
After all, why should the Swedes have all the good things of life?

Ry-King
CRISPBREAD

Ry-King from Sweden with *flavour!*

RK23.5

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WORTH REPORTING

● At any given time in any staff composed mainly of women there are two or three or more on slimming diets.

SINCE some of us on the Weekly began experimenting with the 60-Gram Diet (pages 12 and 13) there have been surprising differences in choice of lunches between the carbohydrate-counters and the more conservative calorie-counters.

The calorie-counters look askance at the others ladling mayonnaise on salads and cream in coffee; the carbohydrate cranks are shocked at those who take apples between meals.

In the course of our 60-gram investigation we turned up some quaint facts.

Did you know, for instance, that William Banting, the man whose name passed into the dictionary as a word for slimming, was an undertaker and made the Duke of Wellington's coffin?

Banting, 5ft. 5in. in his socks, weighed 15st. 2lb. at the age of 66.

Surgeon William Harvey devised a diet for him, and in less than a year he lost 50lb. and 12in. from his waistline.

Researchers say he ate about 2800 calories a day but hardly any starch or sugar (i.e., carbohydrates).

SUCH talk reminds us that the kitchen is a hazardous place for dieters.

Barbara Small, of Warrawee, N.S.W., told us that the one thing wrong with studying at the famous Paris cooking schools, Le Cordon Bleu and Le Pot au Feu, was that the students ate everything they cooked.

"I couldn't tell you how much weight I put on," she said.

Miss Small was a secretary for ten years before she went overseas. During 18 months abroad she studied for three months at each of the two cooking schools in order to begin a new career as a cooking demonstrator.

"At the Cordon we learnt the more extravagant dishes," she said. "At the Pot au Feu I concentrated on simple kitchen cookery."

Fees at the Cordon are very high. Her one term cost about £200.

OUR COVER

● Twins among the autumn leaves are Debbie Anne (with long hair) and Mary Elizabeth, six-year-old daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Colahan, of Beaumaris, Victoria. The picture was taken by their father in the Buckland Valley below Mt. Buffalo, Victoria.

● *Barbara Small*

AS the base for his paints Australian painter Albert Tucker uses a plastic material which he imports from Germany.

"Color pigments are ground into this base," said Mr. Tucker at his studio at Hurstbridge, Victoria. "The resulting paint should last for thousands of years."

Fifty of Mr. Tucker's paintings, done within the past 18 months, will be exhibited at the Dominion Galleries, Sydney, from April 6.

It is his second show since returning to Australia in 1960 after 13 years.

His new works are typically Australian. No sheep or cows—but many gum-trees, which he considers among the most beautiful trees.

"Boyhood memories of holidays in Gippsland form the basis of most of the paintings," he said.

BAD CHIEF YESTERDAY
Good Chief today

Based on a real life story

Yahoo! Another Cowboy bites the dust!
"Just look how happily Bobby's playing today," says his mother. "Only yesterday the children were squabbling and fighting. But last night I gave Bobby a Laxette. No tears today!"
Children's upsets are often due to constipation. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Not habit-forming. No embarrassing urgency. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative.
When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/6.

9821CR

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KIM'S WEDDING IN THE SNOW

● On a platform specially built in the middle of a snowy field at Aspen, Colorado, film star Kim Novak on March 16 married British actor Richard Johnson, her partner in the film "Moll Flanders."

THE judge of the County of Pitkin, 70-year-old William T. Shaw, conducted the ceremony. Witnesses were Hollee Kassell, Kim Novak's manager, and his wife.

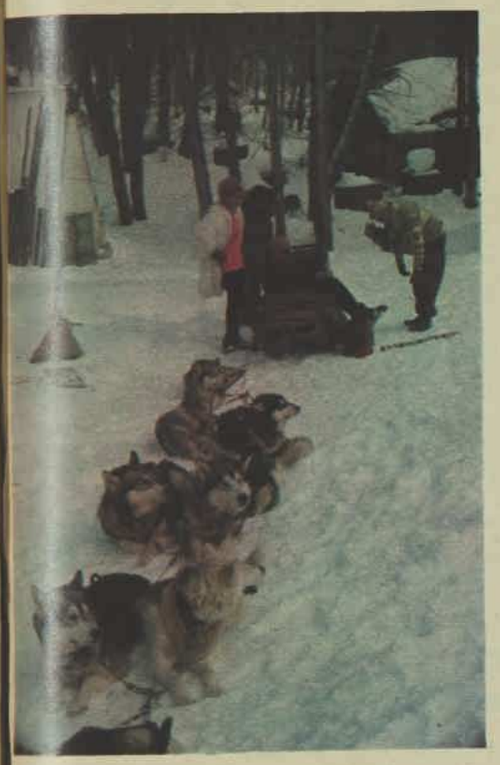
For the wedding, Richard Johnson, who divorced Sheila Sweet last year, wore a dark blue suit.

Kim wore a white chiffon dress and held a bouquet of orange blossoms.

After the ceremony the newlyweds returned to the T-Lazy-7 Ranch, where Kim and Richard had been the guests of the owner, ex-actress Lou Deane, for a few days, and where they planned to spend a two-week honeymoon.

These are exclusive pictures of the wedding.

RICHARD and KIM after the wedding. There was only one photographer at the ceremony — Pierluigi — and he took the pictures reproduced on this page.



COUPLE left for the honeymoon on a sledge drawn by dogs. Picture above shows a stop on the way to T-Lazy-7 Ranch.

JUDGE SHAW performs the snowfield wedding ceremony, at which the bride, Kim, wore a white sleeveless chiffon dress.

NEXT MORNING, at the T-Lazy-7 Ranch, the honeymooners set off for the ski-run in the vicinity.

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NEXT WEEK:

CYCLES IN YOUR LIFE

● **Are you an "owl" or an "early bird"? Why do you get, seemingly unaccountably, "the blues"?**

History *does* repeat itself and even babies prefer to be born in the middle of the night.

Why? Because of CYCLES in life and human behaviour. There's a long, fascinating look at this subject in a condensation of a book by an expert.

☆

FISH cookbook

Eight-page lift-out

● **Compiled by our Leila Howard Test Kitchen, this color book to keep contains a wide variety of recipes for delicious fish and other seafood dishes, and includes some types of fish that may be new to you. There is also advice on buying and storing fish.**

☆

WILL YOUR MARRIAGE SURVIVE 1965?

☆

"BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA"

● **Two pages of magnificent color pictures of birds in flight.**

☆

PARIS AFTER-DARK FASHIONS

● **Among the most beautiful fashions now are the Paris nightlife dresses.**

A slender supple line is the newest shape, there are short-skirted dance dresses — and there's an exotic Eastern look.

"Don't call me Mrs. James Bond," says Cilento

● **Through the granite wall of silence which Diane Cilento and Sean Connery have thrown up against rumors of their marriage break-up two facts stand out. Diane is staying in London with the children, and doing a TV play, and Sean is on location in Nassau for his new Bond film.**

DIANE and SEAN pose happily at the Royal Film Performance of "Lord Jim," where they were presented to the Queen Mother.

OF course, Sean's schedule was teed up months ago — and with a big film like "Thunderball" (the fourth James Bond epic and assured of grossing millions), no mere domestic crisis can be allowed to upset shooting.

Anyway, it's typical of Diane that if Sean is busy, she takes work to keep her busy, too.

But another factor also makes her disinclined to join Sean on location on any of his Bond films.

"Ridiculous"

From the very first, "Dr. No," she made no secret of the fact that she would very much resent ever being known as Mrs. James Bond.

"I'm either Diane Cilento or Mrs. Sean Connery," she said firmly to me one day. "If you ever refer to me as Mrs. James Bond I'll never speak to you again."

Then, with an equally determined expression: "I hate Sean being called James Bond, too.

"It's ridiculous. He's an actor, not a cardboard figure. It's bad for his career to get labelled like that.

"And it would be bad for him, too."

Diane even despises the high-powered publicity stunts which have been put out all over the world on Bond.

She was furious about the story of Sean's "Breaking the bank" at a European casino.

I telephoned her in London to ask if it were true.

"Heaven knows, I don't. But I should very much doubt it.

"It's all part of the mad ideas they get to turn him into a Bond in real life.

"I hate it all. I can't wait for him to finish the whole series."

There is no doubt that her three-year-old battle to get Darcy Niland's novel "Call Me When the Cross Turns Over" on to the screen was in part due to the fact that there was a part in it for Sean which was the exact opposite of the Bond image.

Facinatin', as the character is called, is a tall outback Aussie who has never heard of Savile Row suits and would despise the dirty, ruthless fights Bond gets into.

Of course Diane's first thought was that the female lead of Barbie would be ideal for her, too.

Twentieth Century - Fox had bought the script at her insistence, and had contracts drawn up starring the two together for the first time.

By
BETTY BEST, of our London staff

When it was announced that Sean had decided to back out, Fox must have been very unhappy, but I'm sure that no one could be as disappointed as Diane herself.

Neither Sean nor Fox nor Diane will say what he had against the film. Sean has shunned reporters and publicity men ever since.

It is no secret that both he and Diane have volatile tempers. They have both been so furious at the rumors of breakup that they refuse to speak to anyone.

I am one of the very few journalists who have ever been inside the old convent they turned into their London home.

Sean once told me he wanted it to be really a home—"and that means private—just for us. I shall never let it or the children be used for publicity."

And when Sean is determined his jaw sets like a rock and his eyes flash.

It is just this strength of purpose which has made their marriage possible. Diane has a very determined will of her own and would never respect a weaker man.

Of course, their wills have clashed. They are both pretty demanding — both of other people and themselves.

But they have a genuine warmth for one another.

Diane has always recognised the dangers inherent in a marriage in which both partners act.

"There is always the peril of professional jealousy to be watched," she told me just before she and Sean married. "Who knows how one of us would feel if the other became much more famous?"

Little did she know how prophetic she was being. No one could have foreseen then the fantastic rise in Sean's fortunes through the James Bond films.

But Diane's strongest reaction was not jealousy, but fear.

"I just loathe the whole idea of Bond," she said. "I think that the books are nasty.

"I just don't want people to think that Sean is like that."

I suggested she might be worrying that Sean may begin to take on some of Bond's characteristics.

She laughed. "Oh, no. He would be more sensible."

Then for a second her face clouded over: "Oh wouldn't it be awful!"

With his solid Scots background of no nonsense, plus his own character, it is unlikely Sean would change that much.

His early working life was a genuine struggle with all sorts of humble jobs from milkman to coffin-maker.

But to be hurled suddenly into a millionaire's world as Britain's greatest screen export, within the space of two pictures and 12 months, might be enough to alter the most solid of men.

Happy

His face and figure are now as famous as Clark Gable's ever were, and his fanmail is overwhelming.

When seen in public together at the gala premiere of "Lord Jim," he and Diane looked splendidly happy.

They were far and away the most handsome couple to chat to the Queen Mother.

Both of them love and enjoy the children. They would resist with everything in their power anything that might split up their family.

As one who has watched them for years I am sure that there is only one chance in a hundred that anything ever would.

It is a remote one—simply the possibility that Mrs. Sean Connery would ever be expected by her husband to become Mrs. James Bond.

SEAN CONNERY and Italian actress Luciana Paoluzzi enact a scene from "Thunderball" for publicity — a set-up Diane abhors.

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FASHION GIRL'S WORLD SUCCESS

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

● "My wife won't be a moment," said the blond young man. And through the door bounced a girl who looked like an escapee from boarding-school, in a grey pleated tunic and black stockings and with a rather cheeky, but cute, look.

● A with-it Melbourne girl has struck overnight world success with a collection of Medieval-Mod dresses, all Australian from the cloth down to the fasteners. "We'll buy the lot," said the London and American buyers on seeing the designs, materials, and colors.

NOELEEN KING in London with models showing two of her designs, both cafe length in pastel crepe. At right, she cuts a pattern.

THIS was Noeleen King, the 32-year-old Melbourne fashion designer who a few weeks ago conquered fashion buyers in London with her first overseas collection.

Her 16 simple, feminine, slightly avant garde dresses — 100 per cent. Australian from materials to fasteners—got fashion buyers so excited in London and America that they reopened their books for her although they had completed summer buying.

"Wonderful clothes," they said. "We will buy the lot." And overnight Noeleen King gave Australia a million-dollar promotion and herself a title — "The Girl Who Struck Gold."

Harrods, the exclusive London store where royalty shops, not only bought her dresses but displayed them in a window and plastered "Australia" over the glass.

This month, when a couple of hundred copies of her dresses arrive at Harrods, the store will promote them through parades and window and advertisement displays. (Noeleen has already dispatched 150 garments to Lane Crawford's store in Hong Kong.)

Noeleen hit the big-time in London after Victoria's Agent-General, Sir Horace Petty, upon seeing her clothes, gave a cocktail party for her and invited Press, radio, and fashion buyers.

Back in Melbourne after her hectic but lucrative six weeks of selling, Noeleen keeps saying: "I still can't believe it — everything is just too fabulous."

Five years ago Noeleen King was unknown.

Maybe it was the luck of the Irish — she was born in County Sligo on the west coast of Ireland.

She has black, curly hair — which Vidal Sassoon cut short into an Eton crop in London — and she wears bright blue eyeshadow to deepen the color of her big eyes, and lots of mascara.

The only thing missing is an Irish brogue, which she says she has lost after ten years in Australia and marriage to an Englishman (he is her production manager).

Noeleen regards herself as an Australian and explained: "My overseas crusade was to prove that Australia can compete in fashion abroad.

"People said they could see the Australian handwriting in my clothes, and they liked the fresh line. Mary Quant put England on the map with her Mod look — I hope I can do the same for Australia."

Her clothes could be described as Medieval-Mod. She looks perfect in her own designs and wears them constantly.

"Me buy clothes?" she said with astonishment, "I couldn't be disloyal even for a Dior."

Each season she makes a collection of clothes for herself and when she tires of them she gives the lot away.

Like Mary Quant, Noeleen designs strictly for the young —from late teens to twenties. Her largest size is SSW and her clothes are in the medium-price bracket. She says her frocks will be slightly dearer overseas until she is able to have them made abroad under licence.

Mary Quant, by the way, was one of Noeleen's London admirers. They spent a few days together, talking shop, because Noeleen makes Quant fashions under licence in Australia.

This is how she managed this neat arrangement:

"Last year I wrote her asking if I could make her clothes out here. I thought I might have been too cheeky. However, she liked the idea and we signed an agreement within six weeks.

"She is rather quiet, and lives in a lovely apartment. We found we had quite a lot in common — besides our ages.

"Mary and I seem to have a similar line, but I think my clothes are more feminine, and our colors are completely different. She likes dramatic colors like orange —I go more for pretty pinks and blues."

Noeleen chose mostly pastel colors for her overseas garments and gave them patriotic names like Witchetty White, Ayers Rock Pink.

The dresses were in three lengths — day length, just above the knee; cafe length, mid-calf; and evening length, touching the instep.

Materials ranged from one of her favorite fabrics, gingham, to an attractive new synthetic, boucle-crepe, which she helped a Victorian mill to develop.

"I wanted a special material to take away," said Noeleen, "so I suggested a boucle-crepe. After working on the combination for several weeks we produced a crease-proof, washable, all-season fabric.

"Overseas the fabric people went mad about it, and everyone wanted to copy it. In the end I had to be careful whom I showed it to.

"In America they raved over a long dress in marshmallow-pink boucle-crepe — it was a best-seller there."

Noeleen will retain her original lilac-quilted label for her overseas trade. At the moment her 80 machinists are working overtime to complete orders by April for London, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

After completing the summer orders she will start on a winter collection of Australian tweeds for I. Magnins of San Francisco. She will choose the colors and weave of the tweeds herself.

Then she will tackle her Australian summer collection — usually 60 styles — and another summer collection for London, which she hopes to take over at Christmas time.

Ideas come fast to Noeleen. She often gets inspiration for a new line under the shower — and if she does, before the day's out the idea has taken the shape of a calico toile.

"I'm not one for chopping and changing ideas," she said. "I think once, then act."

She is always geared to change a collection if some big fashion sweeps in.

"Moody"

For coming designs she has set her heart on the bias cut.

"I loved the look when I saw it in the Paris collections," she said.

"I also saw the new, wider shoulder-line — but that I cannot stand, it's too masculine."

She sighed. "With colors I'm terribly moody. I change a color to go with my moods. I may arrive at work in a pink dress and go home in a blue one. Blue — particularly pale blue — makes me feel better."

Noeleen learnt her craft the hard way.

She began picking up pins off the floor as one of four assistants to the Irish designer Sybil Connolly. Her six years in Dublin with the famous designer included color and fabric research.

When she came to Australia with her husband ten years ago, Noeleen took a job in a boutique because she felt the most important thing for her was to find the mood of the country, through talking to the public and studying what they liked and asked for.

After five years as a salesgirl, she set up a modest business in Flinders Lane, sharing a workroom with a manufacturer of men's dressing gowns.

She produced a range of simple little street dresses with the help of three machinists.

"It was a terrible year. I'd never want to go back to it," she said.

The following year she made cocktail wear—"I'd always had a feeling for it" —and dreamt up a collection of velvets.

She sold every one, and has never looked back.

She has two design assistants now.

Noeleen has moved her premises four times, and today her clothes hang on gilt racks in a silk-curtained showroom. The floor is laid with turquoise carpet so thick that high heels sink and wobble.

She says her only hobbies are reading fashion magazines, which she does with religious fervor, and learning to water-ski.

Noeleen and Ron King have decorated their South Yarra maisonette to look like an English cottage, with chintz everywhere and old cottage furniture.

Noeleen predicts big changes in Australian fashions during this year.

She said soon all fashion-conscious women here will be wearing shoulder-strap bags, black-and-white lacy stockings, and snub-toed shoes with high instep straps and thick, low heels.

She will be prepared. She brought back a case full of new shoulder-strap bags, stockings, and shoes.

She's Australia's Mary Quant

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What we have discovered about Women

who are driving the new Ford Falcon

They love getting in and out, because it's easy.

They appreciate the upholstery, because it cleans in-a-wink, and doesn't bunch up their skirts.

They go for the windows because they wind up and down without effort, never bruise their fingertips or ruin their fingernails.

They thank Heaven for the boot lid because it swings up by itself — no muscles needed.

They smile over the steering wheel because it seems to be power assisted — it turns so effortlessly.

They praise the dashboard because all the instruments are clearly marked, and illuminated at night.

They adore the leg room because it's so generous. The vision because it sweeps all round, allowing them to see—and be seen.

They are charmed by the seats because they are posture-perfect; and by the colours, because they are new, colour keyed and fashion-right.

They are reassured by the brakes because they are self-adjusting and always at full-power.

They bless the seat-belt anchor points, the child-proof double-grip door locks and the safety wheel rims.

They are telling all their friends that 1965 is the best year yet to go Ford. We love 'em!

LOOKS GREAT! GOES GREAT! GREAT VALUE!

Falcon

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CARS ARE HER LIFE

● *Showroom has Jaguars, Porsches, Alfa Romeos . . . Passing motorists usually slow for a long, yearning look at them.*

Sydney woman helped to make her husband's boyhood dream come true

MANY wives whose husbands are passionately interested in cars have cause for complaint. But Mrs. Alec Mildren decided 26 years ago that she wouldn't complain about it—she would join it.

So she worked with him, while they built up from buying and selling second-hand cars in the backyard to Mr. Mildren's dream come true — a large agency handling some of the world's most magnificent cars.

And now, when Mrs. Mildren sits in her office of their showrooms at Pymble, N.S.W., she can look out over a view worth £70,000 — a fleet of Maseratis, Jaguars, Alfa Romeos, Daimlers, Hondas, and Porsches.

But, for the Mildrens, they are even more than beautiful and expensive cars — they are the realisation of a dream, and the sum total of a happy marriage.

"My husband used to tell me that even as a small boy he collected pamphlets and dreamed of the day he would own a really good car," Mrs. Mildren said.

"We were married in Sydney a week before the war, and then my husband went into the navy. But since the war our whole life has been cars.

"We started off within the backyard, then expanded, and bought and sold various car businesses till we opened this one last May."

Even Mr. Mildren's relaxation and sport has been cars. He raced them.

"I hated it when he was racing, but I usually went along," Mrs. Mildren said. "When I did stay at home I wouldn't even listen to the race broadcast — it was always understood that he would ring me as soon as the race was over."

—By—
KIRSTEN BLANCH

Even the children, two sons, went with them to the tracks as soon as they were of "controllable age."

"I used to dress them in little white track suits, and they'd run messages and fetch and carry for us and the pit crew," she said.

Though the boys still like to watch when Mildren cars are racing, neither ever wanted to drive.

"I think they saw too much of the hard work involved. My husband often worked till the early hours of the morning getting his cars ready."

Jeffrey, the elder, is now 23, a Bachelor of Economics, and just married. He works with his parents in their business. Raymond, 20, is in his last year at Law School.

In 1960 Mr. Mildren achieved one of his ambitions —the Gold Star Championship for Australian champion driver.

"It was one of the high points of our life," Mrs. Mildren said, "and our most exciting experience. Alec won the Australian Grand Prix in Queensland, and became the Gold Star Champion.

"I wasn't there, but I believe it was a terribly exciting race — 150 miles neck-to-neck with the late Lex Davison, and Alec beat him by a few feet over the finishing line.

"After the race Alec drove non-stop to Sydney, put on every light in the house, and woke us all up saying, 'I've got it. I've got it!'

"Everyone had to look at the trophy and admire it. The house was a blaze of light and we were all terribly excited — it had been my husband's goal for years and years."

Mr. Mildren retired from racing soon after that at 46, and stayed away from it for almost a year.

"But he was unhappy and restless, and eventually he decided to build up a team of racing cars to keep up his technical knowledge," Mrs. Mildren said.

"Now we have an Intercontinental Brabham racing car, an Alfa Romeo sedan, and the Mildren Maserati, designed by Alec and built here by our mechanics.

"My husband brings out Frank Gardner from England to race for us each international season and Sydney driver Ralph Sach is second driver."

Mrs. Mildren, as well as being co-director of their five companies, is a valuable part of the racing team. She usually does the lap scoring and timing and keeps a womanly eye on the men.

"I see that the boys eat something — they are often so interested in what is going on they don't worry about food. I make sure that they at least have fruit and something to drink," she said.

Many trips

The Mildrens now fly — they haven't time to drive — all over Australia for important race meetings. They go overseas once a year — for instance, right about now to Italy for three weeks for talks at the Maserati factory.

Mrs. Mildren's life has always been busy because she has always taken an active part in her husband's business. She wouldn't change it.

"One year, after we sold our Canberra business and moved to Sydney, I decided to become just a housewife. But after eight months I couldn't stand it any more and joined Alec again."

Mr. and Mrs. Mildren share a love of fishing. They have a 30ft. cruiser moored off their waterfrontage home at Newport and go out on Sundays — when there are no car races.

Mrs. Mildren says that being so involved in her husband's work and sport has never been a strain, and the partnership works very smoothly.

"The only time we are unhappy is when we're not together," she said simply.

AT THE TRACK

● ***Mrs. Mildren gives iced water to chief mechanic Glen Abbey (left) and driver Frank Gardner. Right: At Longford, Tas., she ponders a problem with her husband (left) and Frank and Glen. The Mildrens raced their Maserati to second place at the meeting.***

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In soft, absorbent terry towelling—for long wearing protection with comfort for baby.

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WARDROBE FIT FOR A CAT

LOBSANG'S lifejacket (for boating) doubles as a raincoat for wet days or to protect him from splashes at the school swimming-pool, where he watches the girls at their swimming lessons. He has not, however, yet gone so far as to venture into the water himself.

AT SCHOOL. "It's such a comfort to have him with me," says Lobsang's mistress, Mrs. Wallis Wayne, secretary to the principal of P.L.C., Croydon. "I'm afraid he often gets in the way when I'm doing my typing. The moving typewriter always seems to fascinate him."

SCHOOL UNIFORM for Lobsang is a warm grey flannel overcoat edged smartly in pale blue binding. Like most Siamese cats, he will go on a lead. He is pictured on one of his daily walks at school with Jenny Scholz, 12, of Moree, N.S.W.

● A Siamese cat can be haughty and temperamental. This is Lobsang, who goes to school, eats smoked oysters, and has coats of many colors. It took hours to get him and his wardrobe on film; he disdainfully turned his back when the camera was raised.

LOBSANG, the four-year-old Siamese cat belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Wallis Wayne, of Ashfield, N.S.W., is the most elegant pet we've heard of in a long time — and just the tiniest bit spoilt.

For Lobsang (called, for no special reason, after Lobsang Rampa, author of the book "The Third Eye") not only accompanies his "parents" everywhere they go but has a wardrobe of coats for social occasions.

"He just can't bear to be parted from us," says Mrs. Wayne, who is secretary to the principal of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Croydon. "So I take him to work with me every day.

"The principal adores cats and doesn't mind his wandering about the office—so long as he doesn't scrap too often with her cat, Tumbly."

(Tumbly's origins, she added, were doubtful—"a greyish sort of cross between a Persian and a Siamese.")

"And, of course, at weekends my husband and I include him in all our activities. These might be anything from entertaining at home to fishing—our favorite relaxation."

As well prepared as any cat with such a busy life could be, Lobsang's wardrobe consists of:

- One "sensible" grey flannel overcoat (made by Mrs. Forrester, also of the college staff) for everyday wear to school in winter.
- One sophisticated ocelot coat for special occasions (winter), such as visiting relatives.
- One plastic padded lifejacket-cum-raincoat for boating, wet days, or watching pupils at P.L.C., Croydon, having swimming lessons.
- One "diamond"-studded velvet collar for Christmas and birthdays. Lobsang's birthday is always celebrated with a tiny party on September 23. (He will be five this year.)

Lived in linen press

"His very favorite outing is shopping with me," said Mrs. Wayne. "Leaning out of the driver's window from my lap as I drive, he sort of smirks back at the craning faces of people in passing cars.

"But on the whole people are fairly tolerant of our 'little shadow.' Last Christmas we went to Nowra for a holiday, and the people who owned the hotel where we stayed were quite happy for him to live in the linen press."

Lobsang joined the Wayne household as Mr. Wayne's Christmas box for his wife in 1960.

"That was the year we moved into our new home," said Mrs. Wayne. "I had always wanted a cat, but up till then we had lived in a unit."

Lobsang immediately made up for lost time.

Said Mrs. Wayne, "The first night we had him, he howled so loudly that at 2 o'clock I got out of bed and

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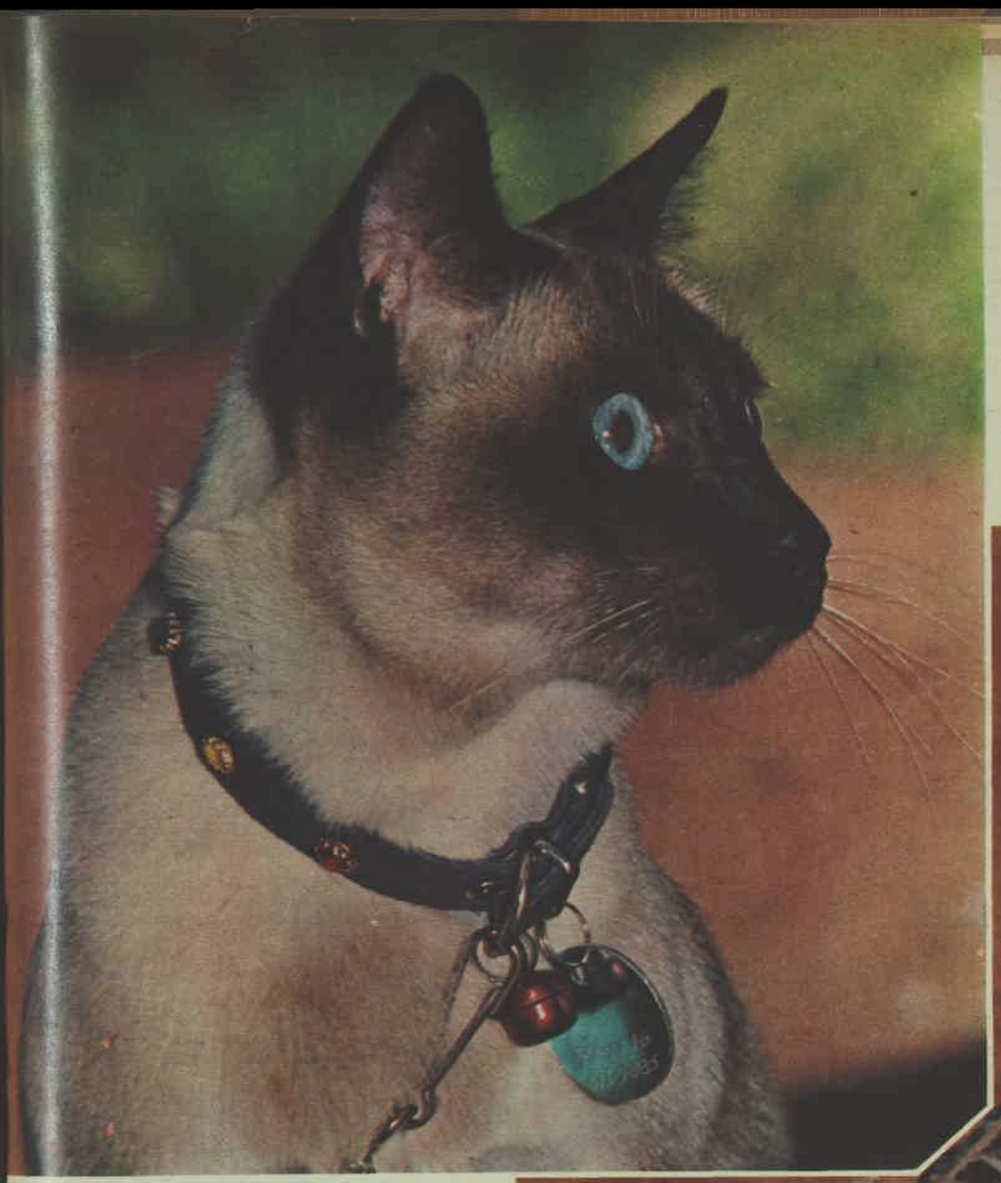

O eyes like sapphire moons! Can I really be just a cat?

ABOVE: Lobsang in his "diamond"-studded collar for festive occasions, such as Christmas or birthdays. RIGHT: An overcoat of ocelot (a cat-like relative) was a third-birthday present from Mr. Wayne. "But," says Mrs. Wayne, "I don't think he ever feels quite himself in it."

By MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

heated some milk, which he seemed to appreciate. He stopped crying — for two hours.

"At 4 a.m. I did the same thing. This time he came back to bed with us.

"After a few nights of this new-born-babe routine, we decided to harden ourselves. We put him where we couldn't hear him, and got our night's sleep.

"After that he gave up crying. We gave him his own bedroom—the former laundry—where his basket has a pretty view of the garden.

"Now he watches television every night with us—his favorite show is 'The Munsters'—and retires at 10 o'clock when we do."

Lobsang is very car-minded. When Mrs. Wayne was learning to drive a couple of years ago, he used to go on all her lessons—"and sit," she said, "like a prickly-pear between me and the instructor, whom he didn't like very much."

Incidentally, you won't be surprised to hear that such a cat-of-the-world is also a gourmet.

"Lobsang just won't look at ordinary catty things like fish," said Mrs. Wayne, with a look of defeat. "He insists on delicacies like smoked oysters, and any savories we might have. Oh yes, and tasty Danish cheese is a favorite.

"It's not that we really over-indulge him. It's just that we find it easier to humor him.

"You see, he'd never believe us if we told him he's just a cat."

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow

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JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Leggatt with their attendants (left to right), Mr. David Cooke, Miss Julie Samins, Mr. Peter Johnson, Miss Judy Leggatt, Mr. David Watson, Miss Lesley Samins, and (at front) flowergirls Sally Samins and Eve Samins, after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was Miss Helen Samins, of Darling Point.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

PLANS are well under way for the out-of-doors luncheon the ladies' auxiliary of the Post Graduate Medical Foundation gives each year to coincide with the yearling sales at Newmarket.

Actually the luncheon is held on the Sunday before the sales begin and caters for the many town and country bidders who go out to preview the horses.

It's held in the picturesque enclosed garden at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Inglis — this year on April 18 —where aperitifs will be served at small tables prior to the buffet meal, which is set out in a gaily striped blue-and-white marquee.

Members of the auxiliary (who don fluffy white organdie aprons when on duty) will act as waitresses. They include the president, Mrs. Lucy Falkiner Burton, Mrs. Dick Opie, Mrs. Annette Atwill, Mrs. Keith Gollan, Mrs. Dick Stafford, Mrs. George Christmas, and Mrs. Frank Thompson.

★ ★ ★

HOW nice it is to see hats firmly established once again as part of the fashion scene. Outstanding at a party midweek was Mrs. Walter Phillips' flower hat made entirely of white hyacinth blossoms which cascaded down the back on strips of white rouleau ribbon. The hat complemented her slim, elegant sky-blue French knitted suit embroidered in a deeper blue braid.

★ ★ ★

ROUND of farewell luncheon parties for Mrs. Colin Delaney, who leaves with her husband in Iberia on April 6 for a twelve-month trip around the world. They plan to visit Scotland, Ireland, and England (where they have taken a flat in London while they are looking up their friends) and are hoping also to go to Russia.

★ ★ ★

A BRIEF pause for Major and Mrs. Michael Hawkins in their tour with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester when they are guests of honor at a "friends and family" cocktail party on April 10 at the Woollahra home of Mrs. Hawkins' mother, Mrs. Tony Scarisbrick.

★ ★ ★

DR. and Mrs. E. S. Stuckey are planning two welcome-home parties for their daughter, Joanne, who arrives in Iberia on April 2 after two years abroad. The first, on April 3, will be a "young people's" party so Joanne's contemporaries can say "hullo" to her. The second, on the following day, will enable Joanne's relatives to greet her. While she was overseas Joanne visited England, Europe, the United States, and Canada.

★ ★ ★

LUCKY Wendy Wall, who leaves in Fairstar on April 2, will holiday abroad for two years. Part of this time will be spent with relatives in Paris. Wendy will be farewelled by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. W. Wall, and her brother, Peter.

★ ★ ★

A FLAT at Balmoral Beach awaits Mr. and Mrs. Alan Culshaw, who are honeymooning at present on the South Coast. Mrs. Culshaw, the former Pamela Coleman, was attended by her sister, Helen, for her marriage at the Scots Kirk, Mosman.

★ ★ ★

COUNTRY visitors due in town at Easter include the William Tanners, of "Chippendale," Willow Tree, who'll stay with Mr. and Mrs. Dick Harford at Bellevue Hill. They plan to be down in time for the judging of their Hereford cattle at the Royal Easter Show.

SMART TWOSOME at a luncheon and fashion parade at the Chevron Hilton Hotel in aid of the Food for Babies Fund were Mrs. Sam McMahon (left) and Mrs. Vivian Berner. President of the ladies' committee, Mrs. Ken Ipkendanz, welcomed guests as they arrived.

Message to women born before 1940

Have you felt these danger symptoms lately? Cramps in the legs? Swelling of the ankles and veins? An odd feeling of heaviness in the legs? Dull pains and aches . . .

THESE EARLY SYMPTOMS can mean you are one of the million or more people of all ages who are present or potential victims of varicose veins. This distressing condition embarrasses both men and women. Anyone who spends much time on their feet: housewives, shop assistants, nurses . . . can get varicose veins. People who have to sit down a lot get them too.

THE SYMPTOMS OFTEN SUBSIDE and then go unnoticed. This is the tragedy of it. These early warning symptoms must not be ignored. At this stage, the condition can deteriorate rapidly, even though you think "it can't happen to me".

IN THE EARLY STAGES the progress of the condition can be stopped. You need not wait for the drastic therapy of surgery. Tests on actual sufferers have established that varicose disease in the early stages can be stopped and ultimately reversed with Venoruton Tablets.

HOPE FOR CHRONIC SUFFERERS. Even at this late stage Venoruton Tablets are of the greatest value in checking more serious disturbances. Venoruton's active ingredient, Tri-(hydroxyaethyl) rutosidum, is one of the most significant developments in the treatment of varicose veins. This method has been tested in Laboratories in Switzerland in conjunction with University Clinics.

SAFE, NO SIDE EFFECTS even for expectant mothers. Within a few weeks Venoruton relieves the symptoms: soothes pain, reduces swollen legs easily and gently, promotes all-round improvement in your circulation.

YOUR HEALTH IS BEYOND PRICE, but a course of Venoruton Tablets is within your means. To start this treatment costs only 14/6 — less than 2/- a day. Treatment should be continued without interruption for four weeks, and the longer you continue the more lasting the results. Venoruton is easy to take — just two tablets three times a day. Get Venoruton Tablets from your family chemist without delay.

Venoruton tablets

From the Research Laboratories of Zyma, Switzerland.

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AT LEFT: Professor Dunbar, Dean of the Faculty of Science and Professor of Physics at the Australian National University, strolled with the Duchess of Gloucester through the courtyard adjacent to the Physics Building. The Duchess, during her visit, inspected the science buildings.

ABOVE: The Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, presented (from left) Miss Mary Calwell, Mr. Arthur Calwell, Lady Oliver, Sir William Oliver, and Sir Alister McMullin to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester on her arrival at the R.A.A.F. Base at Fairbairn.

The Gloucesters in Canberra

AT CHURCH: The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester greet church warden Mr. C. J. Shakespeare at the entrance to the Church of St. John the Baptist, where Sunday service was held by Archdeacon F. M. Hill (centre background), rector of the parish. Afterwards the Duke and Duchess lunched at Government House.

ABOVE: The wife of the Minister for the Interior, Mrs. J. D. Anthony (left), and Mr. W. C. Andrew, Associate Commissioner for the National Capital Development Commission, accompanied the Duchess on a tour of the Planning Exhibition Building, Regatta Point, where models of Canberra buildings are shown.

AT LEFT: Daughter of the Prime Minister, Mrs. Peter Henderson, escorted the Duchess of Gloucester up the stairs leading to Parliament House, where a luncheon was held by Sir Robert Menzies in honor of the two Royal visitors.

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• *Easy way to lose weight*

• *It's the rage in the U.S.*

THE 60-GRAM DIET

• On these pages we tell you all about the 60-Gram Diet, the latest reducing craze to sweep America. It's a diet that allows you to eat bacon, butter, fat, cream, fried food — all the things (well, nearly all) that conventional reducing diets ban. Its supporters say it is the easiest and most effective slimming diet ever devised. Its opponents are sceptical. We say, cautiously, that if it is approached with reasonable common sense it will work. Some of us tried it.

THE title, the 60-Gram Diet, means that you limit yourself to 60 grams of carbohydrates per day.

Instead of counting calories you count carbohydrates.

This means that you eat very little starch and sugar, but—and this is where the plan differs from low-calorie programmes—you can eat all the proteins and fats you fancy.

In practice you will find that you'll limit yourself severely on bread (16 grams per slice) and potatoes (22 grams per medium-sized potato); that you'll use artificial sweeteners instead of sugar.

You won't touch pies, pastries, and cakes.

You will hardly miss the bread and potatoes because the fatty foods (freely allowed) satisfy hunger.

Here is a sample of a day's food.

BREAKFAST: One small glass tomato juice, one fried egg and two bacon rashers, one slice of toast with plenty of butter, one cup of coffee with cream. (22 grams.)

LUNCH: Quarter pound of ham, corned beef, or tongue, one small tomato, two ounces of cheese, half a cantaloupe. (13 grams.)

DINNER: Average-sized grilled steak (six ounces), french beans, lettuce salad with mayonnaise or french dressing, half cup of ice-cream. (22 grams.)

The total for that day is 57 grams.

If you care to replace the ice-cream with a couple of ounces of cheese you have 15 grams to spare for cups of tea and coffee with cream and milk throughout the day. (Cheese is "free.")

Drinks before dinner

Or can you do without the breakfast toast? Then skip the cantaloupe at lunch and treat yourself to a potato at dinner (fried if you like!).

If you want a drink before dinner there is good news for you. Spirits with soda or water and dry wines are "free."

But beer is OUT. So are sweet wines and sugar-sweetened soft drinks.

The principles of the diet are not new.

In 1958 Dr. Richard Mackarness published a book, "Eat Fat and Grow Slim," in which he quoted experiments by Professor Alan Kekwick with high-fat, high-protein, low-carbohydrate diets at the Middlesex Hospital in England.

Professor Kekwick found that these patients lost weight very slowly on a low-calorie diet containing a high proportion of carbohydrates.

When they switched to a high-fat, low-carbohydrate diet they lost weight much more quickly, even though the calorie intake was greater.

Dr. Mackarness cited several other sources for his belief that a high content of fat actually helped, not hindered, the body's capacity to "burn" the "fuel" (i.e., food) intake.

One of these was the explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who reported that Eskimos on a diet of meat and fat were seldom overweight.

Another was the man who put a synonym for slimming into the dictionary—William Banting, the 19th-century undertaker who reduced in spectacular fashion on a diet heavy in meat and laced liberally with alcohol.

Weight loss in trial runs

Many nutrition experts do not, however, admit the efficacy of the 60-gram diet. They say that if it reduces weight it does so because the calorie intake is usually lower than that required to maintain weight.

We conducted some strictly informal experiments within our own office. One staff member lost five pounds in two weeks, another lost three pounds in two weeks.

One kept a record of calories as well as carbohydrates and found that her calorie intake ranged from 1100 to 1500 calories per day. (Her maintenance diet is 1600 calories.)

Here is her summing-up:

- The diet is much more satisfying than the conventional low-calorie diet.
- It is less conspicuous. In fact, it is not conspicuous at all. You can go to a cocktail party, drink spirits, eat olives, even a few nuts. You can proceed to dinner and order filet mignon, cheese and salad, drink a couple of glasses of wine, and never mention "my diet."
- You should have **some** fruit and vegetables. I have a good digestion, but after the first week (in which I omitted fruit) I began to feel a trifle queasy. So I reorganised the schedule to include some fruit and vegetables.
- The diet does tend to keep the calorie intake below maintenance level. It is said to work even with a higher calorie intake, but I didn't need any more food.

WARNING. This is a diet for people in good health. If you have any reason to doubt the efficiency of your digestive system you should not embark on it. Even those in good health with no history of digestive ailments should treat the diet with common sense. There will be a strong temptation to cut down too sharply on fruit and vegetables. You should resist this.

SAMPLE MENUS

• BREAKFASTS

CHOOSE from the following. Because the slice of toast uses 16 grams it is omitted from some of the menus. But you may add it, provided your day's total does not exceed 60 grams.

A.—Quarter of small cantaloupe
1 fried egg and 2 bacon rashers
1 thin slice toast, generous butter
1 cup tea or coffee with milk or cream
or
Unlimited black tea, coffee.
(22 grams)

Or B.—Small glass tomato juice
Omelet (2 eggs)
1 slice toast and butter
Tea or coffee.
(22 grams)

Or C.—Small glass orange juice
2 grilled cutlets, 1 bacon rasher
Half grilled tomato
No toast
2 cups tea or coffee with milk or cream.
(21 grams)

Or D.—Small glass tomato juice
2 fried sausages and one egg
No toast
1 cup tea or coffee with milk or cream.
(18 grams)

• LUNCHES

THE following lunches are designed for businessgirls or housewives. For restaurant lunches see the dinner menus and adapt to suit own taste.

A.—Quarter pound cold lamb, beef, pork, or veal
1 dry biscuit with generous butter
1 two-inch wedge of cheese
1 apple
Tea or coffee with milk or cream.
(21 grams)

Or B.—2 hard-boiled eggs
1 two-inch wedge of cheese
Small salad (lettuce leaves, small tomato, few cucumber slices)
Mayonnaise or french dressing
Tea or coffee with milk or cream.
(7 grams)

Or C.—2 cold cooked sausages
Small salad (lettuce, tomato, celery, cucumber)
Mayonnaise or french dressing
dry biscuit with generous butter
Tea or coffee with milk or cream.
(23 grams)

Or D.—2 hard-boiled eggs
Quarter pound cold meat OR two-inch wedge of cheese
Lettuce and tomato salad with mayonnaise or french dressing
Tea or coffee with milk or cream.
(6 grams)

Or E.—1 avocado pear with lemon juice, very little salt
2 chicken legs
2-inch wedge of cheese
Tea or coffee with cream or milk.
(13 grams)

• DINNERS

IF you are accustomed to a drink before dinner, have spirits with soda or water or low-calorie soft drinks (where available). Avoid sugar-sweetened soft drinks. You may have olives (1 gram to 12 olives) or a VERY FEW nuts, but add nuts to the count.

A.—1 large pork chop
1 dessertspoon apple sauce
Quarter cup green peas
Large slice marrow, buttered
Cheese (small wedge)
Coffee.
(16 grams)

Or B.—Grilled steak (up to ½lb.)
1 cup french beans
4 fried mushrooms
Half cup ice-cream.
(24 grams)

Or C.—Roast beef or lamb (large serving, about 6oz.)
Clear gravy (no flour)
Half baked potato
Half cup french beans
Lettuce salad with french dressing
Coffee with cream.
(16 grams)

Or D.—Large helping fish, fried, grilled, or baked (no batter or breadcrumbs)
Tartare sauce
Half cup ice-cream.
(16 grams)

Or E.—Roast chicken (average helping, no stuffing)
½ cup french beans
1 small piece baked pumpkin
Half cup apple and orange salad (artificial sweetener) with cream
Black coffee.
(23 grams)

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• You can eat fries, cream

• Count the carbohydrates not the calories

—latest slimming craze

Note: The carbohydrate values given here cannot be precise because of the varying sizes of pieces of fruit and the amount of sugar used in such items as cakes and puddings, but they are exact enough for the purposes of the diet.

GUIDE TO CARBOHYDRATE VALUES

Bread and biscuits

1 slice bread ½in. thick	16
1 small bread roll, restaurant size	20
1 small slice raisin or sultana loaf	20
1 plain dry biscuit	4
1 sweet biscuit, plain	9
1 whole wheatmeal biscuit	6

Cakes

Chocolate cake, 2in. wedge	70
Fruitcake, dark, 2in. square, ½in. thick	20
Gingerbread, 2in. square, 2in. thick	30
Plain cake without icing, 2in. wedge	30
Plain cake with icing, 2in. wedge	60
Sponge cake without filling, 2in. wedge	24
Scone, 2in. diameter	18

Cereals

Breakfast cereals, dry, 1 cup	25
Porridge, cooked, 1 cup	36

Dairy products

Butter	0
Cheese (blue vein, cheddar)	0
Cottage and cream cheese, 1oz.	1
Milk, 1 cup	11
Milk, condensed, sweetened, 1 tablespoon	11
Milk, evaporated, unsweetened, 1 tablespoon	½
Ice cream, ¼ cup	15
Cream, 2 tablespoons	1
Yoghurt, 1 cup	13

Drinks

Coffee or tea (no milk or cream)	0
Eggnog (cream, egg, artificial sweetener) 1 cup	11
Soft drinks (sweetened with sugar) 1 glass	14
Low-calorie soft drinks	0
Soda water	0
Water	0

Drinks (alcoholic)

Beer, 1 glass	12
Champagne, dry	2
Cider, hard	2
Distilled spirits (whisky, gin, vodka, rum, brandy)	0
Martini	0
Port	7
Sherry, dry	0
Sherry, sweet	6
Vermouth, French	0
Vermouth, Italian	6
Wine, dry white	0
Wine, red	0
Wine, sweet white	5

(NOTE: The carbohydrate content is estimated for the amount served in one glass of the conventional size for each drink.)

Eggs

Boiled (2)	1
Fried (2)	1
Omelet (2)	1
Poached (2)	1
Scrambled (1) with milk	1

Fats, oils

Chicken fat	0
French dressing, 1 dessertspoon	2
Mayonnaise (without sugar), 1 dessertspoon	trace
Margarine, 1 cup	0
Lard	0
Olive oil	0
Peanut oil	0
Pork fat (bacon)	0
Suet	0
Thousand Island dressing, 1 dessertspoon	1
Tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon	4

Fish

Crab	0
Fish, grilled or fried (no batter or breadcrumbs)	0
Fish, rolled in egg and breadcrumbs, 3oz.	6
Oysters (12)	2
Prawns	0
Salmon	0
Sardines, canned, 3oz.	1
Tuna	0

Flour foods

Flour, plain, 8oz. cup	86
Macaroni, cooked, 8oz. cup	33
Rice, polished, white, cooked, 1 cup	34
Spaghetti, cooked, 1 cup	33

Fruit

Apple, raw (1)	16
Apricot, raw (1)	5
Avocado (½)	6
Banana (1 large)	18
Blackberries, raw, ½ cup	10
Cantaloupe, ¼ melon	5
Cherries, raw sweet, 1 cup	15
Figs, raw (3 small)	22
Gooseberries, raw, ½ cup	9
Grapes, 1 cup	18
Honeydew melon, ¼ melon	8
Lemon (1)	6
Mandarin (1)	15
Orange (1)	15
Papaw, diced, ½ cup	9
Peach (1)	10
Pineapple, raw, diced, ½ cup	10
Plum (1)	7
Strawberries, 1 cup	14
Watermelon, 8oz.	16

Fruit juices (fresh or canned, without sugar)

Grape, bottled, ½ cup	21
Grapefruit, ½ cup	15
Orange, ½ cup	17
Pineapple, ½ cup	19
Tomato, ½ cup	5

Fruit (dried)

Apples, 1oz.	22
Apricots, 1oz.	20
Currants, 1oz.	22
Dates, 1oz.	20
Figs, dried (1)	15
Peaches, 1oz.	20
Prunes, 1oz.	16
Raisins, 1oz.	21
Sultanas, 1oz.	22

Hors-d'oeuvre

Anchovy paste, 1 dessertspoon	trace
Celery, 1 stalk	1
Caviare on toast, 2in. square	3
Cocktail sausages (1)	1
Dill pickles (1)	3
Olives, green (12)	1
Olives, ripe (12)	2
Pate de foie gras, 1 dessertspoon	trace
Pickled or raw herring	0

Meat and poultry

Bacon, fried	0
Beef	0
Brains (all kinds) 3oz.	0
Chicken	0
Duck	0
Frankfurters (1)	4
Hamburger	1
Lamb	0
Liver, 3oz.	5
Meat loaf, beef or pork, 3oz.	4
Pork or ham	0
Rabbit	0
Salami, 4 thin slices	1
Sausages, pork or beef (1)	6
Sweetbreads	0
Tongue, beef	0
Tripe	0
Turkey	0
Veal	0

Miscellaneous

Apple sauce, sweetened, 1 cup	50
Bouillon cube	0
Gelatine: dry, unsweetened	0
Noodles (egg noodles) cooked, 1 cup	38
White sauce, medium, 1 cup	24

Nuts (shelled)

Almonds, 2oz.	10
Brazil nuts, 2oz.	8
Cashew nuts, 2oz.	15
Coconut, desiccated, 2oz.	17
Peanuts, roasted, shelled, 2oz.	9
Walnuts, 2oz.	6

Pies and puddings

Applie pie, 3in. wedge	50
Baked custard, 1 cup	30
Lemon meringue, 3in. wedge	45

(Judge other puddings by flour and sugar content. In, any case, avoid them if you want to reduce.)

Soups

Beef tea, broth, consomme	0
Chicken, 1 cup	10
Cream soup (asparagus, celery, mushroom) 1 cup	18
Pea, 1 cup	24
Tomato, 1 cup	17
Vegetable, 1 cup	15

Sugars and sweets

Boiled sweets, 1oz.	28
Caramels, 1oz.	22
Chocolates, sweetened, 1oz.	17
Honey, 1 dessertspoon	16
Jams, marmalades, and preserves, 1 dessertspoon	15
Marshmallow, 1oz.	23
Sugar, 1 tablespoon	15

Vegetables

Asparagus, 6 spears	4
Beans (broad) 1 cup	22
Beans (french), 1 cup	6
Beans (lima), 1 cup	29
Beetroot, diced, 1 cup	16
Broccoli, 1 cup	6
Brussels sprouts, 1 cup	9
Cabbage, raw, shredded, 1 cup	6
Cabbage, cooked, 1 cup	6
Carrot, grated, 1 cup	10
Carrot, cooked, diced, ½ cup	7
Cauliflower, 1 cup	6
Celery, diced, 1 cup	4
Cucumber, 6 slices	1
Egg-plant, 2 thick slices, fried	6
Lettuce, 4 leaves	1
Marrow, large serving	1
Mushrooms, quarter-pound, fried	6
Onions, medium size (1)	6
Parsnips, cooked, 1 cup	20
Peas, green, 1 cup	20
Potato, medium (1)	22
Potato, mashed, 1 cup	30
Pumpkin, 1 cup	9
Radishes (4)	3
Spinach, 1 cup	6
Sweet potatoes, mashed, 1 cup	40
Tomatoes, large (1)	6
Turnips, cooked, diced, 1 cup	6

• These foods are unrestricted

Meat of all kinds including ham and bacon.

Fish, fried, grilled, or baked. (Not in batter or breadcrumbs.)

Butter and cooking fats.

Spirits with soda or water.

Dry wines.

HELPFUL HINTS

• If you are looking for quick results on this or any reducing diet, eat the minimum amount of salt necessary to make food tasty. Too much salt causes retention of water in body.

• *Are you fond of lots of cups of tea and coffee with milk? No need to do without them. Estimate the amount of milk you use for a full day. Then allow the gram count for the total.*

• Remember artificial sweeteners. You can use them not only in tea and coffee but in many desserts. There is now a big variety of artificially sweetened foods, including soft drinks.

• Don't talk about your diet, not at first, anyhow. Continual comments from friends don't help. Wait till you have something to boast about. Better still, wait till everyone can see you are slimmer.

• **Weigh once a week at the same time and in the same clothes. Remember that everyone's weight varies within two or three pounds daily. An apparent gain may not be a real gain.**

• These are to be avoided

Bread (one slice per day only).

Sugar, cakes, puddings, pastries.

Potatoes.

Beer.

Sweet wines.

Tonic, ginger ale, and cordials (except those using artificial sweetness).

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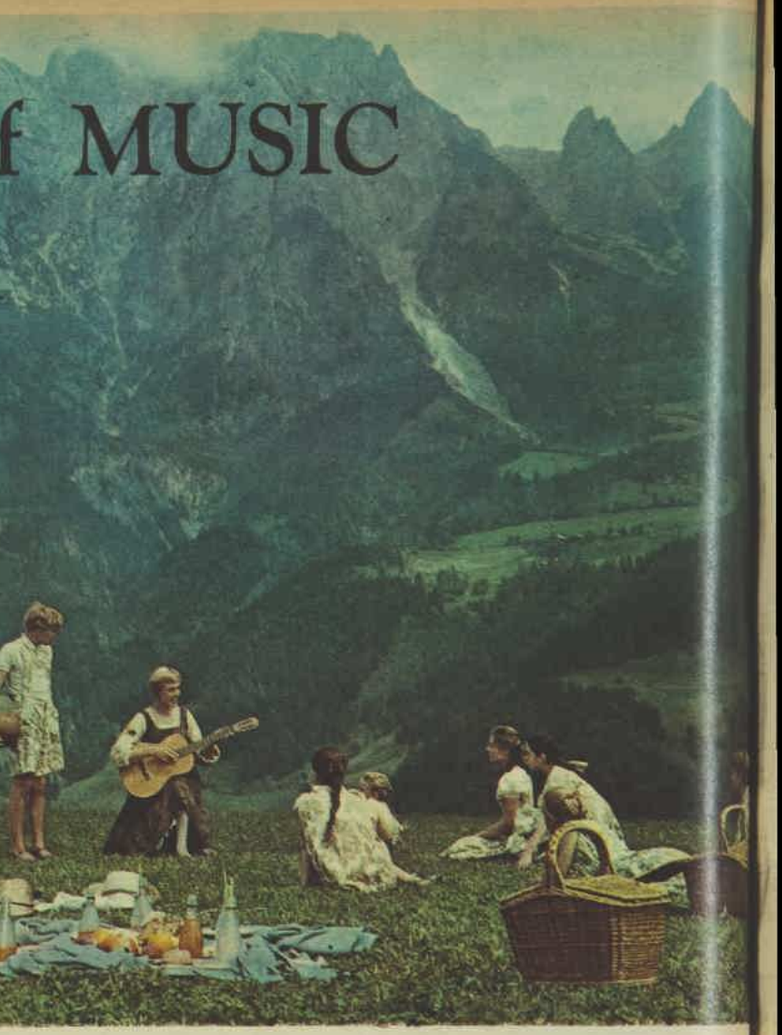
The SOUND of MUSIC

● **The effervescent Julie Andrews stars in "The Sound of Music," 20th Century-Fox's film version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, which will have its Australian premiere in Sydney on April 17. Julie plays the role of Maria, a postulant from a convent who becomes governess, then step-mother to Baron von Trapp's seven children.**



SISTERS at the abbey near Salzburg, Austria (left), do not think Maria, a postulant, is suited to the cloistered life. The Mother Abbess sends her as governess to the Trapp family.

WHILE the Baron is absent in Vienna, Maria changes the children's formal sailor suits for bright, gay clothes, takes them for a picnic in the shadow of the Salzkammergut Alps. She teaches them to sing.

BARON VON TRAPP (Christopher Plummer, below) returns with Baroness Schraeder (Eleanor Parker) and announces that they are to be married.

RIGHT: Children listen to their father singing, watched by Maria and the Baroness, who realises that Baron von Trapp is really in love with lively Maria.

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"Miss Wonderful"

By SHEILA SIBLEY

● Patty Duke, who plays the identical cousins, Patty and Cathy, in "The Patty Duke Show" (Thursdays, TCN9, at 7 p.m.), is billed by her publicity as "one of the most remarkable young stars in the business." Let's not be mealy-mouthed—surely she IS the most remarkable young star in the business.

A YOUNG girl who can play two characters identical in looks but completely different in personality so that each character is immediately recognisable is Miss Wonderful herself. The show itself is pleasant, predictable American family comedy — but there's nothing run-of-the-mill about Patty.

Patty's genius was recognised early — I think she was only nine when she appeared on Broadway in the gruelling role of the deaf, mute, and blind child Helen Keller in "The Miracle Worker." She was playing opposite Anne Bancroft, who has since gone on from triumph to triumph ("The Pumpkin Eater" is her most recent film here). Even then the brilliant Miss Bancroft was no small potato, but Patty could hold her own and more.

Later her screen version of the same role won her an Academy Award as "Best Supporting Actress." She has been in subsequent Broadway plays and in more than 50 TV shows.

She's a New York girl with a slum background; the first eight years of her life were spent growing up on the Lower East Side. Then the drama coach of the boys' club her brother attended became interested in the skinny, undersized little girl who wanted to be an actress. He and his wife played Pygmalion, and Patty did the rest.

★ ★ ★

THERE'S an invisible force controlling that there spaceship this Friday (Channel 2, 7.30 p.m.) when "Dr. Who" and his motley crew blast off into The Unknown again.

The heart goes out to that crew, I must say — one minute science teacher Ian Chesterton (William Russell) and history teacher Barbara Wright (Jacqueline Hill) are pursuing the even tenor of their ways, the next they're lost in time and space with an egocentric old fanatic who won't, or can't, go home.

That granddaughter of Dr. Who's isn't much help, either — a born quiverer, that girl.

Well, now that Dalek-Thall question has been settled, they've got that alien intelligence to deal with. Then whither? Devotees may be interested to know that the spaceship "Tardis" is

Television

due to touch down on our sweet, battered planet again — in the wrong century. Cathy, in the 13th century, is coming up, with Marco Polo in the wings.

Time-wise, that history teacher and that science teacher are still a long way from home.

The theme music is one of the excitements of "Dr. Who" (I have a terrible tendency to call him Dr. No — I fight it all the time). Written by Australian Ron Grainer, it's very outer spacy, conjuring up desperate risks on planets lost in space and time. It sounds like nothing human — which is exactly what it is.

No living musician played a bar of it — it was constructed from various electronic sources of sound — from sine and square wave oscillators, a white noise generator, and a special beat frequency oscillator. (What is a white noise generator? You mean you don't know?)

PATTY DUKE in "The Patty Duke Show."

The national image

WHAT is the typical Australian woman like? You may be able to form a composite picture next Saturday when the hour-long "Project '65" (TCN9, 8.30 p.m.) presents "On Being a Sheila" — a special programme written and produced by Suzanne Baker.

It seeks to discover what the Australian woman is really like, what her status is in a "he-man's" country, and how it goes with her both personally and professionally.

The Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Esme Fenston, is among the professional women who speak up crisp and clear on women's role in Australia.

As Editor of the largest-selling magazine per head of population in the world, she can speak with some authority on her subject, as can Melbourne Q.C. Mrs. Joan Rosanove, the brilliant woman barrister who has shepherded so many women successfully through the courts that she has become a legend in her time.

All kinds and conditions of Australian women have been snared for this show: schoolgirls, housewives, entertainers, outback battlers—even specimen samples of the 5000 "sheilas" who go abroad each year.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said (when I'd read about a very wealthy man of 72 who married a girl of 21, and I announced that I was going to find a wealthy wife so that I wouldn't have to work), "Son, anyone who marries for money earns it." So if you are looking for a husband or wife with pots of money (and who hasn't dreamed of it sometimes?) read Momma's moral carefully . . .

Momma's moral: Don't marry for money, borrow it — it's a lot cheaper.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Food industry

By MARY BROKER

● The market shows no sign of any immediate upturn, and, in fact, looks like keeping on with its present downward drift.

MARKET commentators had thought this trend would be halted with the onset of good interim reports, but since this failed to materialise they are now pinning their hopes on the announcement of good results for the full 1965 year, which should begin to appear in late July.

Whether this will or will not happen, of course, remains to be seen. In the meantime, I feel that the short-term operator must be having a rather tough time. He is the person who buys to make a reasonable sort of profit within a few months.

This is something I would not advise any of you to try, unless on the specific advice of your broker, for the only ones who do not lose at this are the ones extremely close to the market who have a real feeling for shares.

However, as I said last week, this is an excellent time to buy shares in first-class stocks, or to average out your present holding prices. In the long run there can be no doubt that share prices will rise, and for those who get in at low prices this can be very satisfying.

I realise I have said above that the share market will probably go lower, but please don't try to buy at the bottom. This is extremely difficult to judge.

Today I have picked out several of my previous recommendations of excellent growth stocks which have been affected by the downward push. All are in my favorite industry—food.

Profits up

One you all know of is **BIG SISTER FOODS LTD.**, which manufactures a wide range of food products — fruit cake, plum pudding, tinned mushrooms, and so on — for the domestic and overseas markets.

Since I recommended the shares last May the company has made a one-for-five bonus issue, its second in two years, and has announced a further increase of 13.4 per cent. in net profit, from £96,000 to £109,000. Earning rate rose from 38.3 per cent. to 39.5 per cent., and a steady 15 per cent. dividend was paid.

Despite this, and directors' confident assertion that the company would continue "to expand and prosper," the 5/- shares have been marked down from 43/- in May (equal to 35/10 after the bonus) to 34/-, at which price you could well consider adding to your holding. One hundred would cost you £173.

A second company, **LIFE SAVERS (AUSTRALASIA) LTD.**, recommended in April last year, has shown an even larger fall in price. As you know, Life Savers manufacture confectionery, and also chocolate under the Mastercraft and Smalls labels.

It has had a really remarkable record of growth and development, but shares appeal to me also as benefiting from the conversion to decimal currency next year.

The main product, Life Savers, of course, cost 4d., and since this sum does not convert to a round decimal it is highly likely that the price will go to the higher alternative and not the lower. This should give a good boost to profit.

Since last April, when the 5/- shares stood at 35/9, nothing but good news has come from the company. First was the increase in net profit in 1963-64 from £286,000 to £305,000, and the increase in earning rate from 29 to 31 per cent., giving a good cover to the 16 per cent. dividend.

Second was the one-for-ten bonus made concurrently with a one-for-ten new issue in January for further expansion.

Yet from the price of 35/9 for the 5/- shares last April (equivalent to 31/5½ ex the bonus and new issues) the market has seen fit to push the shares back to 28/6. I advise you to take this opportunity to pick up shares in this excellent company. One hundred would cost about £145.

SHELLEYS DRINKS LTD., which was recommended only last October at 27/6 for the 5/- shares, has since fallen to 23/6.

As I pointed out to you when I first discussed the company, British Tobacco saw fit to buy up a controlling interest in the company at 35/- per share. This gives a certain scarcity value and also increases the company's market status by providing a very substantial backer.

Since shares were recommended, both 1963-64 results and the interim report have been announced. The former were really excellent, with profit up by over 65 per cent. from £69,000 to £114,000, earning rate up from 22.2 to 34.1 per cent., and dividends up from 10 to 15 per cent.

The interim report stated that things were going even better up to last December.

It is, therefore, rather hard to know why the shares are worth less instead of more than they were before these announcements. At 23/6 I feel you can't go far wrong. The cost of 100 would be about £120.

Soothing cooling relief from tired eyes

Take an Optrex eye compress and 10 blissful minutes. Result? Complete relief from the itching, burning strain of tired eyes. Optrex compresses put a sparkle in your eyes, tone up taut or slackened skin from eyelids to temples, because they contain Optrex, the kindest, scientific eye care in the world. Buy Optrex from your family chemist. 2/- a pack.

Optrex Eye Compress

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FRILLS AND RUFFLES SET A NEW MOOD IN THE CHANEL SPRING COLLECTION

● Chanel showed another dizzy success collection for spring. But the success was not color or skirtline. Frills and ruffles made the big news.

PERFECTLY beautiful, flirty, and feminine late-day and evening dresses are Mademoiselle Chanel's latest triumphs.

All the new look after-5 fashions are made in flowering chiffons and flower-printed lames. The feminine look also has influenced suits. See delicious design in pink wool gabardine, far right.

The famous cardigan suit is given a new spring look via a contrasting hemline band.

Chanel collections are "arranged" for Mademoiselle's friends and clients. The Press takes second place.

Steady clients include Jackie Kennedy, numbers of the chic young Manhattan set, and Marlene Dietrich.

Chanel's close friend and one-time Chanel model, Suzy Parker, owns a whole wardrobe of Chanel suits which date back to 1953.

Why has Chanel had such a fabulously successful career lasting more than half a century? Surely the secret must be because her clothes are the ultimate expression of luxury, elegance, craftsmanship, and — even more important — they are youthful.

The current designs appear far too complicated for the copier. But there will always be Chanel copies, and in all price brackets.

The most inexpensive Chanel copy retains a "look."

In Paris, to own an original Chanel garment is just as much of a status symbol as it was half a century ago.

On a slightly lower scale, the two big Paris department stores, Au Printemps and Galeries La Fayette, early this year reported that Chanel - inspired clothes accounted for 80% of their high-fashion sales.

— Betty Keep

● Navy suit in wool crepe (left). The jacket, buttoned in white, is given the new feminine look by a collar and cuffs in white stiffened lawn. Gardenias are pinned on the collar and on the flat crown of the white straw sailor hat.

● Tiered frills make the news in the short evening dress, above. The material is printed lame. The moulded bodice is sleeveless and seven self ruffles form the skirt. The exotic jewellery and the two-tone shoes are typical Chanel.

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● *Chanel calls this color white pink. The suit skirt is slit to the waist in front to show a matching-colored taffeta underskirt. The same taffeta is used for the sashed bow-tied blouse. The jacket is short and easy. The suit is worn with a flower-trimmed hat.*

● *One-piece dress (above) with its neck ruff and thickly ruffled hemline was the show-stopper in the Chanel spring collection. The dress, made in flowery chiffon, has a slim moulded line. Note the mannequin's new short coif with straight fringe.*

● *Chanel's newest cardigan suit (right) is made in heavy ripple-surface white silk. The jacket, trimmed and lined with dark navy, covers a navy bodice-top. The straight-cut skirt is finished with a hemline band of navy. The suit is worn with pearls.*

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legs

HOW TO GIVE THEM A SATINY-SMOOTH COMPLEXION

Your legs should be as soft and silky as your face. They can be . . . and very simply, too . . .

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Lady Gillette

SAFETY RAZOR

the feminine razor . . . recommended by professional beauty experts!

★ Smooth, smooth, ultra-smooth, with a silken gliding touch. No razor-drag with dainty Lady Gillette. It has a blade-setting specially angled to pamper your delicate skin.

★ Leaves legs — and underarms — immaculate. Lady Gillette is slim and slender, and the long handle makes it easy to use. It comes in a very feminine case complete with Gillette Blades.

★ Nifty one-piece construction. Twist the handle, it opens. Zip in a Gillette Blade . . . twist shut. So simple, so safe.

**And once you've used Lady Gillette you'll feel feminine, elegant, well-groomed, poised.*

ONLY 21/6 at chemists and stores

* Do buy one . . .

Advertisement

That lovely fair complexion of yours was never meant to stand up to the harsh summer weather. Be kind to it, see that it is well protected when you're golfing, lazing on the beach, or anywhere in the great outdoors. Wear a nice shady hat and sun glasses – this will stop you from screwing up your eyes. Before you venture out be sure you have a film of oil of ulan under your make-up and don't forget your neck . . .

. . . *Margaret Merril.*

LETTER BOX

● *We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.*

Where to have a phone

DO not have your telephone **in**, but just **outside**, the bathroom, Mrs. Rodriques (N.S.W.). I had mine in such a position for years, with privacy for courting children the main consideration. Later, I answered it many times comfortably draped in a towel or in the altogether, with no fear of anyone entering the main doors to surprise me; and no wet feet tracks to worry about.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Nan Bremner, Corinda, Qld.

★ ★ ★

I WOULD advise having the phone in the dining-room. Both adult and school-age members of the family are away most of the day, and when the evening meal is over the dining-room is quiet and usually empty. Also, it is close enough to the kitchen to hear the phone if busy there during the day. I know lots of houses where the phone is in the dining-room.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Howland, Pilliga, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

WHERE to have the phone can indeed be a problem, but we solved it by having it near a doorway; in our case, kitchen to living-room, so that anyone wanting to use the phone can take it either side and close the door. This gives us two chances if pandemonium reigns.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Reeves, Forest Hill, Vic.

★ ★ ★

HAVING lived in three different houses, with a phone in the kitchen, the hall, and the lounge-room, we have found that the hall is most suitable. At least the traffic there is only passing through, whereas the noise in the other rooms is continuous. Also, it is quite easy for the passing traffic to answer.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Ogle, Carlingford, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

OH yes, we thought, let us relax with the telephone —in the lounge, television, easy chairs, and feet up. But it's not working out. Too embarrassing with guests. Now my plan is (and it might be of value to others) to transform a cloak cupboard in our front hall into a cosy telephone booth.

£1/1/- to "Decor" (name supplied), City Beach, W.A.

★ ★ ★

MAYBE she **should** place her phone in the bathroom. If her new house is anything like ours, the phone only rings when someone is in the bath, and there's a frantic rush to find a towel large enough for decency. Then finally it's answered—and it's a wrong number!

£1/1/- to "Wrong Number" (name supplied), Murray Bridge, S.A.

Family serve-yourself

HAVING a large family, I often, at the weekends when the house is full, serve meals cafeteria-style along the kitchen bench, with cutlery and plates set out nearby. Each person picks up a plate and helps himself to meat (already sliced) and salad trimmings. Buttered bread is ready on a big plate, and desserts are pre-served into individual dishes. Saves a lot of fuss, and each one gets only what that person likes.

£1/1/- to "Caterer" (name supplied), Sandringham, Vic.

Grace of a bygone age

LOOKING through my sewing-box recently I came across a reel of white cotton, size 90, with my sister's initials on it, and the date 1905. It was bought to sew her trousseau. I wonder if anyone else has an older souvenir of hand-sewing days, when dozens of pin-tucks were so wonderfully worked into the finest materials? And oh, the dreams that went along with that sewing!

£1/1/- to W.B. (name supplied), Warriewood, N.S.W.

Scrapbook of dresses

A VERY special sort of scrapbook which your daughter will cherish all her life can be made by putting in it a small piece of material from all her dresses, each one labelled with the year and occasion on which it was worn. She can add to it herself when she becomes a teenager, and by the time she is middle-aged she will have many memories to look back on.

£1/1/- to "Teenager's Mother" (name supplied), Beenleigh, Qld.

Boys will be ——?

A FRIEND of mine with a family of energetic, healthy boys always retains her sense of humor by glancing at this notice, kept in a prominent place in her kitchen: "Definition of small boys: Noise, with dirt on it." Can any mother suggest a more apt description?

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Pascall, Tranmere, S.A.

True Oriental courtesy

MY daughter, when in Malaya, found this letter from her Chinese servant left on the kitchen table: "My dear Master, I am indeed to take a rest today, but I will have want to take a rest tomorrow. So today I don't to take a rest. Thank you, your sincerely, Servant." And it just meant "I will not be coming to work tomorrow!"

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. Sykes, Chatswood, N.S.W.

SHOCKS AND SHARES

● **Addressing a group of bankers, an American economist said that hemlines rise with share prices and business prosperity. Depressions go with long skirts, he added.**

When skirts are short and showing knees the market should be high,
And when they flap around the calves the shrewd investors buy,
Or that is what the theory means (we quote an expert's views),
Though if you study fashion notes and read financial news,
You're bound to be bewildered by the current market trend,
Unless the shares go lower still and then the skirts descend —
A thought that's too depressing! May business forge ahead!
If skirts should shrink to nothing we can take to pants instead.

— Dorothy Drain

Duties for oldsters, too

WHEN parents are compelled to live with their married sons or daughters, it is a good idea to start from the beginning with a definite programme of duties — perhaps granddad taking charge of the lawns, and grandma doing the dusting and mending. It's surprising how contented the older ones are. Clearly understood responsibilities make for harmony. Too often unhappiness exists on both sides.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Green, North Perth.

Hideous hair-rollers

ONE can only assume that those women who parade in public wearing a hideous array of hair-rollers have something in common with ostriches. Not looking at themselves in a mirror, they must think that no one else can see them either. Unfortunately, we do. I would put the sight of a scarf-draped head of rollers on a par with dirty hands, chipped nail varnish, stockings with holes in them, and such other shortcomings. Why, oh why do they do it?

£1/1/- to Mr. N. F. Hodgkinson, Campsie, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

"OPERA singers are just trying to be important."

I found this remark in a notebook I keep. In it I have written down, over a period of years, interesting sayings I have heard.

This one about opera singers came from a girl of ten.

It is not quite fair to opera singers. They do try to sound important, but it's part of their job.

Here are more quotations from my book:

"I haven't had a mark on my face since the day we were married."

This was said by a woman behind me in a bus. She was telling a friend what a kind husband she had. He must have been a treasure.

"Is a skeppiter used for hitting people?"

A small boy asked me this. I explained that a king carries a sceptre for display purposes only. But it could be handy in a tight corner.

"Next time have your apple BEFORE your Fizza-Kola."

Said by a woman in a shop to her young daughter. I don't know why. Perhaps eating the apple after her Fizza-Kola had caused some internal trouble.

"If Aquanita wins the Cup, Maureen is going to get a kookie dress."

Said by a schoolgirl. Unfortunately Aquanita did not win.

"I like these suburban culture nights, because it doesn't matter what you wear."

I heard a woman say this at an art exhibition. She was dressed up to the nines just the same.

"You're not brainy just because you have glasses."

This observation, made by a teenage girl, is very true. Nevertheless the average person looks more brainy with glasses than without.

"And she's got her own car, too."

A young man beside me in a train said this. He was describing a new girlfriend, whom he regarded as ideal. I presume he did not have a car.

"Bulls are the nastiest cows I ever saw."

Said by a little girl on a visit to the Sydney Royal Easter Show.

"The manpower got me and put me in the Railway Refreshment Rooms."

A waitress told me this, describing her experiences during World War II. She came through the war without a scratch, except when she was hit by a pie (aimed at someone else).

Perhaps you will think these remarks which I have quoted were not worth recording. It is just a habit of mine.

A last item, from a pupil in second class:

"That girl over there can spell hippopotamus."

Good luck to her. But she shouldn't rest on her laurels. Spelling hippopotamus is not enough.

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Love it, live in it . . .
the Kayser Line!

KAYSER

9630) **'Swedish Miss'** — sleek smoothie spiced with lace and beguilingly feminine. In Shadowprufe Bri-Nylon. Aqua, Spun Gold, Pink Magic, White. Sizes 32-40 . . . 39/11. Matching Half Slip 29/11, Brief 10/11.

9664) **'Gina'** — the elegant Shadowprufe Bri-Nylon slip you can't see through, shows nothing but your beautiful outline. Pink Magic, Aqua, White. Sizes 32-40 . . . 39/11. Matching Half Slip 29/11 and Brief 14/11.

9636) **'Mamselle'** - in Shadowprufe. White/Black, White/White, Black/Black, Mocca/Mink, Spun Gold/Mink. Sizes 32-38 . . . 59/11. Matching Half Slip 39/11, Brief 12/11, Chemise 59/11, French Brief 13/11.

9633) **'Shapemaker'** — the nylon slip that moves with you . . . the secret's in the magical Vyrene stretch lace. In Shadowprufe Bri-Nylon, Pink Magic, Spun Gold, White. Sizes 32-38 . . . 39/11. Matching Brief 13/11.

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What every baby dreams of

BEAR BRAND MILK

so good . . . so safe

the only evaporated milk with its goodness protected by a

GOLD LINED CAN

ASK YOUR DOCTOR OR BABY HEALTH CENTRE SISTER

HOW TO UNDERSTAND

He's not a menace . . . he's really only acting his age!

● Some years ago a 13-year-old boy was surprised to find himself on the front page of a Detroit newspaper. He had boarded a streetcar with a large package, and passengers watched as he juggled the box with one hand and emptied three pockets of his jacket searching for his fare. "Whatcha got there, sonny?" said the conductor. "A bomb," said the boy politely.

By SELMA H. FRAIBERG
American Professor of Child Psychoanalysis.

SOMETHING told the conductor that this was an honest boy. He stopped the car and ordered all passengers out. A passing patrol car was signalled. The boy was taken to headquarters. The package was opened. It contained a homemade bomb.

The boy was honestly bewildered by the excitement he had stirred up. He answered all questions candidly.

Yes, he had made the bomb himself, in his basement laboratory. No, he did not plan to blow up anybody or anything. He planned to take the bomb to his friend's house. It was too far to walk, so he took the streetcar.

A stern interrogation by police revealed no political motives, no irrational hatred toward society. He was a boy of good family, an excellent student, and he was educating himself for a career in science.

Finally, the police were as baffled as the boy. It was perfectly clear that this boy had taken his homemade bomb on the streetcar in the same spirit that his mother might have carried a freshly baked cake to a friend.

His friend was a fellow scientist, aged 13. They were both experienced in the handling of chemicals and were confident that the small amount of explosive material in the bomb would yield a small and controllable blast, without danger to themselves or anyone else.

Since I knew the family of this boy, I was able to follow his later career. He is a man in his 30s now, a very capable research scientist in a field not connected with bombs.

Living in a dense fog . . .

I like this story, because it tells us so well and so concisely about the dense fog that closes out communication between a child and the adult world during this period of puberty.

This was a boy whose intelligence and spirit of inquiry permitted fairly advanced research in a basement laboratory. But the motive in the research had as much to do with a small child's excitement in playing with fire as the intelligent 13-year-old's desire to work out a difficult chemical experiment.

His conscience did not prevent him from taking his bomb on the streetcar and endangering the lives of fifty citizens. But the same conscience did not permit him to tell a lie when the conductor asked him what he had in the package.

The adult world looked upon him as a danger to society; he saw himself as a serious scientist who carried a piece of work to its conclusion.

The incendiary squad of the Detroit Police Department found itself without precedent in dealing with this extraordinary case.

If this boy had been ten years older he would have been treated as a dangerous criminal. But he was 13 and everybody knows that at 13 a child has moments when he looks like a menace to society but he is really only acting his age.

There are times when every parent of a young adolescent has the feeling that his child's personality is disintegrating before his eyes.

And it may be small consolation to the harried and exhausted parent if we remind him that what we see in this early adolescence is not really "disintegration" but the beginning of "reintegration," a reorganisation of personality for the goals of adult life.

Between the years of puberty and the final achievement of physical and emotional maturity, the adolescent goes through a complex reorganisation of personality.

The changes begin within the body, of course, and the new organisation of personality centres on a body that is achieving sexual maturation. At the same time the physical changes within the body produce sexual and aggressive feelings of greater intensity than any the child has known.

The child's system of inner controls, which may have been entirely adequate for the requirements of the ten-year-old personality, is at times incapable of coping with the impulses of greater strength that emerge with puberty.

The older control system must be rebuilt and strengthened in order to do its work and bring about a new harmony within the personality.

And, finally, the attachment of the child for his parents, the deepest love and the only love he has known, must slowly and painfully change its course, so that in maturity love can be given wholly and without reservation to a person of the opposite sex.

The entire process of maturation and reintegration in adolescence may cover eight to ten years. But there is a great deal of difference between the adolescent in puberty and the adolescent at 18 or 20. If we look closely we can see at least two major phases in this developmental process. The first phase we might call early adolescence.

The child's love is still centred in his parents and the turbulence of this period arises in large measure from the conflicts of emotional separation from the parents.

The second phase, which corresponds roughly to the age period, 15 to 20, is characterised by a shift in the centre of love interest; there is emotional readiness for love of a person of opposite sex. At this time the centre of conflict has also shifted to a large degree from the parents to the new objects of love.

Most parents will agree that the most painful period of adolescent development is the first phase. This is the period of turbulence and violent shifts of mood, the time of bitter recriminations against parents, the time of door-slamming, and solitary weeping in the bedroom.

The child who had been so reasonable and civilised only a year ago has become uncivilised again. The conscience that had grown in stability during the school years seems to be in danger of falling apart again.

The half-grown child is often overwhelmed by impulses that he cannot cope with. And yet, because he is no longer a child, the old measures of parental control cannot always be employed with the same effectiveness.

It is a time of anxiety for the child and for the parents.

Along with the first signs of puberty and recognition of body changes, the child makes a kind of declaration of independence.

It's a time of change

With the discovery that his voice is beginning to break in the upper registers, 13-year-old Jonathan proclaims himself a man, ready to drive the family car, eager to tell his parents how they have failed, and prepared to overthrow the feudal and undemocratic rule of his parents that has prevented him from realising his personal goals.

And now, for many months to come, civilisation recedes and advances and recedes and advances.

At times young Jonathan is his old lovable self, witty at the dinner table, complimentary toward his mother's cooking, praising his father's golf game, helping a young sister with her maths.

At other times, young Jon drops his familiar personality as casually as he drops his pyjamas on the bathroom floor.

His conscience, his manners, his reason all get lost at such times. He is always losing things, anyway, these days, and he is just as likely to misplace his conscience as his history textbook or his wrist-watch.

He has gone off for the day with the boys. No permission asked; no message left behind; he has simply vanished after mumbling something about going to see Tim.

At 9 o'clock in the evening, with police alerted and mother on the couch with a headache, young Jon appears, cheerful and unconcerned. No remorse.

As soon as his parents begin their reproaches he counters with a speech of his own that begins with "I am sick and tired of being treated like a baby." (Since the text of his speech is known to all parents of adolescents, we will not reproduce it here.)

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A 13-YEAR-OLD CHILD

He is sent out of class for excessive clowning and rudeness to a teacher. The whole episode leaves him with a sense of exhilaration and accomplishment.

Is he embarrassed? Is there the slightest remorse? "No. What for? . . ."

His school grades are not as good as they were last year. He is warned that if he expects to get into college he will need to pull up his grades. "Oh, that's O.K.," he says cheerfully. "I've decided not to go to college, anyway."

At such times parental hopes for the future collapse. Who knows this child any more? What does he think? What does he want to do with his life?

Where did the conscience go? If we look closely we find that it is not really lost but frequently misplaced.

The same boy who is callous to his parents' feelings and openly contemptuous of their old-fashioned virtues may be seen passionately involved in problems of justice and moral responsibility.

An injustice to a schoolmate or political injustice in the United Nations will disturb him profoundly. He will debate the moral problems of nuclear warfare in his classroom and at the family dinner table.

This tells us that conscience is still in working order, that he has deep inner concerns with problems of good and evil, but there are times when he feels so embattled by the problems facing him on all fronts that he finds it easier to settle international problems of justice and moral conduct than his own.

The trouble with conscience at this age is that it was made by the parents; it's like having your parents right inside of you. And since the important business of a young teenager is to begin the separation from parents, the child finds himself at odds with his conscience in much the same way that he is at odds with his parents.

But if conscience is built into personality, is really part of the self, you can't really bang the door on its nagging voice, or threaten to leave it and join the Navy.

It's you, and even if you silence it long enough to play hookey from school or snatch a trinket from the local store, it will soon be sounding out its reproaches and its accusations in all of its tricky ways and the holiday from conscience is brief.

An independent conscience

But the conscience is there—and what we see is not disintegration of conscience but a reorganisation of it that corresponds to the reorganisation of personality.

As the personality grows independent of the parents who formed it, so the conscience achieves a kind of independence from the parents it represents. It is finally one's own conscience and not only the representative of parents.

"Who am I? James Arthur Anderson, 824 Willow Street, New Brunswick, Kansas, United States of America, the Universe."

In case the boy or girl in puberty should get lost he can always be returned to his rightful owners by consulting the blank pages of his composition books or his school textbooks. This vital information will appear in graceful script or ornamented letters wherever space permits.

At 13 you need to remind yourself frequently who you are, because so often you can't be sure.

Very often these days you have the impression that a stranger has moved into your house, and has taken to wearing your clothes, eating your food, lodging in your bed.

In the loneliness of puberty there is a longing to return to the protection of parents and family, to remain a child and to hold fast to the deepest love known until now.

The child feels pulled in two directions, but there is only one direction that is forward moving, and if he is to go with the tide, he must fight his own longings to stay fast to the moorings.

And it is this fight that is played out dramatically in the conflict between child and parents in puberty.

He's against the world

He feels that he must oppose everything his parents stand for "on principle."

If his parents are Democrats he must be a Republican. If his parents were Republicans he would be a Democrat. He is opposed to baths, clean underwear, haircuts, social graces, family living, and higher education, but only because his parents are in favor of each of these things.

"He is like a two-year-old!" his mother says in exasperation. And there's no denying it.

All of this behaviour strikes a chord of memory in the experienced parent. That second year, which has been mercifully lost to memory, has emerged in a new edition.

Do you remember the No-No-No stage and a defiant toddler who opposed any parental suggestion just on principle?

There's more than a chance connection here. The No-No-No stage was the period during which the toddler made his declaration of independence. He was just beginning to discover a body and a self-independence of his mother.

And in order to establish his separateness and his newfound sense of self he had to oppose his mother, say "no" to her will in order to assert his independence.

He negates everything. This means, of course, that the child's antagonism and opposition to his parents in puberty is often a measure of the strength of love bonds.

The deeper the bonds, the more painful the leave-taking. This may be small consolation for Jonathan's parents, who must put up with the antics of this obstinate 13-year-old, and yet it does help to have the knowledge during this painful period of development that these are conflicts of love.

I recall a father who found himself completely exasperated by his 12-year-old daughter. He confessed that he could no longer feel affection for this obstinate and defiant child of his who in no way resembled the little girl whom he favored above all his children.

Julie kept the entire household in ferment, ready to make a scene out of the most trivial occurrences. She accused her father of preference for the youngest sister. (She, who must have known she'd always been her father's favorite.)

She goaded her father and was openly defiant until he reached his own boiling point and found himself shouting at her.

Emotions break loose

And then when father's fury broke loose Julie would burst into tears and, like a TV tragedian, cover her face and sweep out of the room crying, "You don't love me; you've never loved me. I would be better off dead."

And while she accused her father of not loving her she managed in every way to make herself unlovable.

Father liked girls who were ladylike. Julie was noisy, shrill, tomboyish, and incredibly sloppy. She could be a pretty child, but she wore her hair in a long, untidy mop to her waist and this, in her own fantasy, made her specially glamorous in some way. (Alice in Wonderland? Lady Godiva? Neither comb nor brush disturbed this ravishing fantasy.)

Her blouses and skirts neither matched nor stayed together at the waist. She was always without a button and her hems were continually unwinding.

Father had always been proud of Julie's good achievement in school and her talent in music had given him special pleasure. But during the past year Julie had abandoned her music and her grades in school had declined. It was almost as if some uncontrollable urge was at work within Julie to make her lose value in her parents' eyes.

But worst of all, the father said, was the feeling that his child no longer loved him. He did not know, he said, how he had failed as a father, but it was clear Julie, at times, behaved as if she could not bear the sight of him.

One day during a week when Julie had exhausted the whole family with her histrionics, her defiance, and her dark moods, her father needed to drive her to a birthday party on the other side of town.

Julie suddenly was in one of her rare good moods and chatted with her father in a way that he remembered from the old days. She was a good storyteller and had a gift for mimicry and, as she imitated an elderly biology teacher who became the victim of a class hoax, her father found himself laughing appreciatively.

Fast-changing moods . . .

Soon the two of them were in a mood of high hilarity. Then, as the car approached the house of Julie's friend, Julie became silent, and her father, glancing sideways, saw that she was crying, and thought to himself, "Well, here we go again."

And his bitterness began to return. He said, "What's the matter? Did I say something or do something?" "No," said Julie, "it's just that I do love you, Daddy, and I don't know what makes me so awful sometimes."

Who can blame any parent, caught up in the turmoil of a child's adolescence, if he cannot find meaning in his child's behaviour?

Julie is fighting her attachment to her parents by fighting the parents themselves. And she is fighting her own longing to stay a child and keep the love of childhood for ever. It is a safe and protecting love, and the future, at twelve, looks perilous and uncertain. To avoid the temptation to stay here and never leave, she must fight off the love of her parents.

In making herself unlovable to her parents perhaps she is saying (unconsciously) "Don't love me so much, because then I will be tempted never to leave you."

There may be small consolation to Julie's parents in knowing that these crises of puberty will subside in a year or two and that the old and endearing qualities will be restored in a new integration of personality.

The only real danger in the normal conflicts of this age is that the temporary alienation of the child from his parents may be reinforced through mutual misunderstandings.

If the child and his parents behave as if they had really stopped loving each other during this crisis, it may leave some bad scars that will strain the future relationship.

Fortunately, most parents and most children retain the knowledge that a good love is not banished, even in crisis. And even in the turmoil, there are many occasions when affection and camaraderie and mutual enjoyment remind parents and child that, while love is often misplaced in early teens, it is not really lost.

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WORLD DISCOVERY TOUR, 1966:

"A dream come true!"

● Hundreds of inquiries and many bookings have come into World Travel Headquarters or its agencies for The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour 1966 since it opened.

"IF this demand keeps up, the tour could be sold out within a month," said Mr. John Webb, of Sydney's World Travel Headquarters, organisers of the tour.

"We expect cabins allotted to Queensland, South Australia, and W.A. to be sold out even sooner, but we can arrange for additional cabins."

Quite a few of the bookings have been made by single men and women.

Celebration

First in Victoria to book were Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Sutton, of Catani, via Koowee-rup.

"It's a dream come true!" they said.

Mr. Sutton and his wife, Hazel, left the city to try their luck in the country during the Depression.

After years of hard work, they will retire on April 1—and celebrate with the world tour next February.

They will leave their 250-acre farm in the care of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ron Bambury.

Mr. Sutton said, "The set-up offered by The Australian Women's Weekly is absolutely marvellous. It offers us every country we have ever wanted to visit."

One of the first Sydney people to book on the tour was 23-year-old secretary Judy Mason, of Forestville, N.S.W.

"I've been saving for a trip abroad, and this one suits my budget," she said.

"I'd discovered that in some cases I would be up for £700 in fares alone—too costly for me.

"So I was delighted when I read about the World Discovery Tour in The Australian Women's Weekly. I've never had any desire for an extended working holiday. I'd much rather go for a set time and know when I'd be coming back."

● *"A trip to suit my budget," says Judy Mason.*

Judy was also delighted that the tour arrangements would be out of her hands.

"Travelling alone is one thing, but travelling with a group, with everything prepaid and planned, seems more comfortable and not so lonely," she added.

The trip will include the two places she has always wanted to see—England and Switzerland.

Judy will spend her 14 free days in England visiting her grandmother, Mrs. J. Mason, in Norfolk.

"Now all I have to do is finish saving my spending money," she said.

ABOUT THE TOUR

THE 17½-week World Discovery Tour, 1966, leaves in February. For £A696 or £N.Z.585 tourists will visit 16 countries (including England, Scotland, six in Europe) and have a long stay in London.

Get details and the Tour Booklet by calling or writing to any of these sales agents:

N.S.W.-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, 33-35 Bligh St., Sydney. Tel. 28-4841.

VICTORIA-TASMANIA: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, 330 Collins St., Melbourne. Tel. 67-7481.

QUEENSLAND - N.T.: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek St., Brisbane. Tel. 2-3008.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie St., Adelaide. Tel. 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Wesfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington St., Perth. Tel. 21-0191.

NEW ZEALAND: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs St. East, Auckland. Tel. 20-959.

Or see your accredited travel agent.

CONDUCTED TOURS:

"The only way to travel"

TRAVELLING in organised group tours is the ONLY way of really seeing the world, says Sydney businessman Mr. Frank Haining, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

"Why, if someone offered me a free car to drive around Europe," he said, "I still wouldn't have it on. Give me an organised party tour, where everything is prepaid and prearranged any day."

Mr. Haining and his wife did a nine months' world tour in 1951 to France, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Scandinavia, and Britain.

"It was far too long a time to spend travelling, we realised later," said Mrs. Haining, "and it proved very expensive for what we saw."

With arrangements made as they went along, they booked into first-class ("too first-class") hotels.

"After all, when you are touring you want primarily a clean bed, comfortable rooms, and wholesome, interesting food.

"In some places we were ushered into exotic suites which were too expensive."

More recently, Mr. and Mrs. Haining went on another overseas jaunt.

This was a preplanned group tour (arranged by World Travel Headquarters) to Europe, Britain, and the U.S.A.

"Working on a monthly basis it proved more economical than our previous tour," they said.

"The service on the Orcades was superb, and the whole tour went without a hitch," added Mr. Haining.

The success of the prepaid group tour proved something for Mr. and Mrs. Haining. Ever since they have refused to take their car with them on holidays.

Now they take local or interstate coach tours for holidays or long weekends.

The Hainings feel a tourist misses a great deal by travelling independently.

"Your guide is paid to know all the interesting titbits about a town."

With group travelling you know your stopovers and hotels in advance.

Said Mrs. Haining, "It's all right for the young traveller to enjoy the uncertainty, but when you're older it's nice to know in advance that everything is in order.

"Sometimes it's awful if you can't get in anywhere and you have to drive on to the next town. And there's always the problem of trying to make yourself understood in another language."

"When we toured independently I had to carry so much cash, and my pockets were always bulging with documents and passports," said Mr. Haining.

"Every time we came to a border checkpoint we would be trembling, worrying about our currency, did we have too much, and so on.

"On the coach tour we would sit back and enjoy the proceedings while the courier took the passports to be checked.

"Your luggage is taken care of, and the tipping problem never arises, as all tipping is prepaid."

● *The Hainings reminisce over photo albums.*

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Neutrogena's unique 'heavy molecule' lather clears clogged pores and floats away surface irritants and excess oils *without ever penetrating beneath the skin.*

This leaves your essential deep skin oils undisturbed, and so helps to keep your skin properly moist and soft.

Leaves no harmful residue

Neutrogena is extremely soluble in water. This reduces the possibility of skin irritation which could occur when, even after thorough rinsings, ordinary soap residue remains on the skin.

Prepares skin for cosmetics

The non-alkaline cleansing action of Neutrogena neutralises and washes away both acid and alkaline skin impurities. The skin is left naturally clean and better prepared for the application of cosmetics.

Preserves moisture content of skin

Drying and defatting of your skin is eliminated to such a degree that your hands and face can be washed with Neutrogena as many as fifty times a day without harm.

For a smoother, softer, more beautiful complexion, and a lovelier skin texture free from imperfections, use only Neutrogena, the natural skin cleanser.

Prove to yourself that Neutrogena should be your cleanser. Start your Neutrogena one-month beauty treatment today!

Thoroughly cleanse your skin with Neutrogena, rinse with clear, clean water, then cleanse and rinse again. Do this each morning and night, and in just one month you will be amazed and delighted at the youthful fresh appearance of your skin.

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Napro "Fly-with-me" colours. Left to right, Carmen's choice is **Spanish Cherry;** it adds the gleam of rich black cherries to black or brown hair. Maria's favourite is **Persian Ruby** for the shimmer of precious gems on black or brown hair. Robyn's light brown hair has the glow of tropical sunshine with **Hawaiian Gold.** Susan is wearing **Jamaican Brown** to enliven her brown hair with a rich sheen.

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Beginning an exciting two-part serial of suspense

The Yellow Villa

By SUZANNE BLANC

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

MAZATLAN lies on the thin finger of a peninsula curving into the Pacific. In a huge arc the scenic drive curves from the rocky southern cliffs of the peninsula to the palm-lined northern beaches. Waves break against the giant golden-brown rocks of picturesque Olas Atlas Beach.

Only a few private villas remain among the big hotels and in one of these, a lemon-yellow two-storey structure surrounded by a stone courtyard and enclosed by ornate wrought-iron, Rita Reles had her winter home.

During the summer months, the yellow villa was closed. But every October, La Reles moved back from the capital, bringing with her her father, her Indian maid, four pekingese dogs, and her current lover.

Although she rarely appeared in public, the scandal that had toppled Rita's career pursued her in retirement. It was rumored that the Indian maid was her own child. Some claimed that Rita's beauty had coarsened. Others insisted she was as slim and dark and beautiful as ever.

Like everyone else in Mazatlan, the two men who were trimming the dwarf palms on the esplanade knew when Rita returned, because one morning the yellow shutters of the house were open. It was during the silence of the siesta hour. The two workmen had stretched out in the shade of the palm.

They were lying there, half-asleep, when the balcony door on the second floor of the yellow house opened. A tall, slim woman wearing a white peasant blouse and bright floral skirt walked to the guard rail.

Manuel Romero saw her first. "Pepe, look! It's La Reles!"

His companion moved over so that he could get a clearer view of the woman through the palm fronds. It was La Reles, all right. There was no mistaking that arrogant head.

She stood for a moment, feline and graceful, staring out at the water, and turned to someone behind her. Through the swaying curtain of palm leaves, the workmen saw the man then. Tall and blond, he came out on to the balcony, seized Rita in his arms and tried to kiss her. She struggled furiously and struck him viciously across the face. The man seized her again. This time his hands were around her throat and he was pushing her backward over the railing.

It all happened so quicky that not until Rita toppled from the balcony did the workmen realise that what they had witnessed was the actress' murder. Unable to move, they watched the man lean over the railing and scan the street below, then flee into the dark recesses of the house.

In shocked disbelief, Pepe crossed himself, "Let's go for the police." The workmen hurried off toward the hotel. Behind them, Rita's body sprawled in the sun of the courtyard.

On the evening before Rita Reles was murdered, Marcia Palmer arrived in Mazatlan. Marcey, who had started that morning from Seattle, pressed close to the window of the plane for her first glimpse of the city, her pale, delicate face flushed with excitement.

"Is that the esplanade you were telling me about?" she asked, turning to the friendly Mexican businessman beside her and pointing to a long golden thread that edged the bank of lights.

"Yes, Senorita, that's the boulevard along the ocean. My shop is next to the Belmar Hotel. You ask for me, Jose Cordena. I'll give you special prices."

Rita turned to look at the tall blond man in the room behind her.

She smiled and Senor Cordena observed, as he had several times, the mischievous depths of her blue eyes.

"And my hotel, Mr. Cordena. Is it nearby?"

"No, Senorita, your hotel is there." He indicated the far end of the golden thread. "It's very nice. On the beach."

Marcey stared with anticipation at the shimmering airstrip that rose to meet them. The belated hesitation that had almost led her to cancel the trip was gone. There was only this eagerness to land, to see Ted.

For a few bad minutes at the Seattle airport she had not wanted to leave at all. She had questioned the extent of her immunity to the fatal Ferguson charm. She remembered how eagerly she had followed Ted's Jalisco articles, how swiftly she had agreed to meet him in Mazatlan—and, all at once, the trip had seemed unwise. But after the jet had left the ground, she succeeded in dismissing her uneasiness. She knew Ted too well, she assured herself, ever to become emotionally involved with him again. He was too irresponsible, as Marcey had told him when she returned his ring.

Having convinced herself of her own detachment, she was unprepared for the overwhelming eagerness to see him that jarred through her as the plane rolled to a stop. She pictured Ted as very tan after these months in Mexico, his hair sun-bleached. And, of course, he would be wearing that wide, boyish grin.

Outside the plane, her first impression was that she was in a steambath.

"See," Mr. Cordena crowed. "Nice and warm."

"It's always the same?" Marcey asked, not certain whether or not he was joking.

Mr. Cordena could not have been more serious. "Yes, wonderful. Just like this."

A plump, dark-skinned woman rushed up to them. "My wife, Angela," Mr. Cordena said proudly, introducing them. Then, as if he remembered that Senorita Palmer was a guest of his country, in a sense, his guest, his voice softened with concern. "Your friend is not here to meet you?"

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Something seemed to be amusing Aunt Charlotte and Ferris, but Tracy didn't appreciate the joke — an amusing story

The Cinderella Girl

By MARNIE ELLINGSON

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

I MUST have looked at a thousand paintings—every single one in Al Bertelli's Rush Street atelier, anyway—before I found what I was looking for. Ferris Holbrook's canvases had exactly the quality I was seeking—a talent so negligible that if the artist were supporting himself by his brush he couldn't possibly know where his next tube of rose madder was coming from.

When Al introduced me to Ferris Holbrook, it was all I could do to keep from shouting "Eureka!" He was perfect: tall, not yet thirty, somewhat too thin (possibly from hunger?), and not really unattractive except for the beard, which I considered a blue-chip bonus.

It was an absurd bit of scraggly fringe which made him look rather like an inept pirate.

I extended my hand and every bit of forthright charm I could manage. "I'm Tracy Ames. I've seen your paintings, and I'd like to talk to you when you can spare a minute."

He looked startled. "You mean you want to buy one of my paintings?"

"Well, no, not actually," I said, with an uneasy glance at the sickly sunset on his easel.

He laid down his brush. "I see. You wanted to talk to me about not buying one. I'm afraid you'll have to queue up, Miss Ames. The line of people not wanting to buy my paintings stretches roughly to Peoria."

"What I had in mind was to offer you a job—a guarantee of two, maybe three, days' work at a hundred dollars a day."

"Even house painters don't make that kind of money, Miss Ames," he said.

"I'm not paying you to paint, Mr. Holbrook. I want you to come to Lake Forest with me for the weekend and—"

"Miss Ames! I don't know what kind of paperback novels you've read, but some of us artists put honor above worldly goods."

I started over, patiently. "Mr. Holbrook, I simply want you to visit my well-chaperoned home for a few days and let my aunt Charlotte break off our engagement."

His palette knife clattered as he knocked it off the table. "You really work fast, Miss Ames, or maybe I should call you 'darling.' "

" 'Miss Ames' will do nicely," I said. "Now, are you interested?"

"Well, anyway, my attention is arrested. But one inevitable question occurs. Why would your aunt want to break up our engagement when we're obviously so well suited?"

I tried to muster an engaging smile. "Look, it's really very simple," I said, and began ticking off items on my fingers. "A. My great-aunt Charlotte is a

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Don't go too far

BY CONSTANCE CLARKE GREENE

THE sea was very calm and sparkling after the storm. Moisture was beginning to burn off, but underneath the top layer the sand was very wet.

A small boy wearing bright blue trunks came roaring down the sand, shouting to scare the gulls.

"Blop," he shouted, heaving a pebble at a ferocious-looking gull who soared majestically above his head. The child raced to the water's edge and, shielding his eyes, gazed off to the horizon.

"Andy, wait for me," the mother called, staggering under her load of sun oil, magazines, and soft-drink bottles. Her dark glasses slipped from the bridge of her small nose and her sand-colored hair was held back by a ribbon. She looked 15. She was 25.

Assured that his mother was there and would stop him, he pretended he was going into the water. It was cold and this year he was afraid. Last year he had loved it.

But his father had thrown him in, laughing his enormous laugh and shouting, "Look at him. He can swim!"

Andy could feel the water closing over his head, feel the crabs gripping his toes, and his mother had grabbed him just as panic took hold.

"What's the matter with you?" she had said in a voice that trembled. "He's only a baby. Are you out of your mind?" And she had picked him up and held him and walked down the beach to the cottage.

IT had been difficult to remember much more about it, except that his grandmother and grandfather had come to stay and he could hear his mother crying, because the walls of the cottage were very thin.

His father had been gentle after that. For a while. He was not a gentle man and he wanted his son to be good at all sorts of things that Andy didn't particularly care for.

One day, for a special treat, he took him a long way in the car and put him up on a huge horse and Andy was so afraid he couldn't even cry.

"What are we raising, anyway, a milksop?" Daddy had shouted when Mother found out. She found out, because Andy was sick the minute he got home. He always was when he was frightened.

"It's not a question of his being a milksop," his mother said. "You are behaving like a fool."

Andy fed his puppy most of his bowl of cornflakes and wished they would not shout so. He didn't mind noise and confusion on the TV screen, but he did mind it when it was caused by his mother and father.

This summer his father was not at the beach with them. His mother said he was away on a trip and they would have a good time by themselves. And they did.

Andy was having a lovely time.

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Andy was determined to be brave and venturesome like other little boys — a short story

He and his mother went shopping and made sand castles and he even had a three-wheeler which his mother had brought, along with a pail and shovel, from the city.

"Let's go for a walk," his mother suggested. "It's so nice with no one else here. The Pauleys and the Browns will come down soon and those people from the Flynns' cottage. Did I tell you they have a little girl about your age? Won't it be fun to have a playmate?"

Andy asked, "Can she swim?" and his mother said she didn't know. They walked a long way and picked up seashells to take home. The unaccustomed sun felt lovely and hot on their backs and the mother worried about him getting too burned, although his skin was already a rich amber color.

"You worry about me too much," he told her and she looked at him in the strangest way. "I'm getting too big for you to worry about me," he said, his huge blue eyes very serious.

"You may be right, darling," she said. "But I don't know what to do about it. Mothers always worry."

"But fathers don't, do they:

"I suppose they do," she said slowly. "In a different way." They turned to go back and, on the way, they met the people who had rented the Flynns' cottage. The girl, who was 7, it turned out, was large and tended to muscle, which was well displayed by her black swimsuit.

SHE shot one look filled with contempt at Andy and he knew he would have to look elsewhere for a playmate.

"I'm on the swim team at the 'Y'," she announced rather heavily. "I can do the backstroke and the butterfly and I'm learning how to dive."

Andy pretended he hadn't heard her. His mother was saying, "Nice to meet you" and things like that to the girl's parents and, when finally she broke away, they walked in silence down the beach.

"I don't like her," Andy said. "Big fat girl. Big fat bully."

His mother laughed and said, "She is rather large, but that doesn't mean she isn't nice."

He looked at her and she winked. Then, hand in hand, they walked home for lunch.

The next day they went for a picnic on the beach and Andy announced firmly, "I am going to learn how to put my head underwater today."

His mother looked at him and said, "If you want to."

"Yes," he said, "I do want to. That old big fat girl, she says she can stay under for hours. I saw her this morning before you were up. She was collecting shells, and, boy, did she have some stinky ones. She doesn't know anything about shells."

His mother said, "Would you like an egg salad or a peanut butter sandwich?" And, because he was feeling very adventuresome, he said, "Egg salad, please," because he always chose peanut butter.

When he had finished, he went down to the water and looked at it. Then he turned and edged his way in a few inches and lay down on the sand, keeping his arms rigid in front of him. The water lapped gently around him and he felt strong.

He lowered his face in very carefully, keeping his eyes tight shut. He held his breath until he couldn't hold it any longer and then he came up, gasping.

"How long was that?" he wanted to know. His mother, who was sitting right there pretending to read the paper, said, "Maybe forty seconds. Good for you. That's very good. Now, next time, why don't you try kicking your feet and then I'll take you out farther."

He put his face under again and again and found he could open his eyes underwater, though the salt stung.

Then she took him out and he lay on her arms and kicked and put his face under and moved his arms the way she taught him.

"That's what Daddy wanted to teach me, wasn't it?" he asked as he ate his supper.

"I guess so," she turned from the stove. "Yes, I guess so. He went about it the wrong way. He should never have thrown you in like that."

"You know," he said frankly, "I'm going to learn how to really swim and then I'm going to show that big fat, ugly girl I can beat her. Then, after that, I'm going to show Daddy how good I am. I expect he'll be proud of me."

"Yes," she said. "I expect he will be."

Later on that summer, he asked his mother if his father would be down soon so he could show him how he swam. She said, "I'll call him and ask him down."

In no time at all his father was there in his city clothes. They put on their suits and went right down to the water. His mother and father stood at the edge and he did everything right. He even put his face right under the water.

"Don't go out too far," his mother called, and his father said, "That's right, Andy, don't go out too far," and he practised his best stroke and kick all the way in and they hardly noticed him.

But Andy knew how proud they both must feel of their young son.

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Lavenham, in England's East Anglia

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Houses of Parliament, London

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lovable old dragon, but her hobby is meddling. She's miserable unless she's re-arranging somebody's life. B. She hasn't had the fun of breaking off an engagement of mine for nearly a year. C. I especially want to make her happy just now, so I'm hiring you to pose as my fiance.

"You will let her unmask you as a fortune-hunter and a bounder, and she'll absolutely adore turning you out of the house. Please say you'll do it."

His jaw, which had dropped open sometime during my recital, swung slowly shut. "Have you considered that for the same price you could get her a mink muff or a couple of gallons of French perfume?"

"I'm apparently not getting through to you. I want to get her something she can't buy for herself. Namely, you. That is, the pleasure of getting rid of you."

Continued from page 29

THE CINDERELLA GIRL

"That is not only insulting, it's positively sinister. Suppose she decides the quickest way to dispose of me is with a stiff jolt of arsenic in my sherry?"

"She'd never desecrate good sherry," I said. "Don't be a coward. Think of your art. The money will keep you in paint for weeks. And you'll have made an old lady very happy."

"And I suppose you're doing this to earn your Girl Scout merit badge for Kindness to Old Ladies."

"If you must know, I want to go to Paris, but Aunt Charlotte would just as soon see me in orbit as on the Left Bank."

"Maybe I'm just not awake," he said, "but I don't seem to see a connection between Paris and me."

"It's perfectly obvious," I said. "You're a diversionary tactic. Having averted disaster by breaking off our engagement, Aunt Charlotte is bound to relax her guard, and besides, with my heart newly broken, I'll be in an unassailable bargaining position."

He shook his head. "It's too depressing to be called a disaster. I'm beginning to feel eligible to apply for federal aid."

"Oh, don't take it so personally," I said, losing patience. "I can pick you up Friday afternoon, and you'll be home by Sunday — Monday at the latest."

"I don't know that I'd want to be away this weekend" he said doubtfully. "A friend is lending me a stuffed barn owl, and I was planning to start painting it on Saturday."

"Very well." I stood up briskly. "Somewhere in the city of Chicago I'm sure there's an artist who needs money and who isn't expecting a stuffed owl for the weekend!" I started for the door.

"On the other hand," he said, ignoring my outburst, "if I do come, how do you know I won't steal the spoons?"

I turned. "I'm not a complete nitwit. Naturally I checked with Al Bertelli. He assured me you were perfectly nice."

"Nice!" He took three steps forward and towered above me, his hands on the doorjamb on either side of me. "Miss Ames, never, never call a virile young bachelor 'nice'."

"I only meant that you aren't an axe murderer, a tax dodger, or an infinitive splitter — in ascending order of importance, naturally. I'll pick you up at four on Friday. And don't worry about clothes," I added kindly, glancing at his red-and-yellow-striped shirt. "You're supposed to be eccentric."

. . . . . .

There was a large suitcase waiting by the door when I arrived on Friday. "I've decided to take my aunt one of your paintings," I announced. "I presume you are willing to part with one."

"I'll force myself," he said.

I pointed to one of a frog on a lily pad, surrounded by purplish waterlilies. The frog appeared distinctly seasick. "How much is this one?"

HE tugged his ear. "Frankly, the question of price hasn't come up before."

"Shall we say fifty dollars?"

"Let's," he agreed.

"The car's a block down the street," I told him. "Is that your bag?"

"Yes—and I'm afraid you'll have to carry it. I broke both wrists in April. I can't lift anything heavy."

"You don't have to start being eccentric till we get there." I glared at him, but he only stood there innocently, massaging one wrist, so I picked up the bag. It nearly pulled my arm out of the socket.

"I might as well start calling you Ferris," I said, as I nosed the car into traffic, still panting from heaving the suitcase into the car.

"And you might as well fill me in on background," he said, "now that we're about to plight our troth."

"There's not much to tell," I said, "except that I'm four long, long years away from independence — which is when I get my trust fund at twenty-five. In the meantime, Aunt Charlotte keeps me on a very short rein. I can't imagine why Daddy did such a thing to me, unless some lawyer drew up the papers and he signed without looking," I smiled. "That sounds like him."

"Tell me about him," Ferris said.

"My mother died when I was born, and Daddy brought me up. You can't imagine the marvellous things he let me do. When I was eleven I learned to drive, from a friend of Daddy's who had just won the Mille Miglia."

"I can believe it," Ferris said, clutching the door frame as I cornered.

"Of course, Aunt Charlotte never approved. She said Daddy didn't exercise any discipline. They fought the First, Second, and Third Punic Wars all over again — especially the time I was ten and decided to climb the flagpole. She saw me when I was halfway up and kept shouting at him to make me come down, but he said, 'Tracy makes her own decisions. That's how she learns'."

"Did you make it to the top?"

"Oh, I made it, all right, but I slipped coming down and broke my leg." I laughed. "Aunt Charlotte nursed me till the cast was off, but she wouldn't speak to Daddy the whole time, and she didn't come back for two years. And then, when I was sixteen, Daddy died. He'd named her my guardian. I adore her, but it's like living at a military college. She says no to every little thing I want to do."

"Little things such as what?"

"Everything—mountain-climbing, flying lessons. If she had her way I'd be doing petit point and wearing a Mother Hubbard."

Ferris looked me over carefully. "That would be a shame. How about these engagements she's always breaking up?"

"Oh, that," I said. "Well, one summer I went to school in Mexico to work on my Spanish, I met this heavenly jai-alai player. You've never seen anybody move so fast as Aunt Charlotte when she heard about that! She couldn't have got to Mexico City faster if she'd had herself fired down by an Atlas missile. She doesn't like men who play

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THE GAME

A short story complete on this page

By NINA ROSS

Nancy greeted her husband, Tom, with her usual affection when he arrived home later in the day.

WITH his wife going to have a baby any day, he had no business going to a baseball game. No responsible father-to-be plays truant from his job at a time like that! That's what Tom Downes told himself — too late.

Up to that disastrous afternoon, Tom had been on the job early and late. Coming fatherhood put pep into his sales talk. His sales record was good. It had been months since his boss, Old Grouch Henderson, had reprimanded him.

That week, knowing he might have to take a day off when the baby came, he'd set himself a tight schedule. By lunchtime. Wednesday, he'd practically caught up with his quota of calls for the week. At the cafeteria he turned into a phone booth and called Nancy — just in case she might need him to take her to the hospital. Nancy was fine.

He told her of the tough customer he'd signed up for a policy that morning — and she was proud. All in all, he was feeling pretty good.

Then he ran into his old friend, George, carrying a tray, too. He hadn't seen George for a long time. They sat down at a table together and caught up on each other's news. George had his own gas station, but no kid on the way. Tom didn't want to give George more cause for envy. He played down all the recent policy sales he'd made.

"I've got tickets for the baseball game. How about coming along with me?" George asked.

"On a workday?" Tom objected, "There are a couple of calls I still have to make."

"Oh come on, your boss will never know."

It was true. It was only Wednesday and Tom already had signed up more customers than most salesmen did in a week. With such a good showing, he could afford an afternoon off. His boss would never suspect.

In the mood of a highly successful man taking a well-deserved holiday, Tom hustled through the crowds at the baseball park. The seats were filling up fast. Tom spotted two vacant seats at the far end of a long row. Beckoning George to follow, he sidled awkwardly past the line of knees — and found himself sitting down — right beside his boss, Old Grouch Henderson!

"G . . . g . . . good day, sir," Tom stammered.

"Downes, eh? Howdy," old Henderson grunted and turned his attention to the game.

If old Henderson had bounced Tom then and there, it wouldn't have been so ominous. But old Henderson didn't ask a single sneering question about how Tom happened to be there on a workday. He didn't give Tom a chance to think up an excuse. Old Henderson said nothing — and a suffering Tom sat there, sure he'd be fired.

When the spectators rose to their feet, cheering a player who had hit a home run, Tom stood up, too, but he was hardly aware which side was winning or losing. He was worrying about how he could tell Nancy he'd lost his job sneaking off from work. How could he ever face his coming new son or new little daughter — as an unemployed father!

"Darned good game," George said as they left the baseball park.

"That man next to me was my boss," Tom answered flatly.

"Gosh, no!" George roared with laughter. "The joke was on you all right!"

Tom forced a feeble smile at George's callous idea of a joke. He might have to ask George for a job as a car washer!

For the first time in his married life, Tom hated to go home. Nancy greeted him with her usual warm kiss. Quick to sense his mood, she saw that he felt low, but misinterpreted the reason.

"Poor darling, you must be all-in, working so hard," she said, "but it was wonderful the way you signed up that tough customer this morning."

She mixed him a cocktail. She served him a delicious dinner. She prattled on happily about their plans for the baby and finding the larger flat they'd need. Everything she did, everything she said, made Tom feel guiltier and guiltier. All through the evening he kept quiet about the baseball game, hardly hearing her chatter about possible names for the baby.

Far into the night, Tom tossed and turned, sleepless. Toward dawn he dropped off at last — and then Nancy was nudging him awake, telling him the baby was coming. It was all excitement and confusion. At last Nancy was safe in a hospital bed.

It was ten o'clock before he got a chance to call the office. He told the girl at the switchboard why he wouldn't be in. He had no illusions or hopes that his new fatherhood would soften old Henderson. Tom couldn't find a single excuse for himself. How could he expect the old tyrant to turn sentimental over an irresponsible father who'd spend company time at a baseball game?

At last they wheeled Nancy off. In the waiting-room, Tom tortured himself counting up the calls he should have made, the brilliant sales talk he could have used to get the customer to sign if he'd been an honest worker and responsible father. The nurse finally came in and announced he had a new six-pound son.

They let him see Nancy for a few minutes. She was pale and wan, but all tired smiles.

"Thomas Downes, jun.," she announced with pride.

"Oh, no!" Tom cried, a father unworthy to pass on his name. In his remorse he buried his face on her shoulder — and she was soothing, comforting him, and, weak as she was, laughing a little at the way he'd taken his son's birth.

A nurse escorted him to the nursery and a nurse inside held up his child. He stared at the helpless, wizened little creature, his son, and whispered:

"Sorry, old fellow, sorry."

At the office next day, it was painful to grin at the congratulations on his new son, knowing he'd soon be unemployed. He hung around the office, catching up on his paper work, wanting to get it over soon. But old Henderson didn't send for him.

Toward the end of the afternoon, unable to bear the suspense any longer, Tom found a pretext for seeing the boss. The old man made no mention of Tom's new baby. Old Henderson was a glutton for work and wasted little time on office gossip. No doubt he hadn't even heard Tom was a new father. After a moment's talk, Henderson turned to his papers to indicate the interview was over.

Tom couldn't bring himself to leave. He toyed with a wild idea of saying George was a customer and he'd only gone to the baseball game to clinch a sale on a policy. But without George's signature on the dotted line, that was a lame excuse — and a lie. Tom stood there, speechless, in torture.

Reaching for the telephone, old Henderson remarked:

"About that baseball game. On company time, I had no business being there myself."

The fellows at the office teased Tom for naming his son Thomas Henderson Downes. It sure was a smart way to play up to the Old Man, they said. Tom didn't care what they thought. He named his son after old Henderson — not for future favors — but in gratitude and admiration for a boss who was human, too.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND GOOD STORES

HE496

Continued from page 32

THE CINDERELLA GIRL

games for a living, in the first place, and she thought thirty-seven was too old for me. She even objected to his moustache."

"At first I thought you might be exaggerating," Ferris commented, "but I can see now she really is a drag."

"Then, last year, there was this folk-singer. We were going to travel around the South, hunting authentic folk music — in a trailer. Aunt Charlotte broke his guitar right over his left front fender. You can't imagine how it perks her up to throw a wrench in the marriage machinery.

"Naturally, when Mitzi invited me to share her apartment in Paris the first thing I thought of was to let Aunt Charlotte break off an engagement. So that's when I went looking for you."

"What could be more natural?" he said. "Who is Mitzi?"

"She was my room-mate at college. Now she's studying fashion design, more or less. Her apartment has the most heavenly balcony — and she's met millions of people. It'll be a marvellous opportunity to work on my French."

"More or less," he said.

I grinned. "Well, yes . . ."

Aunt Charlotte was waiting on the terrace when we drove up, looking like the love she really is. Her hair was done up in a French twist. My heart rather smote me at tricking her, except that what I had told Ferris was true. She'd be happy for weeks at saving me from another mesalliance.

She didn't so much come forward to meet us as advance upon us. "So you're Tracy's young man." It was difficult to tell if she were accusing or commiserating.

Ferris grasped both her hands in his. "And you're Aunt Charlotte. I've been dying to meet you for the past ten or fifteen minutes — ever since Tracy told me what a well-stocked liquor cabinet you keep. "Shall I go ahead and crush some ice?"

I gaped at him in admiration. He was even better than I had hoped. "Look, darling," I said quickly. "We've brought you a present. One of Ferris' paintings."

She looked at it and closed her eyes. Then she turned to Ferris. "You'll find everything in the cabinet."

"Gin and tonic, everyone?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I believe I'm going to need a little brandy."

"Don't you adore the painting?" I asked, while Ferris mixed the drinks. "Doesn't it give you a terrific feeling of restrained movement?"

"It gives me a feeling of rising nausea," she said clearly, as Ferris returned with the glasses.

"You can change it for another if you like," he said affably. "This was Tracy's choice. The one I wanted to bring you was a Dalmatian with a dead partridge in its mouth."

She measured him with her eyes and gestured to the painting. "You do this for a living, Mr. Holbrook?"

"Why, only today he sold a painting for fifty dollars. Didn't you, Ferris?" I said. "He could have got more, too, but you know artists. They're too creative to have good business heads."

"Not always," my aunt said. "If he got fifty dollars for one of these, he must be a financial wizard."

Ferris laughed. "To each his own. This house, for instance. There are people who'd consider it something to be dealt with by a demolition squad. But now me — I find it delightful. That moose-head over the Sheraton side-table; the Edwardian coffee-pot surrounded by carnival glass. I think you have a great sense of humor. The table is a fake, by the way. Did you know?"

I wondered if Ferris had gone too far too fast. I thought he at least deserved dinner before Aunt Charlotte turned him out.

She opened her mouth, closed it again, and said, "Tracy, tell cook to bring up a bottle of Montrachet."

I blinked. The Montrachet was reserved for special dinner parties.

"Bring in your bag, and Tracy will show you to your room," my aunt told Ferris.

I stood up. My shoulder still ached. "I'm afraid I'll have to carry it up. Ferris broke both wrists recently." I gave him a cool glance. "It's all he can do to lift a glass."

DINNER was excellent, as it always is in my aunt's house. She waited until we had finished the lemon mousse before she said, "Ferris, tell me, just why do you think you want to marry my niece? She's an extremely young and silly girl, you know."

I was too astonished at her using his first name to take a whole lot of umbrage at being called silly.

"I know she is," he agreed, "but I understand she's coming into quite a bit of money in a few years. Besides, haven't you noticed her figure? I can't afford nude models." I gasped. He leaned forward hastily. "Oh, not that I'd ever let her pose that way, and I won't till we're married. But I'm hoping for a very short engagement."

Aunt Charlotte laughed. She actually laughed. I didn't know which of them I was more furious with.

After coffee, I settled myself firmly in the living-room. "I thought we'd have a quiet evening at home, so you two could get acquainted," I said. I wasn't going to budge until Aunt Charlotte had had a good, strong dose of Ferris.

"Yes, let's get acquainted," he said. "Tell me, for instance, where did you ever find that hideous Chinese temple lion?"

That did it. For the next solid hour she talked about herself and Uncle Herbert and their travels. Ferris was a marvellous listener, which was hardly what he was there for.

Finally, I suggested a game of canasta, which I knew Aunt Charlotte loathed. "Ferris adores it."

She snorted. "You young people and your anaemic parlor games."

"I'll take you on at poker," Ferris offered. "Two-handed showdown. Is a nickel maximum, with a three-raise limit, too high for you?"

She was up getting the cards with the speed of light. I rolled my eyes at him. Not that it was his fault, exactly. He couldn't have guessed she was a poker fiend.

"I'll sit here," Ferris said, "where Tracy can inspire me." He put his arm around me and nuzzled my ear, I tried to pull away, but he held on tighter and whispered. "It's only business, Miss Ames Darling. I'm trying to earn my hundred a day."

I stood it as long as I could. Then I went upstairs and gave myself a manicure. When I went down, Ferris was counting money into my aunt's hand.

"I never did see anyone of your generation I couldn't beat at poker," she said smugly.

"Not entirely true," Ferris said. "I had a terrible time letting you win, but it seemed a worthwhile sacrifice to get on the good side of you."

"That's a blatant lie. But I'll let you try to get it back tomorrow. Tracy, where did you disappear to?"

"Yes, we missed you." Ferris stepped toward me and took me in his arms.

My impulse was to deliver a stout clout to his ear; but just in time I realised it was for my aunt's benefit. I remember thinking, I do hope this annoys her, as he started to kiss me, and the next thing I noticed, she was no longer in the room.

"You don't have to work quite so hard," I told him. "It's only a hundred a day." I broke away from his arms and ran up to my room.

I didn't have the easiest time in the world getting to sleep. To tell the truth, I wasn't one hundred per cent. pleased with Ferris, and yet I couldn't put my finger on anything he'd done wrong - except losing to my aunt at poker, and, after all, he wasn't to blame for that. Even Daddy called her Charlotte the Shark.

What with my restless night I was late getting down to

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THE BOYFRIEND

"This looks like a good spot for a picnic!"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5345696

Balancing the family budget

● ***How CAN we work out a budget that covers the house payments, food and clothing for us and three children, provides maximum insurance at lowest cost, runs a car, and still allows us a beach flat for three weeks' annual holiday?***

AFTER experimenting with bottles and tins of money, cheque accounts, complicated book-keeping, etc., for eight years my husband and I feel at last we are on the right track to squeezing the utmost from his tradesman's wage.

Our present system has operated so well for the past two years that we feel confident it can work for anyone. The main secret seems to be—KNOW WHAT ACCOUNTS WILL BE COMING.

I'm amazed at the number of people who are crestfallen when a certain account arrives, though it comes at exactly the same time each year and is approximately the same amount each time.

Even if it takes a week of nights surrounded by receipts, etc., it is well worth the effort to really keep tag on when accounts will be coming in. Once we realised this, things fell into a much simpler pattern.

Armed with a diary, pencils, receipts, and a sense of humor (the latter being most necessary when accounts for one particular week will apparently total about twice the wage) we set to work together.

Annual accounts (TV and radio licences, car registration, car insurance, union fees, house insurance, house contents insurance, life assurance) were quickly entered in the diary for a date a fortnight before they were due. Half-yearly accounts (rates) were entered twice.

Then we came to the quarterly accounts. These included papers, insurances, electricity, and a ton of wood for our slow-combustion stove.

Monthly accounts were medical benefits, insurance, hire purchase, and house payments.

We also decided on a small set sum to bank with the endowment each four weeks. We found it better to be sure to bank a small sum regularly than never to get round to banking the larger sum we had hoped to.

Next we set to and added up the yearly total of all these accounts which MUST be met, come what may.

The amount was rather staggering at first glance, but a thorough check proved its correctness, so then we tackled the best way to be sure to have money in hand when required.

We decided to allow five "free" weeks a year so that no bills would have to be paid from our holiday pay and we would have a spare week from bills to enable us to cope with Christmas gifts.

Covering the essential bills

So our yearly total was divided by 47 and we had our set sum (in our case £13) which MUST, and I repeat MUST, be kept each week for bills—but, of course, only the bills which had been included in the reckoning.

This amounts to over half our pay, but once we accepted this fact we seemed to be able to manage better than ever, free of the fear that we would not be able to meet bills as they arrived.

You'll notice we only included the fixed amount accounts in our budget, as expenditure on food, clothing, entertainment, petrol, etc., varies from week to week and must be met from what is left of the pay after "essential accounts" are provided for.

Husband and wife must come to a sensible arrangement for these other necessary weekly expenses.

Our budget money is kept in a separate purse and we have schooled ourselves not to touch it no matter how tempted we are. Well, that's not really true, but we try, and we always replace what is "borrowed."

In a small cash ruled memo book we keep a simple record of budget income and outgoing.

Occasionally there is a week when no bills are due and this is the danger period when it is so tempting to relax the budget. DON'T!

If you feel you couldn't leave the money untouched, pay a bill in advance and get the money out of the house.

Accounts like electricity and papers vary slightly each time, but be sure to deduct in your budget book the exact amount you have allowed.

Tick off in your diary when each account is paid and enter all payments with dates and receipt numbers in a ledger book with pages for each account. Keep all receipts needed for taxation purposes in this book, too.

About three months before your holidays commence check your diary for bills due while you are away and start paying them in advance. If you have been really faithful with your budgeting, then the money will be available.

At the same time buy some tinned food specials on the grocery order each week so that when you return from holidays your cupboards (and purse!) won't be like Mother Hubbard's.

Take advantage of the many grocery specials available nowadays, but don't get carried away and buy things you don't need simply because they are cheaper than usual. Nothing is a bargain if you don't need it, and far too many budgets are wrecked by impulse buying to "save!"

Like many mothers of young children I sometimes wondered how ever I would manage if anything happened to my husband.

This is certainly not morbid in any way, as the time when the kiddies are too small to allow the mother to go out to work is just the time when too many daddies are being killed in car accidents, etc. How to cope?

Strangely enough, when I confided my fears to my husband he told me he, too, had been wondering how he would manage if anything happened to me, so we consulted insurance agents to get the largest possible cover for the smallest outlay!

All life-insurance payments up to £400 (ours is just over £100 between us) are deductible for tax, and bonus payments which are added to most policies on maturity are very generous.

We regard our policies as an excellent method of planned saving while providing valuable protection in case of the death of either of us.

We have planned our basic policies to mature when the children will need them for university, weddings, etc., and have only small policies on their lives, as we feel the maximum cover at present should be on my husband, as sole breadwinner.

Our home was financed through the Housing Commission, and after a medical examination a free policy was issued by the State Government Insurance Office stipulating that if my husband dies before the home is fully paid for it becomes mine without further payment.

From observation and experience we are convinced that the important thing is not really the amount of money coming into hubby's pay-packet each week, but what is done with it.

Let's hope our workable plan will save young couples from the frustration and anxiety which overwhelms most of us at times till we finally recognise our money for what it is—a sacred trust from God which we, as stewards, must use wisely.

A READER'S STORY
(The writer has supplied her name and address, but wishes to be anonymous.)

Make your money work from that first pay!

● **From the first day of employment, most people face the same problem — money, or rather the lack of it! After progressing to adult jobs the problem remains, so budgeting seems one of life's essential lessons.**

By MARLENE ARDITTO

I'VE been a working girl for eleven years now and know budgeting is an art that can only be gained through experience.

I'm amazed, therefore, that many young people are not given the opportunity to learn this vital skill.

Only last week the office junior said: "I've seen a fabulous pair of sandals. I hope Mum will let me have them."

When I asked if she couldn't buy what she wished, her reply was typical.

"Oh, no. Mum said I couldn't possibly keep myself, so she takes my wages and buys for me."

How sorry I was for her!

She was missing the independence and thrill of using her own money in the way she wanted; the pride and sense of achievement which comes from knowing she used it well.

I've never forgotten the evening I brought home my first pay. It was a fortune after years of pocket-money.

Triumphantly I placed it on the table and awaited instructions from Mum.

However, she passed the envelope back.

"If you're old enough to earn, you're old enough to learn to use money," she said. Thus I commenced one of the most important lessons in life.

What a struggle it was to make ends meet, and how often I spent unwisely!

Compared with prices, my "fortune" was incredibly small.

Cheap board

Admittedly, I paid less board than if I'd lived away from home.

Working on the average I would pay elsewhere, Mum calculated a proportionate amount which I gave her each week. The amount was based on my salary in relation to the basic wage. As I received increments, the amount rose.

I paid for everything else — fares, clothes, entertainments, medical bills, etc.

As the idea was to teach me to "live within my means," borrowing in any form was frowned upon.

Oddly, the worst day of the week was pay day!

Week after week I watched office friends return laden with parcels. How did they afford to spend so much? I still don't know.

I endeavored to make the bank my first call. It was difficult, but I forced myself to put a few shillings away each week.

The week I didn't bank *first*, I didn't save anything. Of course I weakened countless times. Often within the space of a lunch hour I was relieved of my entire pay.

I regretted these bouts of "impulse buying."

It took me weeks to recover financially, and I was usually unhappy with my purchases: a blouse that wasn't "me," shoes that didn't match anything, a frock that would be outdated next season.

After a number of errors I realised the value of a planned wardrobe. From then on it was easier to control spending sprees.

Although I wore a uniform at work, clothing was my most expensive headache.

I became depressed each time I couldn't afford a new frock for a dance or special party.

Friends encouraged me to learn dressmaking. It was the best investment I ever made.

I improved on my first efforts and was soon making most of my clothes.

This meant a wonderful saving which left more funds for necessities, and even provide some luxuries.

After a few years I could manage my finances reasonably well.

I still splurge on occasions, of course, but happily never find myself "broke" and rarely withdraw from the bank.

Last year I had a working holiday abroad; recently I bought my own car.

This would have been impossible, had it not been for Mother's wisdom.

After struggling to keep me at school, she had every right to expect a larger slice of my wage. I shall always be grateful she chose to make this further sacrifice.

Budgeting was a challenge —an exciting game—when I was 16. The errors I made were relatively unimportant.

How much easier it was to learn then than later, perhaps after marriage!

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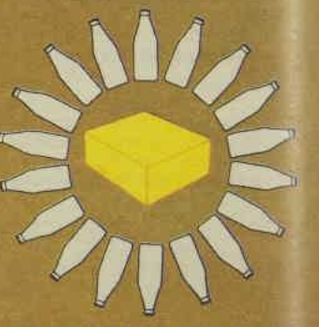

IT TAKES 18 PINTS OF MILK TO MAKE A POUND OF BUTTER

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10 SUPERB CAKES from 1 easy RECIPE

Every time you make Rise 'n' Shine Buttercake you'll love that home-made flavour that only butter gives.

'Rise 'N' Shine' Buttercake

2½ cups S.R. flour (10 ozs. flour), 1 cup sugar (8 ozs.). 6 ozs. butter, ½ tsp. salt, 5 ozs. milk, 2 eggs, 1 tsp. vanilla.

Blend flour, sugar, butter, salt and half the milk thoroughly at a low speed 1 minute. Add remaining milk, eggs and vanilla, beat at medium speed 5 minutes. Fill into 2 x 8" sandwich tins greased with melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven 350° gas, 375° electric, 25 to 30 minutes.

CAKE VARIATIONS

1. Add ½ cup chopped dates, 1 tbsp. lemon rind and ½ cup finely chopped walnuts to blended ingredients. Sandwich with vanilla butter cream.

2. Add ½ tbsp. lemon and ½ tbsp. orange rind and tbsp. lemon marmalade to blended ingredients. Sandwich with cinnamon golden syrup butter.

3. Add 3 tbsp. cocoa blended with 1 tbsp. water to blended ingredients. Sandwich with Rum and Honey Butter.

4. Add ½ cup sliced maraschino cherries and a little pink colouring to blended ingredients.

5. Add ½ cup chopped walnuts and 1 tablespoon coffee essences or dissolved instant coffee to blended ingredients. Sandwich with lemon butter cream.

6. Add 1 tbsp. instant coffee and 1 tbsp. cocoa blended with 1 tbsp. milk to blended ingredients. Sandwich with peppermint butter cream.

7. Add ½ cup finely crushed red and white peppermint candy to cake batter. Sandwich with Chocolate butter cream.

8. Add ½ cup toasted coconut to blended ingredients. Sandwich with Banana butter cream.

9. Add pulp 2 passionfruit to the blended ingredients. Sandwich with Sherry butter cream.

Another golden Butter Recipe from the Dairy Foods Kitchens of the Australian Dairy Produce Board

DAIRY FOODS BUTTER

AT HOME
with Margaret Sydney

● As a housewife not particularly addicted to gadgets, I always get a laugh out of the lists of new gadgets at the great national household gadgetry conventions held periodically in America.

I DON'T like household gadgets much because I'm lazy. There's a large, deep drawer in our kitchen filled with ingenious devices Hugh and the children and various friends have given me at different times.

I don't mean expensive electric gadgets. I mean odd-shaped bits of plastic and steel and wire designed to shred things and peel things and undo things or seal them up again, to unscrew bottle tops, take corks out or push them in, measure with, mix with, stir with, beat with.

One or two of them, I must confess, I've actually bought myself, in those weak moments that sweep over every housewife faced by a fast-talking salesman.

But whether I've bought them myself or been given them by someone else, nearly all the kitchen gadgets that come into the house lead a restful life, undisturbed in the kitchen drawer.

This, of course, is very annoying for the generous donors of the gifts. There are, for instance, loud protests from Kay every time she sees me squeezing a lemon on the old domed glass squeezer and from Di every time she sees me peeling a potato with the wicked-looking old steel knife I favor for the job.

"The trouble with Mum is that she's too old to learn new techniques," Mike said loftily the other night when one of the regular gadget-arguments was in progress. "There WEREN'T any gadgets in her young days, so she's frightened of them."

Mike has a peculiar (and infuriating) sense of time. Anything that happened before he was old enough to observe and remember it happened "in the old days." And I don't think he'd disbelieve me for a moment if I said that I'd spent my youth travelling in horse-drawn vehicles and my evenings seated at my spinning-wheel in the light of a rush lamp.

You waste more time than you save with gadgets . . .

AS I say, my objection to the gadgetry sort of kitchen gadget is pure laziness. Most of them do the job they're supposed to do moderately well. Some of them do it perfectly.

But if you're lazy you've also got to take into consideration the time taken in locating the one special gadget made for the small job you want to do; in remembering the special technique for using it (D'you work it toward you or away from you? With a backhand stroke or a circular motion?); and the time spent in cleaning it and keeping it in order.

The most precious possessions in my kitchen are three ancient steel knives.

You can have my crockery, you can have my toaster and my jug and my brooms and even my stove, but anyone who lays an unauthorised finger on my old steel knives is really in trouble. (This goes particularly for amateur fishermen, who are the biggest stealers of steel knives in the business.)

Even my possession of the knives has caused a recurring argument with my sister, who disputes my right to them. They are ancient bone-handled steel knives of the sort that graced people's dining-tables in the days before stainless steel was invented and that some unfortunate person had to clean daily with a knife-board and powder.

My father, who was much addicted to auction sales—the whole family used to tremble at the thought of one more massive mahogany whatnot coming into the house ("But it's a beautiful bit of timber," he would say)—once arrived home with a bundle of steel knives he had bought for half a crown.

I was lucky. I happened to be there, on the spot, when he proudly displayed them, and seeing the yearning look of greed on my face he was overcome with generosity and gave me half of the bundle.

These "old-timers" beat any modern invention

I CAN'T for the life of me understand why these old knives were ever allowed to go out of production.

No vegetable knife, no matter how tricky, that has been invented since is their equal for peeling or scraping or shredding anything.

No expensive carving knife we've ever bought will cut meat half as quickly, or half as efficiently, if you want it thin.

You can put a murderous edge on them in five seconds with a steel, and in fact your only real problem is guarding them from vandals who don't appreciate their irreplaceable antiquity.

One of mine is missing at the moment. Nobody has taken it. Everybody is sick of being asked about it.

I am determined, come hell or high water, to get it back, and I bet it will turn up in the garage or under the house or in someone's fishing-bag.

Mike broke half the blade off one of them once by illegally using the back of it to force up the lid of a paint tin. But even that won't end the life of one of these ancient knives.

Hugh heated what was left in the flame of the gas stove, cut it into a useful shape with a pair of kitchen scissors, resharpened it on a stone and the knife was back in business.

Anyone canny enough to turn up at the next household gadgets convention with a stall full of ancient-type steel table knives would probably make a fortune! But you won't find them THIS year.

Instead you'll find cordless, battery-driven gadgets for scrubbing your kitchen benches, polishing your shoes, and cleaning your teeth; home hair-clipping gadgets that fasten to your vacuum-cleaner hose so that the cut hair is automatically swept up; "hygienic" can-openers that take the top from the can so cleanly that you can safely drink out of it (Mike's right — I'm too old to learn that technique, I prefer a glass or a cup); automatic dish-mops that whirl round and round at the press of a button, saving you the trouble of moving them over the surface of your plates.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

● *Unusual mirror.*

AN unusual mirror was left to me by a friend. I was wondering if you could tell me from the enclosed photograph (left) when it was made and also if the motif represents any known character? — Miss Marjorie Park, Blaxland, N.S.W.

Your interesting carved mirror is late Victorian in character. I do not think the head represents anyone in particular. It has been designed and carved by a craftsman with a keen sense of humor.

★ ★ ★

THE cups and saucers photographed (right) are from a set we have which is known to be at least 100 years old. The cups are decorated with what are thought to be portraits of European queens. They are large and heavy and have different numbers imprinted beneath the glaze under the cups, but nothing under the saucers. Could you also tell me about my ornament?—Mrs. Esme Macaulay, Claremont, W.A.

● *Porcelain cups, saucers, and ornament.*

You have an attractive set of Paris porcelain cups and saucers painted about 1845-1850.

The ornament in your picture is Continental porcelain of the late 19th century.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE a punch spoon with a long twisted wooden handle and a silver-lipped bowl. In the base of the bowl is a threepenny piece dated 1713. Is this of any value? Could you also tell me the significance of the anchor sign on ornaments? — Mrs. V. Gibbs, Cairns, Qld.

The punch ladle with long twisted whalebone handle (it would not be wood, unless it is turned — not twisted) is a George III specimen about 1780 to 1800. They usually have coins of an earlier period inserted in the bowl. The 1713 Queen Anne threepence is interesting and is of some value. The anchor was the chief factory mark of English Chelsea porcelain. The Chelsea works opened about 1743 and closed in 1769. Many modern examples of porcelain bear imitation Chelsea marks, including the anchor. I would have to see a photo of your pieces in case they are late 19th-century copies.

★ ★ ★

TWO spoons, recently received as a gift from England, bear the initials R.F., a head, and a lion or leopard. They have been in my father's family for many years. Can you give me information about them? — Mrs. E. Lillieblade, Strathfield, N.S.W.

The spoons are English—George III teaspoons; maker Richard Ferris of Exeter, about 1805. The finely engraved design on these spoons is known as "Bright-cut" engraving. The head is the reigning monarch's head, which was first minted on English silver in 1784 and introduced as a duty mark.

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***MONOGRAMS** to add a touch of elegance to your linens are from Embroidery Transfer No. 221. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 1/6 each, two for 2/9, plus 5d. postage.*

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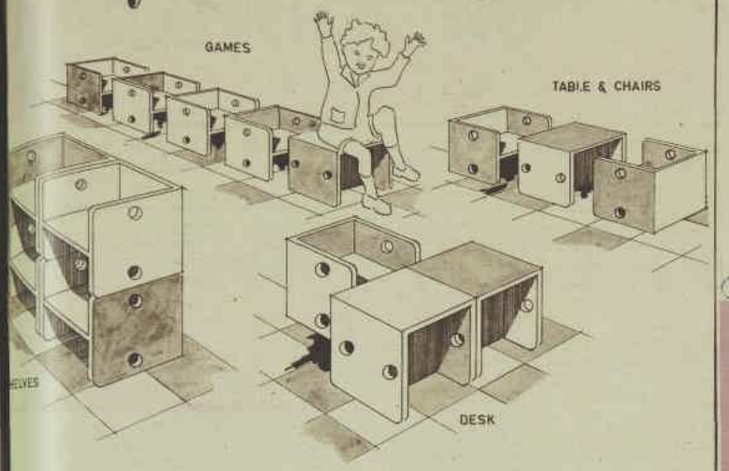
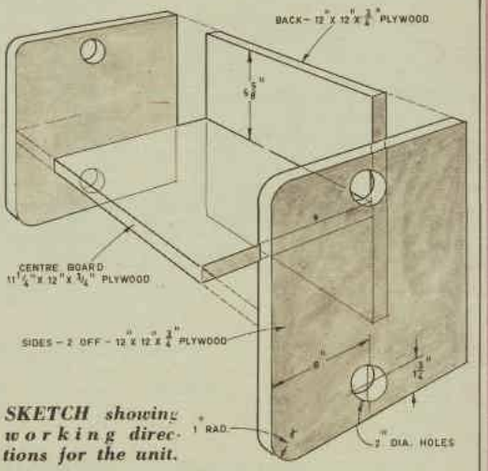
BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

Play unit for children



SIMPLE unit has many diverse uses.

There's helter-skelter fun in store for children with these nursery units which can be used for almost anything from a chair to a make-believe bucking bronco. See below.



SKETCH showing working directions for the unit.

IMAGINATION and children go together. Here, with these simple little boxes, children can transform them, perhaps, into magic steeds, dolly-house furniture, or their "very own" chair.

They are very easy to build—and just imagine what fun the children can have with such versatile nursery units.

Painted in different colors they can be grouped or stacked to form dozens of different combinations — desks, tables, chairs, shelves, shops, trains, school classrooms, and TV seats to mention just a few.

When not in use, stack them in a corner—the units occupy exactly one square foot of floor space.

Four units can be made from one piece of ¾in. plywood 4ft. square, or a 6ft. by 4ft. sheet would make half a dozen.

Cut the sheet of plywood in 12in.-wide strips and then cut each piece to size as shown on the sketch above.

Diameter of the holes is 2in. They are intended as hand-grips. These holes are easily cut with an electric drill and circular cutting attachment. Round the corners with a sander or hand rasp.

Glue edges before nailing, punch and putty all nail heads. Carefully sandpaper all edges smooth, then finish with undercoat and two coats of enamel.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

SOME TASKS FOR APRIL

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Now that the heat of summer has given way to autumn, the planting of new trees and shrubs in the garden is a fascinating matter for attention.

THESE garden features will be permanent, so care and discrimination are needed in their selection.

Place an order as early as possible with a nurseryman, because stocks become exhausted — especially of uncommon species.

Possibly you may need only one or two plants to add to established shrubberies, or you may have all the interest and enjoyment of planning a whole shrubbery in a new home.

In either case, care should be taken in choosing the right species or variety, as every plant must be suited to local soils and climatic conditions, and also suitable for its part in the general pattern of the shrubbery.

Some nurserymen issue good catalogues which give details of size, flowering season, color, and other essential points.

Don't rush the selection. Make a plan on paper of the shrubbery showing the size of each plant to scale, as this gives a very good idea of the final grouping.

Decide if you want a patch of winter or spring color and sketch it in accordingly. Don't overlook the sweet-scented species. Few things are more charming than fragrance in the garden.

Such shrubs as gardenia, murraya, osmanthus, lonicera, port wine magnolia, daphne, jasmine, and many others can all add perfume to the other delights of your garden.

Less advanced plants are often better than big ones, as there is always a risk of the latter being root-bound.

April and May are usually the best months for planting evergreens. The young plants can become established before winter, as the ground is still warm enough for some root growth. But later planting is also satisfactory.

Frost-tender species should be held over until spring.

Deciduous plants and roses

Deciduous plants should not be planted until all the leaves have fallen, usually from May onwards, but should be put out by the end of August.

Roses for planting should be selected now and an order placed as soon as possible. These can be planted from April to August, but June to August are usually considered the best months. Late planting is most suitable for cold climates.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 163

COLOR DISPLAYS FOR WINTER AND SPRING

Don't delay in planting annuals and bulbs for winter and spring flowering.

Be sure to plant some bulbs of ranunculus if you haven't already done so. This gay and charming little plant brings much varied color to the garden.

It can be planted in beds, clumps in the border, in window-boxes or rock gardens. Select a sunny position, sheltered from wind.

Ranunculus requires good drainage, and prefers a fairly light but reasonably rich soil. Be sure to plant the bulbs with the claws pointing downwards, and cover with one to two inches of manure-enriched soil.

Anemones should preferably be planted not later than April, and have the same requirements as ranunculus.

Plant the bulbs with the flat side uppermost.

Watsonias, also known as South African bugle lily, warrant consideration for planting, especially by those gardeners who want a plant which will grow with little attention.

The long stems of flowers are excellent for cutting and are available in many lovely colors, including pinks, mauves, salmon, orange, and white. The Australian raised varieties are particularly good.

CARNATIONS

Now is the time to plant out young carnation plants for a good flush of bloom in October and November. These lovely, fragrant flowers are grown mainly for cutting but are attractive for garden display.

They prefer a sandy loam to which has been added old manure or compost.

Soils previously unlimed can be treated with dolomite at the rate of ½-¾lb. per square yard in light soils, and up to 1½lb. on heavy or clay soils. Planting too deeply should be avoided, as this can cause collar or crown rot.

TRANSPLANTING

If necessary, many plants can be transplanted at most times of the year, given adequate care, but generally it is desirable to wait for a break-of-season, preferably during autumn and winter.

Hardy evergreen shrubs may be shifted in April or May, but the more tender sub-tropical plants are best handled in spring. In the case of deciduous trees and shrubs you must wait until the leaves have fallen, usually about the end of May, and transplanting can be carried out until mid-August.

For successful transplanting:

Prepare the new site thoroughly before operations commence; make sure the soil around the plant to be shifted is well moistened; get as much root and soil with the plant as possible; choose a cool, cloudy day; transplant as quickly as possible without exposure to wind and sun, firm the soil well down around the plant in its new position, and water thoroughly.

If the plant is of any size it is desirable to dig a circular trench around it about two to two and a half feet from the butt before transplanting. Work the soil away so as to secure a good ball of earth around the roots, insert some hessian under and around the ball, and bind with cord to retain the ball in a firm condition.

It is usually desirable to remove some of the top growth, especially if soft, to compensate for the root loss. If most of the roots have been secured, only light pruning is necessary.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 164

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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Dress Sense

by BETTY KEEP

● **This luxury at-home suit, with sleeveless floor-sweeping coat over tailored slacks and top (right), is my design choice for a young fashion-conscious reader.**

HERE is part of the reader's letter with my reply:

"Could I have a pattern for one of the new at-home trouser suits? I would like something a little unusual, but I don't like the very wide trouser legs. I have a 32in. bust and am tall and thin."

A floor-sweeping sleeveless coat gives the extra glamor to the trouser suit at right. The easy-fit overblouse is finished with a roll collar; the slacks are slim and tailored. In the illustration the coat is made in floral silk, but it would look equally attractive in wool, or in fur fabric by the yard.

A paper pattern in your size is available. Under the illustration are details and how to order.

"I want to make myself a beret in fur fabric and wondered if you could supply me with a pattern? I would also like to know how much 54in. material I would need."

Our service has a paper pattern for a beret. It takes ½yd. of material and about the same amount of hat stiffening. To order pattern send 5/9 to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W., and quote Vogue Pattern No. 6243.

"This winter I want to have a fur hat to wear with a forest-green suit. I want the hat small and in some sort of grey fur. What would you advise?"

I advise a small beret made in grey squirrel.

"Would you please advise me as to the correct attire for a woman attending a church wedding at 7.30 p.m."

The degree of dressiness for a 7.30 p.m. wedding depends on the formality of the occasion. I suggest you confirm this point with a member of the bride's or groom's family. If the male members of the bridal party wear black ties, a woman guest is correctly attired in a short or long dinner dress worn with some type of head covering and gloves. The head covering would be a flat bow, veiling, or even a small flower hat. If a lounge suit is the choice, a wedding guest should wear a cocktail dress with a small hat or head covering and gloves.

"How can a plump junior figure be made to appear taller and thinner?"

The A-line silhouette, a shift and a two-piece (easy-fit top and matching skirt) will play down your curves and help make you look taller.

"I intend to buy a new winter coat and would like to know the most popular shades being worn."

Winter wool in varying weaves comes in gorgeous colors such as purple, mulberry, bright pink, and aqua. Beige, white, and off-white are also very popular.

6110.—Slacks suit and sleeveless floor-length coat in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6110, price 7/6 includes postage. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I am invited to a formal dance at which I will be wearing a very simple floor-length dress in blue crepe. Will wrist-length gloves be correct with this style of frock? I am aged 16."

By all means wear wrist-length gloves; they are smart and appropriate for your age group.

"I am having a winter frock made in plaid wool. The material combines light blue and green. What color accessories to wear with the frock is presenting a problem. Could you please advise me?"

I suggest the following color arrangement for the accessories. A hat made in matching plaid wool, chestnut for shoes and handbag, and pale beige for gloves.

"Could you suggest one set of accessories to wear with two autumn frocks? One is dark blue wool and the other pink wool."

Good for both would be black calfskin shoes and matching handbag plus beige shoes.

Protect yourself and your family from COLDS and 'FLU for up to 6 months

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Take two Buccaline tablets. Same way. Same time.

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Take four Buccaline tablets. Same way. Same time. Protection is effected in one week.

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Now is the best time to get Buccaline protection to prevent infections getting a grip on your health. It takes only three days. Give all your family the benefit of this safe, proven Swiss anti-bacterial oral treatment. Get Swiss Buccaline from your family chemist today.

Buccaline tablets are formulated and made at the Swiss Serum and Vaccine Institute (under Government control). It is, of course, completely safe. Constant testing and research ensures that Buccaline is kept to ethical standards. Swiss Buccaline is the most positive protection you can give yourself against colds and 'flu this winter.

B3721

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Continued from page 36

THE CINDERELLA GIRL

breakfast. Aunt Charlotte and Ferris were already at the table, but Ferris jumped up and swept me into another of those Late Late Show movie embraces. I tried to wriggle free, but I think he must have cut off circulation at a vital spot, because everything went black, and when I came to Aunt Charlotte was putting marmalade on her English muffin. I'm sure she was only starting her grapefruit when Ferris began kissing me.

"Ferris" she said calmly, "I should think you'd tickle Tracy to death with that ridiculous beard. Are you trying to cover up a weak chin?"

"I had eleven stitches in my jaw after a smash-up—the same accident where I broke my wrists." He shot a glance at me. "It hurt when I shaved, so I stopped shaving."

"That," said Aunt Charlotte crisply, "is the first sensible reason I've ever heard for wearing a beard. Do you play croquet?"

I kicked at him sharply under the table, but he missed my cue and said, "Well enough to take you on, Duchess."

"We shall see," my aunt said, rising.

He leapt up and pulled out her chair, stopping on the way back to his place to kiss the nape of my neck. I gritted my teeth until Aunt Charlotte was out of earshot, and then, with my napkin, I wiped up the coffee I had spilled.

"Mr. Holbrook," I said very, very calmly, "I would appreciate it if you'd limit these passionate outbursts to an occasional lingering look of affection. My skin is positively raw from these continuous assaults."

He shrugged and took another muffin. "It's up to you, Miss Ames Darling. I'm only trying to make this phony engagement look real. People in love kiss a lot."

"Very well. But you don't have to enjoy it."

"Who's enjoying it? Every minute I spend kissing you I could be painting my stuffed barn owl."

By 4.30 I was ready for a rest cure on one of those milk farms. Ferris had spent the afternoon calling my aunt "Duchess," beating her at croquet, criticising her landscaping, and pointing out aphids on the hydrangea bushes. And still she hadn't said a word about breaking off our engagement.

My throat was raspy from calling him "darling"; I ached from dodging his kisses; worst of all, he had caught me fourteen times by actual count. Now I knew how Frankenstein felt when he discovered he had created a monster.

Once I cornered Aunt Charlotte by a side wicket. "Don't you adore him? Isn't he a pet?" I asked archly, through gritted teeth.

"'Pet' is hardly a word I would use," she said, "but he seems like a very sensible young man."

"Sensible!" I shrieked. "It's his artistic temperament I love."

"Don't be a fool, Tracy," she said. "Here, get away from my ball. You're dead on me," and she was back to the game.

I went in and took a tepid bath. I can't say it did a lot for my nerves, but at least I was safe from Ferris' fervid advances.

I had just started dressing when the phone in my room rang. It was Barton Barrett, and the mere sound of his voice made me weak. After I hung up I knew I had to have a very serious talk with Ferris; my plan just had to work. As I walked to Ferris' room I tried to think of a way to appeal to his better nature, if any. By the time I tapped on his door I had hit on a novel approach—honesty.

"Flag of truce," I said when he opened it. "May we have a two-power parley with all holds barred?" His hair and beard were still damp from the shower, making him look peculiarly human. I perched on the window seat. "Look, you have me over a barrel, as we both know, but I want to ask a favor."

"Shoot."

"I've invited a neighbor over for a drink tonight. He's always thought of me as that great American cliche, the pigtailed kid next door, bratty friend of his bratty sister's. He's been away a couple of years, and I want him to notice I'm all grown up now, so please don't make waves."

He smiled. "You think anything I could do would keep him from noticing what you look like?"

"Please, Ferris, I know you think I'm fair game, but Barton Barrett is one of the reasons I'm trying to get to Paris."

"So. One plot—slightly thickened."

"Only slightly. He barely knows I'm alive. And maybe it's just a left-over schoolgirl crush on my part, but I'll never know unless I have a chance to find out. By the time his sister told me the magazine he works for was sending him to Paris for a year I was already trying to figure out how to fix it so I could visit Mitzi.

"This just makes it more important. I'd like to make a good impression—which will be hard if I have to keep leaping out of your clutches."

"You haven't a thing to worry about on that score. It's Saturday night, so for any physical demonstrations I'd have to charge you time and a half, anyway."

I slammed his door so hard I could hear the perfume bottles rattling on my dressing-table two rooms away.

. . . . .

We were all on the terrace when Barton arrived, looking as dashing as ever.

"Tracy, my angel!" He caught my hands in his. "Look what the girl has gone and done while I turned my back for a mere year. No more skinned knees; no more hockey sticks."

I laughed. "I wasn't that young when you went away. Barton, I'd like you to meet our guest, Ferris Holbrook."

He shook hands with Ferris, kissed Aunt Charlotte on the cheek, and turned back to me. "Very good bones," he said, tilting my chin. "But the hair, no." He loosened the pins and let it fall. "And the earrings will have to go." He slipped them off and dabbed at my lipstick with his handkerchief. "That's the way I like a woman to look—simple, unadorned, perfect."

"I understand you're leaving the country next week," my aunt said loudly.

"Yes. It's a rather plum assignment, actually, in Paris. Tracy, don't perch on the railing. It gives you a nervous look."

I moved to a chair. Barton was still as masterful as I had remembered.

"Would you fix us a drink?" my aunt said to Ferris.

Barton jumped up. "I'll do it."

"I'd like a gin and tonic, please," I said.

"Gin and tonic is an affectation. Now that you're grown up you must learn to drink Scotch. Charlotte? Holbrook?"

"I'm affected," Ferris said. "I'll have a gin and tonic."

When Barton had disappeared, Ferris rolled up the evening paper and handed it to me.

"What's this for?" I asked.

"You're supposed to put it between your teeth and bring it to him. Maybe he'll give you a nice biscuit."

I threw it at him instead.

BARTON left after an hour to take the "Nereid" for a sail. I thought of all the times his sister and I had teased him to take us sailing. He always said I was a good crew because I could take orders.

I wasn't up to any more nuzzling from Ferris, so after dinner I went to my room while he kept his heavy poker date with Aunt Charlotte. I went down later to the sound of her laughter.

She looked up from the family album. "Ferris has just observed that your cousin Evelina looks like an expectant wombat. I have never heard a description so apt."

I started to giggle, too.

"Tracy, do you think the chrysanthemums will be out in August?" she asked me abruptly.

"Why, darling?"

"I think a garden wedding would be effective—if we can get rid of the aphids by then. The eighteenth would be a good day."

The whole room blurred. I felt as if I'd been pulled backward through a looking-glass. "Do you mean you're giving your consent?" My voice quavered.

"Not my consent; my blessing."

I closed my eyes, but I didn't dare panic. "It would be very embarrassing if we announced our engagement and then you changed your mind. So there are a few things you ought to know first. Aren't there, Ferris?"

"Uh, oh, yes. Several." He didn't sound convincing.

"Well?" my aunt said.

"Tell her, darling," Ferris said sweetly, the rat.

"It would come better from you, dearest." With sudden inspiration, I added, "You might start with that breach-of-promise suit."

"Well, she was a flamenco dancer," he improvised. "Gorgeous creature. But all that heel tapping began to get on my nerves, so I skipped out."

She laughed. "You are such a relief to me, Ferris. I've been so afraid Tracy would end up with one of these frantic fun seekers with no sense of humor. Just don't let her wind you around her finger. She needs a firm hand."

"No. A firm hand is not what she needs." The bantering air was gone. "It's what she wants, and that's a very different thing. She needed it when she was growing up and never got it. She's been trying to make up for it ever since. Why else would a bright girl keep getting into such scrapes that you're forced to bail her out?

"I look at her, and I see

To page 47

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.***

—Ephesians 1:3.

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a little girl on a flagpole, crying out, 'Please, somebody, make me come down. Doesn't anybody care enough to make me behave?' "

I wanted to run, but I stood there, paralysed.

"Discipline makes her feel safe," he said. "Eventually, she'll marry somebody like Barton Barrett, who proves he's a man by ordering women around, and it'll be all right as long as she never finishes growing up. But I have a feeling someday she will, and if she's tied to some heavy-handed tyrant who won't let her think for herself, it's going to be an awful waste."

He came and stood in front of me. "I couldn't provide that firm hand you're looking for, Tracy. I'd never do anything to keep you a child one minute longer than necessary. Not when I can see that there's so much woman waiting to emerge."

"Go away," I said. "I never want to see you again." My words came out quiet and cold, so cold I began to tremble.

"I'm not going to crowd you, Tracy," he said. "It's up to you to make up your own mind whether you want to come down off that flagpole."

I ran upstairs, scrawled a cheque, and put it on his table. Then I locked my door and flung myself on to the bed. There wasn't a word of truth in what he said. Not a word. When I awoke the next morning, the cheque, in eight neat pieces, had been shoved under my door. I didn't go out till I was sure Ferris had left. My head was dull, and coffee didn't help. Barton called to ask me to dinner and I accepted.

Aunt Charlotte confined her remarks to the weather, which was a fit acompaniment to my mood, dark and threatening. By six, the rain had started a cold, stubborn downpour. Let it rain, I thought, jerking the prettiest dress I owned off its hanger. It was blue chiffon, with a romantic drift of skirt. I wanted Barton to take me somewhere glamorous and admire me.

Barton ordered shrimp de Jongg for us. It was delicious, and of course he couldn't know that I was allergic to shrimp.

Over dessert, he said, "Hurry and finish, Tracy. We'll be late. Terry Kinsella's having a private party."

I stared at him. Terry Kinsella was a Lake Forest expatriate who had opened a dismal coffee-house on the South Shore. Not a chic place, or bohemian. Just a real creepy spot that wasn't even clean.

"Terry's parties are notorious, Barton," I said. "Once last winter, things got wild, and one of the guests was shot in the leg. There was a big mess about it in the papers. Besides," I added, when he only laughed, "it's a miserable drive through traffic in such awful weather."

"Relax. We're going on the 'Nereid.' I've been wanting to try out the new auxiliary motor. It's not far as the shark swims."

I shuddered. "On a night like this?"

"I can handle it. Come on, drink up."

"Well," I said doubtfully, "we'll have to stop at home, so I can change."

"Don't be a damp blanket." I smiled at the old catch-phrase we had used long ago. "There are dungarees and shirts aboard. You know your aunt would never let you go."

I stopped smiling. No, she'd never let me go. I felt as if the room had suddenly tilted and that was why my coffee had spilled over the edge of the cup. That was why I had wanted to stop at home. I didn't want to go to Terry's place or out on the lake. I

Continued from page 45

THE CINDERELLA GIRL

wanted Aunt Charlotte to stop me. But I was a big girl now, big enough to say no for myself. "No, Barton. Please take me home."

He shrugged, and we went to the car.

I couldn't believe it when he pulled up at the marina. "I told you I wasn't going," I said.

"Are you trying to spoil my last few days at home? I told them I was bringing the most gorgeous girl on the North Shore."

"No, Barton," I repeated.

He grinned. "You aren't the first girl who ever got shanghaied. I'll change my clothes first — you come aboard in five minutes." He pocketed the car keys and slid out. I stared after him until he disappeared in the wet darkness. Then, shivering, I scrambled up the road to the highway. In two minutes, the rain soaked through my coat and made a sodden rag of my dress. I almost threw myself in front of the first cab I saw.

I let myself into the house quietly; but before I reached the stairs, the study door opened on Aunt Charlotte and a stranger. "Excuse me," I muttered, trying to dash past, but the stranger's voice stopped me.

"Miss Ames Darling, what have you been doing?"

I WHIRLED. The stranger was Ferris. Without a beard. And with a scar on his chin.

"What have you been up to?" he repeated.

I tried to draw myself up with a little dignity, which wasn't easy, wearing a dress with the consistency and style of a wet facial tissue. "I have been climbing down from a flagpole. By myself." And then I fled.

Aunt Charlotte came in as I stripped off my dress.

"What's he doing here?" I asked. My teeth were still chattering.

"I invited him. He called, and since you were out, I thought I'd enjoy some amusing company." She poured a generous measure of my best bath oil into the bath.

"Don't bother wasting that," I snapped. "I'm not going to see him." And then, like an idiot, I started to cry. "It'll take forever to explain, but Ferris and I never were engaged."

She didn't even blink. "Then you'd better get busy before he gets away."

"You don't understand. I only met him three days ago. How could I possibly feel anything for a virtual stranger?"

"Tracy Ames! Your Uncle Herbert proposed to me when all we'd ever done was shake hands after Epworth League meetings. If you don't know how you feel about a man after being kissed by him fifteen times, I give up on you."

"Seventeen," I said. "If the back of the neck counts."

"With a man like Ferris, it counts."

"But I've made such a mess of everything," I wailed. "He despises me."

"So you're just going to hide in the bath till he leaves?"

"What would you suggest?"

"I'd like to suggest a black negligee, but since I happen to know you don't own one, I'd suggest you get into your flannel bathrobe and be downstairs in five minutes. You don't think he drove all this way in a storm just to win forty cents from an old woman in a poker game, do you?"

I went down. He was really something without the beard. He still looked like a pirate, but not inept.

"Aunt Charlotte's still interfering," I announced. "She made me come down."

"I wanted to apologise for sounding off yesterday," he said. "I guess falling in love gave me the crazy idea I had the right. I don't blame you for sending me away."

"I'm going to send you away again. I'm just down off one flagpole, but if you don't go quickly, they'll really have to get the nets out this time."

"Tracy!" He stepped toward me.

"No." I held up both hands and retreated. "I've learned my lesson about getting mixed up with kookie characters, and getting involved with a penniless painter hardly makes for a safe-and-sane Fourth of July. Or eighteenth of August. I mean, love isn't that blind, Ferris. And if we're going to go the basic-honesty route, I must say you can't paint for sour apples."

"Tracy Ames, you must be the most gullible girl alive!" Aunt Charlotte, who was standing behind me, sounded exasperated. "I saw through Ferris' little joke in about five minutes. In spite of that deplorable painting of his, I knew he had taste and judgment, and if he thinks he's a painter, I'm Peter Rabbit."

"It was the accident," Ferris said.

"You mean you really did have an accident?" I asked, incredulous.

"Yes—quite a serious one. I had internal injuries and had to take three months off from work. The muscles in my right hand were injured. I'm a chemical engineer and I need that hand, so the doctor prescribed painting to exercise the muscles."

"Ferris Holbrook, that's the most dishonest thing I ever heard of!" I burst out. "Why, you could be sued for impersonating an artist!"

"If you'll excuse me, I have some crocheting to attend to," Aunt Charlotte said. Meddling to the last, she turned out three lights as she left the room.

Ferris reached for me.

"No," I said. "I'm still angry. And, besides, it's Sunday. At time and a half for overtime, if you start kissing me, I'll never be able to pay the bill."

"Now that it's going to be a family enterprise, we'll have to re-negotiate the contract. Tomorrow," he said.

I noticed that both of his wrists seemed to have healed completely. And, you know, I was right — I never could have paid the bill.

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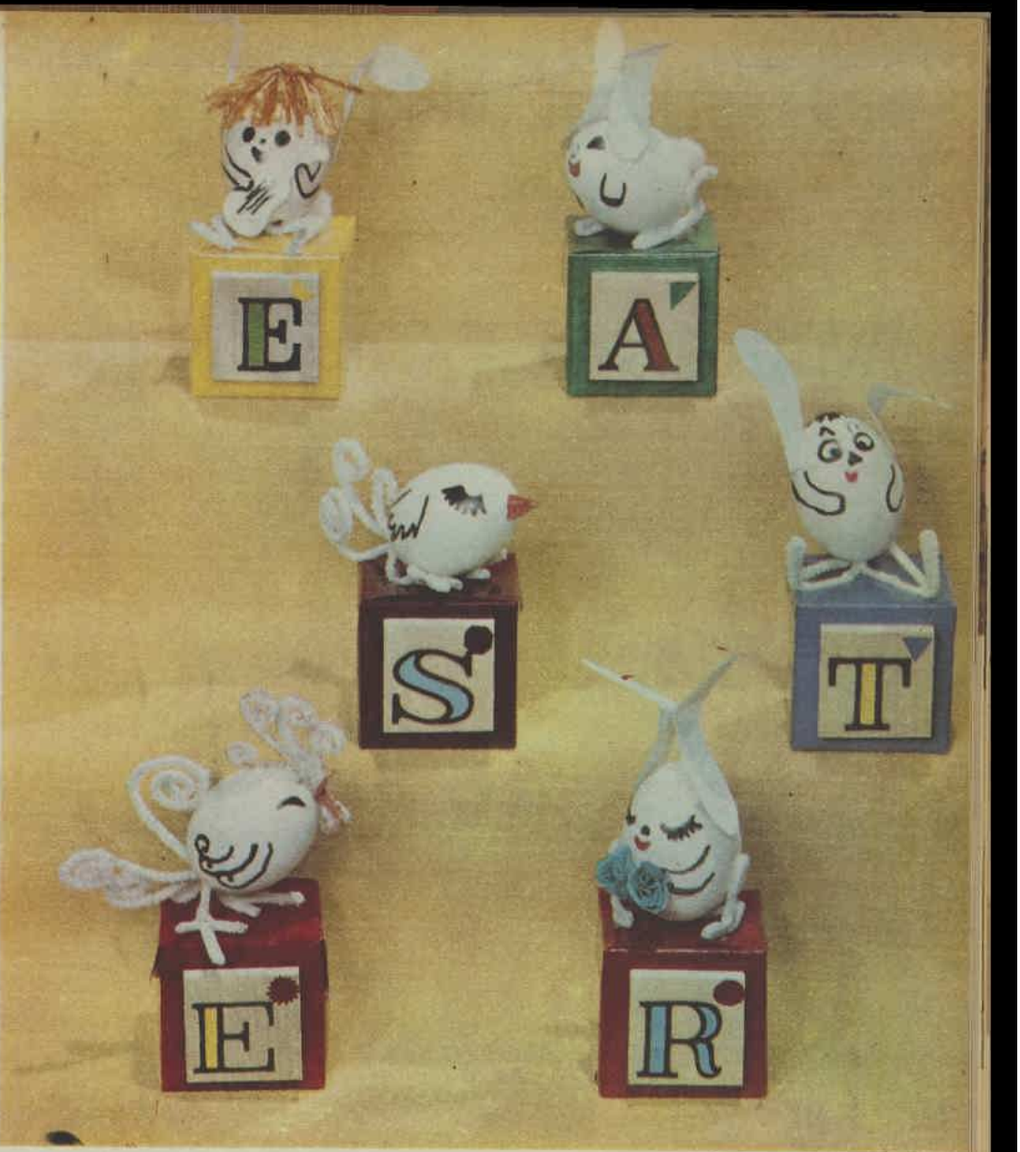
EASTER NOVELTIES

● A five-page feature of new ideas for Easter — gaily decorated eggs to trim your table or to top a gift, delicious and decorative sweets and desserts (see page 53), and some advice on Easter holiday cookery (see page 55) telling how to plan easy but satisfying meals.

Directions and recipes from

our LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



FUN FIGURES (above) are chickens and rabbits made of eggs, to top a gift or adorn a table. Directions are given on page 52.

PARADE of eggs (left), dressed as the children's favorite characters, will delight all the family. Directions are given on page 52.

More novelties on page 53.

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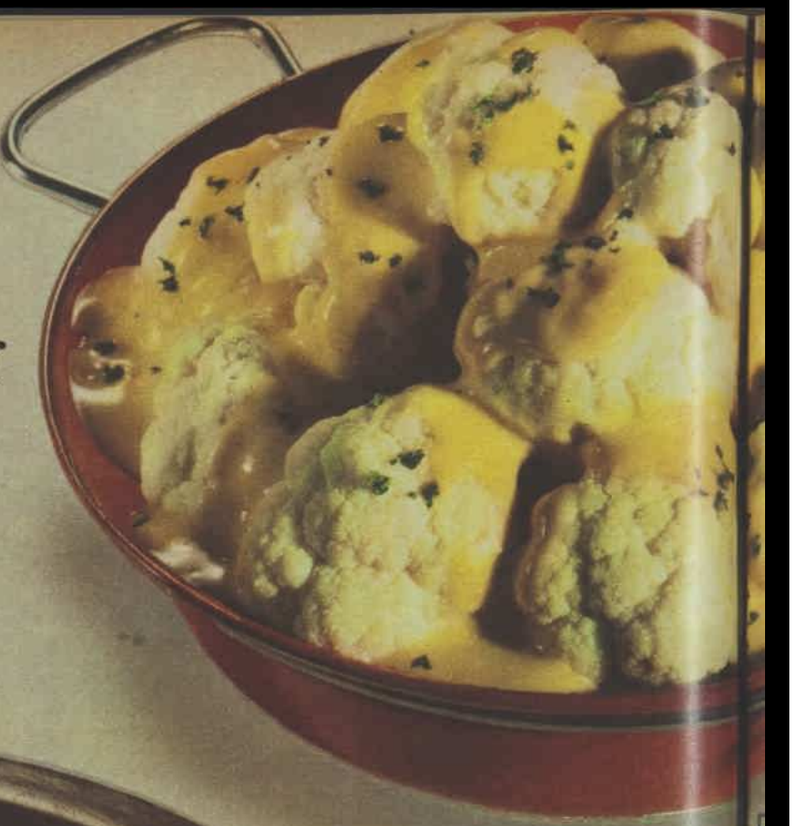
This Lent make it Mornay with KRAFT Cheddar

BASIC MORNAY SAUCE

All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.
Ingredients: 1 small onion, cut in half; ½ teaspoon salt; 4 peppercorns, or pinch pepper; small piece bay leaf; 1 oz. butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 2 cups milk; 6 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded.
Method: Heat milk, onion, salt, peppercorns or pepper, and bay leaf in a saucepan. Cover and allow to stand for 7-10 min. Melt butter, add flour and cook for a few minutes. Strain milk, and add gradually, stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Add shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, and continue cooking stirring until cheese melts. Makes approximately 1 pint.



CAPE COD* MORNAY

Ingredients: Half Basic Mornay Sauce; 1 lb. smoked fish, cut in half; cold water.
Method: Place fish in a pan and cover with cold water. Bring to the boil and drain. Cover fish with fresh water, and simmer gently for approximately 10 minutes. Strain. Pour over Mornay Sauce, and reheat: or keep warm in a moderate oven (350°F gas, 375°F electric), until ready to serve. 2 servings.

5 delicious meatless Lenten meals with

This Lent, treat your family to meatless meals a chef would be proud of, and *know* you're giving them the nourishment they need. Make it Mornay — with KRAFT* Cheddar Cheese! This classic cheese sauce — Mornay, made with KRAFT Cheddar — adds protein goodness and rich cheese flavour to all these Lenten foods — smoked fish, fresh fish, vegetables, chunky tuna, macaroni. "Make it Mornay" this Lent, with KRAFT Cheddar!

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VEGETABLE MORNAY
The perfect finish for hot cooked vegetables, such as cauliflower, asparagus, broccoli, leeks, marrow or onions. Pour Mornay Sauce over vegetables and serve. If liked, garnish with chopped parsley.

MACARONI MORNAY
Ingredients: Basic Mornay Sauce; 1 cup macaroni; 1 medium onion, chopped; ¾ cup day-old breadcrumbs; 1 oz. butter.
Method: Cook macaroni and onion in 2 pints boiling salted water for 20 minutes or until tender. Drain. Mix Mornay Sauce through macaroni, and turn into a greased casserole. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs, and dot with butter. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F gas, 400°F electric) for 25 minutes or until heated through. 4-5 servings.

TUNA MORNAY
Ingredients: Half Basic Mornay Sauce; 1 can GREENSEAS* Tuna, 6½ oz. chunk style or 7 oz. solid pack; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; 1 dessertspoon lemon juice; pinch cayenne pepper; 1 tablespoon day-old breadcrumbs.
Method: Divide GREENSEAS Tuna evenly into four ovenproof ramekins. Sprinkle with parsley, lemon juice and cayenne pepper. Pour the Mornay Sauce over the Tuna and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Place in a moderate oven (350°F gas, 375°F electric), for 15 minutes or until heated. 4 servings.

FRESH FISH MORNAY
Ingredients: Basic Mornay Sauce; 1½ lb. fresh or frozen fish fillets; 6 spring onions, cut into rings; or 1 small white onion, chopped; ½ teaspoon salt; pinch pepper; small piece bay leaf; ¼ cup water or white wine. **Method:** Remove skin from the fish and form into rolls. Place in a casserole with onion and bay leaf; sprinkle with salt and pepper and pour over the water or wine. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350°F gas, 375°F electric), for 20 minutes. Remove bay leaf, drain off liquid and reserve. When making Mornay Sauce, replace some of the milk with an equal amount of reserved fish liquid. Pour sauce over the fish. Return casserole to oven for 10 minutes or until heated through. 5 servings.

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NOVELTIES

. . . *Continued*

● **On this page are directions for making the decorated eggs shown in the color pictures on page 49.**

Bunnies, chickens

THE bunnies and chickens spelling out the word Easter are standing on toy alphabet blocks. You could copy this idea for your Easter party table.

The bunnies and chickens are made of empty eggshells, pipe-cleaners, cottonwool, and paper. Features can be inked or painted on.

Prepare eggshells by blowing out the yolks and whites. To do this, pierce both ends of shell with a skewer; enlarge one end slightly, push skewer inside egg to break yolk with skewer, then gently shake end over a basin until yolk and egg are removed from shell.

Alternately, tap egg lightly at wider end, peel away shell from the break until a hole is formed. Pierce yolk with skewer, then gently shake out yolk and white into basin. This hole can be concealed by the bunny's tail or chicken's beak.

Soak empty eggshells a few hours in warm water, then let stand until thoroughly dry. Then paint and decorate as follows:

Bunny E: Cut out ears and guitar from cardboard. Make hair of raffia, shape pipe-cleaners into back legs. Paint forelegs and face on egg. Make tail of cottonwool ball. Glue ears, hair, and guitar in place, fix ends of pipe-cleaner legs into hole in egg.

Bunny A: Make as Bunny E but omit the guitar and hair.

Chicken S: Shape pipe-cleaners into feet and tail, fix into hole in egg. Twist pipe-cleaner round pencil to make curved ends of tail. Make beak of small cone of paper painted red; attach with glue. Paint or ink-in eye and wing on egg.

Bunny T: Make in the same way as Bunny A.

Rooster E: Make tail and comb by twisting pipe-cleaner round pencil. Shape another piece of pipe-cleaner into feet. Fix comb, tail, and feet in place by pushing free ends of pipe-cleaners into holes in egg, then gluing to outer egg surface to make secure. Paint on eye and wing, make beak of piece of paper. Comb can be tinted red.

Bunny R: Make as for Bunny A. Make flowers of gathered pieces of colored paper and glue to bunny.

PARADE OF EGGS

ANOTHER idea for an Easter breakfast table is our parade of eggs dressed as popular characters. You can make the hats they wear beforehand and keep them to use again.

Boil the eggs in the usual way—soft or hard—then quickly sketch on the face with ink or paint. Set them in eggcups (use ordinary eggcups or make them beforehand of cardboard), set the hats in position, then call the family to breakfast.

Marshal Matt: Cut out a circle of cardboard. Cut out a hole from centre so it will fit on to egg. Form a cylinder of cardboard for the crown and cut the top of it into 2 semi-circles. Glue brim to crown. Paint hat brown. Bend card into hat shape.

Sambo (use a brown egg): Make hair of black wool, eyes and mouth of white paper. Stick eyes, mouth, and hair in place. Cut out arms and banjo of paper, stick to eggcup.

Dutch Girl: Make a cone of stiff paper. Cut 2 triangles up each side of the cone to form 2 flaps. Fold these flaps up to form sides of hat. Make plaits and fringe of raffia. Glue inside hat.

Clown: Make hat of a cone of paper. Paint or stick on colored spots. Make collar by folding a strip of paper in accordion fashion, place round eggcup.

Blue Rose Hat: Cut out a circle of cardboard. Cut out a hole from centre so base will fit on egg. Fold a narrow strip of crepe paper in half. Stretch folded edge. Glue or sew on to cardboard base, gathering up in a continual circle. Arrange a small paper doily in eggcup, place egg in cup.

Mad Hatter: Cut out a circle of paper for brim. Cut hole from centre so it will fit on egg. Make crown of a cylinder of paper. Stick brim to crown. Make hatband from cardboard.

Artist: Make beret of a circle of black paper; moustache and beard of cottonwool painted black; palette and brushes of paper.

Chief Red Feather: Make headdress of about 12 strips of transparent paper. Snip in on either side of strips. Stick these paper feathers to a base. Glue headdress round egg. Paint face and warpaint on egg.

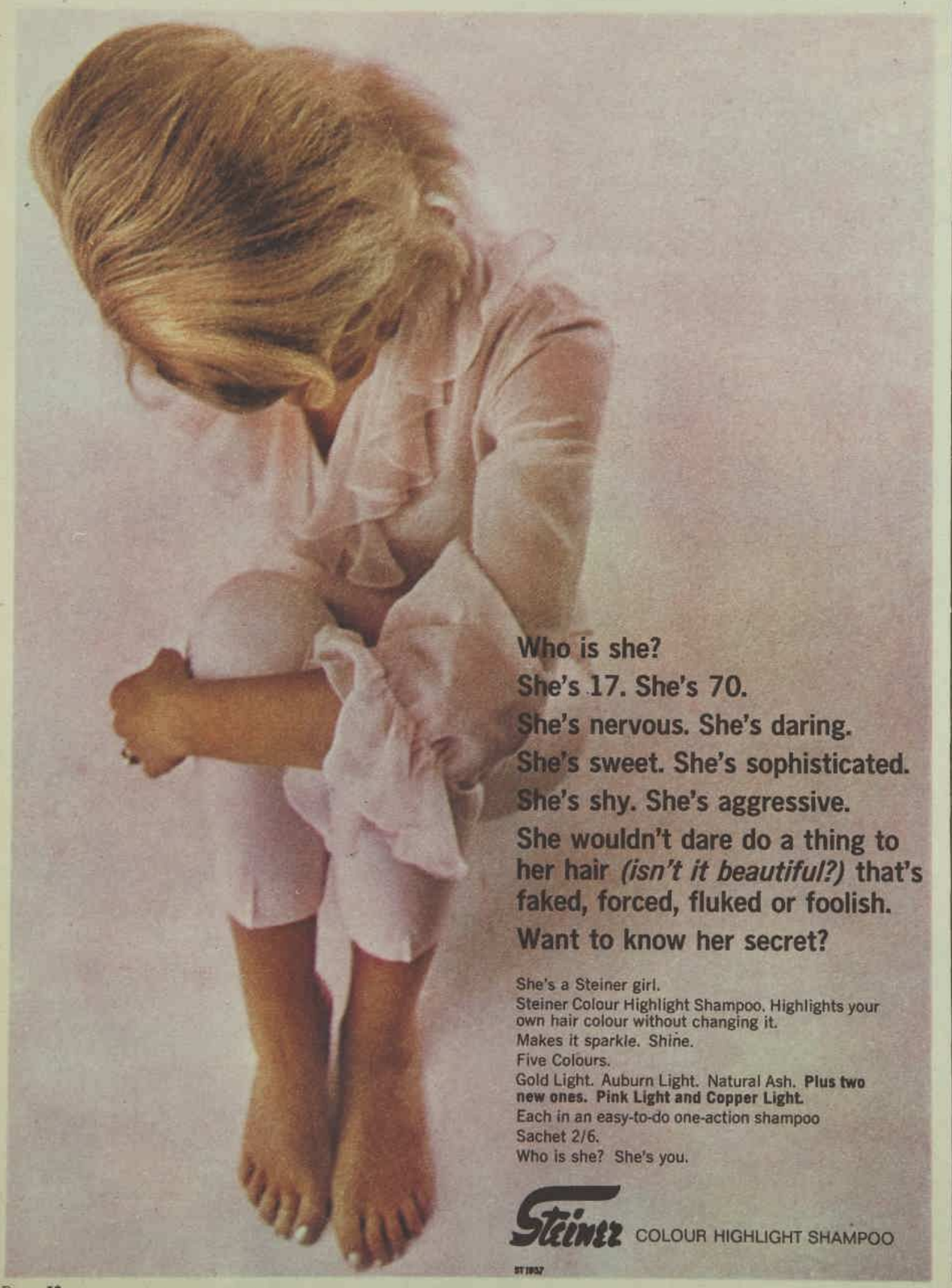
Rose-Trimmed Bonnet: Make hat brim of circle of cardboard. Buy some inexpensive tiny artificial roses and, using the brim as a base, arrange them in place and secure with glue.

TABLE SETTINGS

Easter is a rather in-between time for flowers, and the choice is not very wide, but with a little imagination and flair those available can make charming decorations for the Easter table.

An enchanting idea for the table-centre is to surround a group of Easter eggs with a circlet, using tuberoses or the delicate, tiny Cecil Brunner roses intertwined with ivy, sprayed with silver paint. For more vivid coloring, use pink and white carnations or chrysanthemums in clusters at either end of the table.

A more dramatic effect can be achieved with gladioli, which make an impressive centrepiece. A combination of orange and yellow would make a very pretty foil for little yellow chickens and gaily colored Easter eggs.



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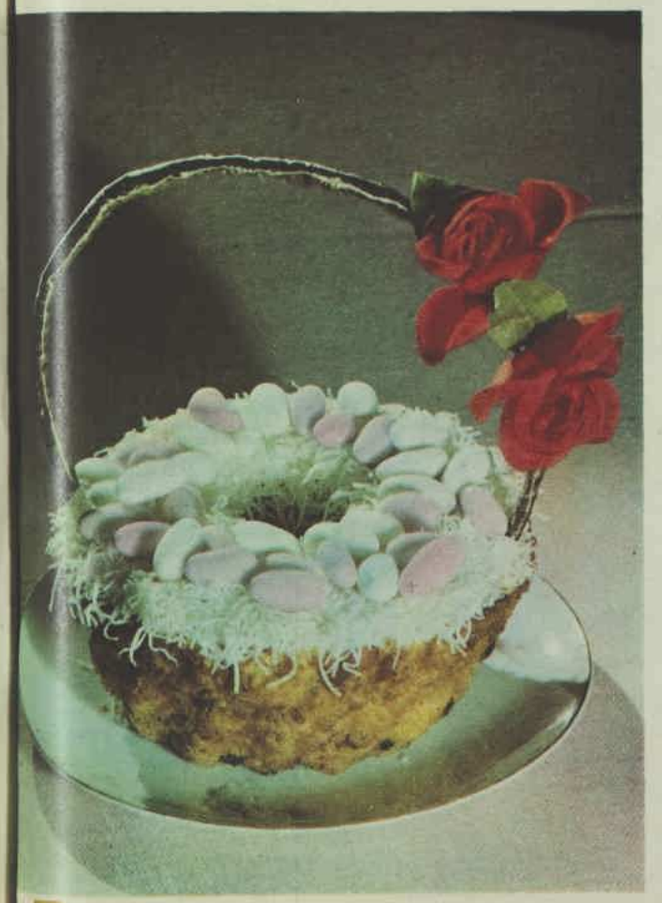
For Easter tables

LITTLE CAKES, easily made with cake-mix, and horns of plenty are decorated as Easter surprises for the children. Make horns with pastry.



BASKET CAKE can be the centre of the Easter table. It is a baba, studded with fruits and topped with sugared almonds and shredded coconut.

BUTTERED BRAZIL NUTS are nice to offer when callers drop in or, prettily wrapped, they're an easy-to-make Easter gift. Serve them in an attractive bowl or basket.

CHOCOLATE EASTER EGGS are so simple you can make one for every member of the family. Just mix the ingredients, mould eggs, then chill.

● *Recipes for these four confections are given overleaf.*

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NOVELTIES

. . . continued

● **Below are the recipes for the four special Easter dishes shown in color on the previous page.**

THESE four ideas for the Easter table will please children and adults alike. Little decorated cakes, chocolate Easter eggs, a rich baba formed into a basket, and buttery, crunchy brazil nuts are all delicious as well as decorative.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce standard cup measure are used in our recipes.

LITTLE BASKETS

One packet cake-mix, royal icing (colored brown), drinking straws, colored coconut, chocolates, marshmallows, cherries, nuts, sweets, moulded fondant or artificial flowers.

Make up cake-mix, bake in greased patty cake-tins or small fancy moulds; cool thoroughly.

Pipe royal icing round sides or edges of cakes. Color coconut, sprinkle on top of cakes, using a little of the icing to secure in position. Shape straws into handle shapes, press ends into cake at opposite sides. Arrange sweets or flowers decoratively, using icing to secure.

Royal Icing: One egg-white, 8oz. to 10oz. icing sugar, 1 scant teaspoon glucose, lemon juice, food coloring.

Beat egg-white until broken but not frothy, then add lemon juice and melted glucose. Gradually work in sifted icing sugar until the mixture is smooth and holds its shape. Beat well with wooden spoon to make the icing smooth and pliable for piping. Color as desired.

Keep icing covered with damp cloth while not in use.

HORNS OF PLENTY

Half pound puff pastry (bought or home-made), green colored shredded coconut, chocolates, marshmallows, sweets, colored ribbons for decoration.

Roll pastry out thinly on lightly floured board; cut into ½in.-wide strips, brush one edge of each strip with water. Wrap round greased horn-tins, overlapping moistened edges. Bake in hot oven until golden brown. Remove from tins, cool thoroughly.

Color coconut green, sprinkle round open end of horn. Arrange chocolates, marshmallows, sweets, and nuts on coconut. Tie ribbons decoratively round horns.

Note: Below is a recipe for fudge you could use instead of bought chocolates.

Chocolate Fudge: Six ounces cooking chocolate, 6oz. condensed milk, 2oz. chopped, blanched, toasted almonds, 2oz. chopped glace cherries.

Chop chocolate roughly, put into top of double saucepan and melt, stirring, over hot water. When melted, stir in remaining ingredients. Turn into small paper-lined, oiled tin. Mark into squares. When cold, cut through into squares; chill.

CHOCOLATE EASTER EGGS

Two ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 4oz. finely crushed biscuit crumbs, ½ cup finely chopped dates, ½ cup chopped sultanas or raisins, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Place butter and sugar in saucepan, stir over low heat until melted and well mixed. Stir in egg-yolk, biscuit crumbs, chopped fruit, cocoa, nuts, and lemon juice; allow to cool. Mould about 2 tablespoons at a time into egg shapes. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Decorate with royal icing.

Makes about 6 Easter eggs.

EASTER BASKET CAKE

One ounce compressed yeast, ½ cup lukewarm milk, 2 cups plain flour, 4 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 6oz. butter or substitute, ½oz. sultanas, ½oz. currants, 2oz. sliced glace cherries, ½oz. chopped dried apricots, ½oz. chopped angelica, ½oz. mixed peel, ½oz. chopped nuts.

Soften yeast in lukewarm milk. Sift flour into bowl, make well in centre, add yeast mixture and lightly beaten eggs. Mix together well, adding a little more lukewarm milk if necessary to make soft, sticky dough. Beat by hand 2 minutes. Cover bowl, stand in warm place 45 minutes, or until dough has doubled in bulk. Knead butter until very soft.

When dough rises, punch down, sprinkle salt and sugar over it. Spread with softened butter, add fruits and nuts. Again beat dough 3 to 4 minutes. Half fill well-greased baba-mould with dough, stand in warm place until dough rises to top. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake 30 minutes longer or until cake tests show it is cooked. Loosen from sides of mould with sharp knife, turn out on to cake-cooler, cool thoroughly.

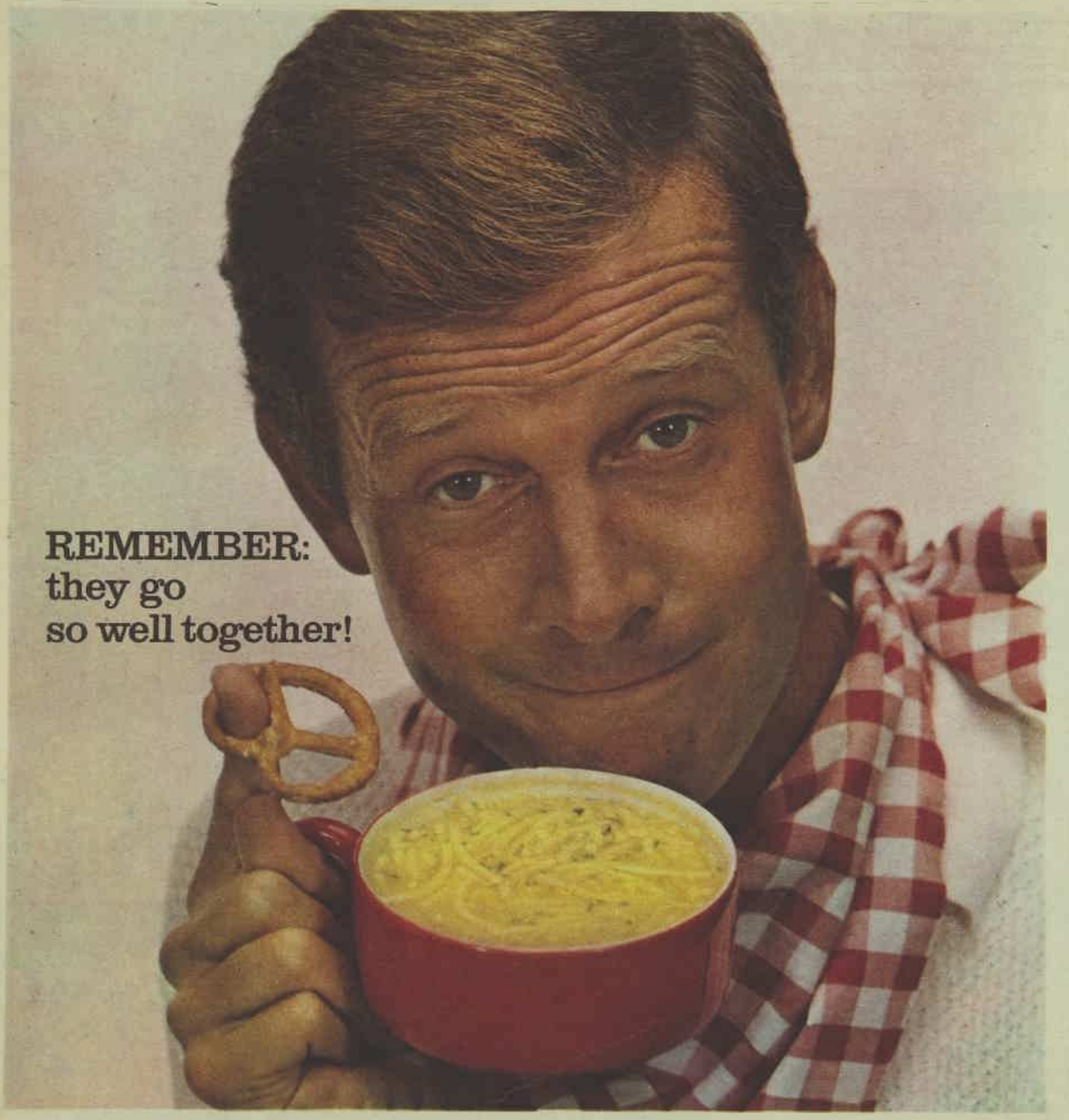
To Decorate: Shredded coconut, sugar-coated almonds, wire, brown raffia, artificial flowers.

Trim cake, sprinkle coconut on top. Shape wire into handle, cover with raffia. Push ends into cake at opposite sides. Attach flowers to handle. Arrange almonds on coconut to represent Easter eggs.

BUTTERED BRAZIL NUTS

One and a half cups sugar, scant ½ cup water, 1½ tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon glucose, 1lb. shelled brazil nuts.

Place the sugar and glucose in saucepan, add the water, stir until sugar dissolves; do not stir after mixture reaches boiling point. Boil steadily to 238deg. F. or soft ball stage, then add the butter; boil again until mixture is light honey color, or when a little dropped into cold water snaps and crackles. Remove from heat, drop in the nuts, lift out one at a time, place on buttered paper to set.



Crunchy Planters Knot Pretzels, tasty Continental Soup

Crunch a pretzel, sip the soup! It's a quick, delicious serving idea: Planters Knot Pretzels — (they're the snappiest but nibble, don't dunk!) teamed with a tasty Continental brand Soup. Chicken Noodle, for example. You taste that chicken — *richer* chicken — in Continental brand! But remember to get Planters Knot Pretzels (cheese or salt) when you buy your Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup. They go so well together.

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Easy menus will cut down kitchen chores on the holiday weekend

● If you're going camping at Easter, or taking a holiday flat or cottage, a little planning beforehand, especially of menus, can cut down housework and make everything run as smoothly as if you were at home.

BEFORE going on holiday with a group of friends, or perhaps with another family, get together and work out a series of menus that will suit all tastes.

But don't plan elaborate menus — after all, this is to be a holiday and you want as much free time as possible. The menus for the four-day holiday on this page were compiled specially to give nourishing meals with the minimum of trouble.

The menus make good use of the convenient canned and packaged foods now available in wide variety. These foods pack easily and well.

Bread, milk, cream, and ice-cream usually can be bought on the spot, but you might like to take along as reserve stock a can or two of condensed or evaporated milk. Remember that, once opened, evaporated milk has only the keeping time of fresh milk.

In the menus we suggest fish cakes for lunch on Friday and meat loaf for lunch on Saturday. Both these could be prepared, cooked, and wrapped in aluminium foil for easy carrying before leaving home.

Recipes are given for the dishes marked with a star. The recipes will provide eight adult servings.

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, fresh fruit
★ Savory scrambled eggs on toast
Toast, tea, coffee
Lunch
★ Fish cakes, buttered peas, grilled tomato halves
Canned peaches and ice-cream
Dinner
Tomato soup with croutons
★ Fish kedgeree

SAVORY SCRAMBLED EGGS

Eight eggs, ½ cup milk, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 medium-sized can whole kernel corn, 1 chopped green pepper, 2oz. butter, 8 slices buttered toast.

Beat eggs well, add milk, salt, pepper, parsley, and drained corn. Heat butter in pan or large saucepan, fry chopped pepper a few minutes to soften without browning. Add egg mixture, stir over low heat to scramble. Have toast ready, spoon equal amounts on to each slice. Serve at once.

FISH CAKES

Two large cans fish cutlets (cooking salmon or tuna), 6 cups hot cooked mashed potato, 1 large onion (finely chopped), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, juice 1 large lemon, 1 teaspoon curry powder (more if desired), 2 teaspoons worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 2 eggs, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, bread or cereal crumbs, heated fat or oil for frying.

Drain and flake fish, add to hot mashed potato. Fold in onion, parsley, lemon juice, curry powder, sauce; season with salt and pepper to taste. Bind with eggs, allow to cool. Form into cakes with hands dusted with seasoned flour, dip in egg-glazing, coat with crumbs. Cook in deep, hot fat or oil until browned and heated through. Serve at once or reheat in hot fat or oil or on tray in moderate oven. Serve with wedges of lemon.

FISH KEDGEREE

Two and a half pounds salted haddock or cod, cold water, 1lb. rice, boiling salted water, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 1½ pints milk, salt, pepper, 1 beaten egg, juice 1 or 2 lemons, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, little anchovy sauce (if available), ½ cup grated cheese, little extra butter.

Cover fish with cold water, bring slowly to boil; drain off water. Cover with fresh water, simmer gently until fish is tender and flaky. Drain off water, remove any skin and bones from fish, break into large flakes. Cook rice in large saucepan of boiling salted water about 15 minutes or until tender. Drain, keep hot. Prepare sauce: Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, stir over heat 1 minute without browning. Blend in milk, continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Season with salt, pepper, sauce, and lemon juice, mix in parsley and beaten egg. Simmer a few minutes. Combine rice, fish, and sauce, taste and, if necessary, add more seasoning and lemon juice. Reheat in saucepan or fill into large casserole, top with grated cheese and dot with extra butter. Bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes to brown top of dish and heat mixture.

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, fresh fruit
Baked beans on toast
Toast, tea, coffee
Lunch
★ Meat loaf with salad
Dinner
★ Spaghetti Bolognese
Canned pears with chocolate sauce or cream

MEAT LOAF

One and a half pounds lean minced steak, 1lb. sausage mince, 1 large onion (finely chopped), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 chopped tomato, 3 rashers bacon, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon fruit chutney, 1 egg (beaten), ½ cup soft breadcrumbs.

Combine meats, onion, garlic, tomato, and 1 rasher bacon (chopped) in basin. Add sauce, chutney, beaten egg, and crumbs. Grease large loaf-tin, place the 2 remaining bacon rashers on base of tin. Press meat mixture on top. Bake in moderately slow oven about 1 hour 25 minutes or until cooked through. Drain off fat, allow to cool, then wrap in aluminium foil for transporting.

SPAGHETTI BOLOGNESE

Two chopped onions, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 2 tablespoons oil or fat, 3lb. minced steak, 1lb. skinned, chopped tomatoes, 1 large can tomato puree, ½ cup red wine (optional), salt, pepper, 1½ packets spaghetti, boiling salted water, 1 packet grated parmesan cheese.

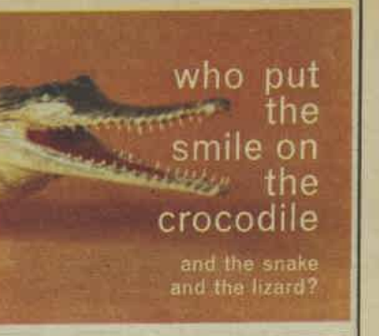
Heat oil in pan, add chopped onion and garlic; saute 5 minutes. Add meat, stir over heat until browned all over. Add chopped tomatoes, puree, wine, salt, and pepper. Cover, simmer about 1 hour, stirring occasionally. Cook spaghetti in plenty of boiling salted water until tender (about 15 minutes), drain. Divide between 8 plates, spoon meat sauce on top. Sprinkle with cheese and serve.

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, fresh fruit
Fried eggs, bacon, and sausages
Toast, tea, coffee
Lunch
Toasted sandwiches (suggested fillings: cheese, tomato, canned spreads, gherkins, cold meat, etc.)
Canned apricots and ice-cream
Dinner
Fish and chips or grilled chops with onion gravy, mashed potatoes and peas
Fruit salad and packet flummery

MONDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, fresh fruit
Macaroni cheese on toast or grilled tomatoes on toast
Toast, tea, coffee
Lunch
Canned vegetable soup with fresh bread or toast
Canned steamed pudding with custard
Dinner
Usually anything that is left over



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RECIPES FOR EASTER WIN PRIZES

● A new type of toasted sandwich with a savory curried fish filling wins the £5 first prize in our recipe contest this week.

RECIPES for hot cross buns and for bread, both made without yeast, win consolation prizes of £1 each.

Spoon measurements are level.

CURRIED FISH TOASTIES

Two cups canned flaked salmon, 1 teaspoon curry-powder, soft butter, 2 loaves fresh unsliced white bread, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon minced onion, pepper.

A day beforehand, combine flaked salmon, mayonnaise, onion, and curry-powder, beat until creamy. Next day, carefully trim all crusts from each loaf of bread. Lay each loaf on its side, then starting at bottom, slice off lengthwise 5 slices, each ¼in. thick. Lightly spread the 10 slices with butter. Spread each slice with 2 rounded tablespoons of fish mixture, sprinkle with pepper. Starting at narrow end, roll up each slice, wrap it tightly in waxed paper. Refrigerate until required. Just before serving, cut each roll crosswise into 6 or 7 slices. Lay on baking-sheet, toast lightly under the griller, turning once. Serve hot.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Rodrigues, S.S. Shun Tai, c/- H. C. Sleigh Ltd., 160 Queen's Street, P.O. Box 4348, Melbourne.

BREAD WITHOUT YEAST

Four cups plain flour, 6 teaspoons baking-powder, milk and water, ½ cup well-mashed potato (cold), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Sift together flour, salt, baking-powder, and sugar. Rub in the cooked potato. Add sufficient liquid (approximately ¾ pint of combined milk and water) to make soft dough. Turn on to lightly floured surface, knead until smooth, using additional flour. Grease loaf-tin, press dough into corners to ensure even shape. Glaze top with melted butter and milk or water. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. When cooked, turn out, wrap in tea-towel to cool slowly. Do not cut while hot.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. D. de Warren, 9 Grunert Street, Holland Park, Qld.

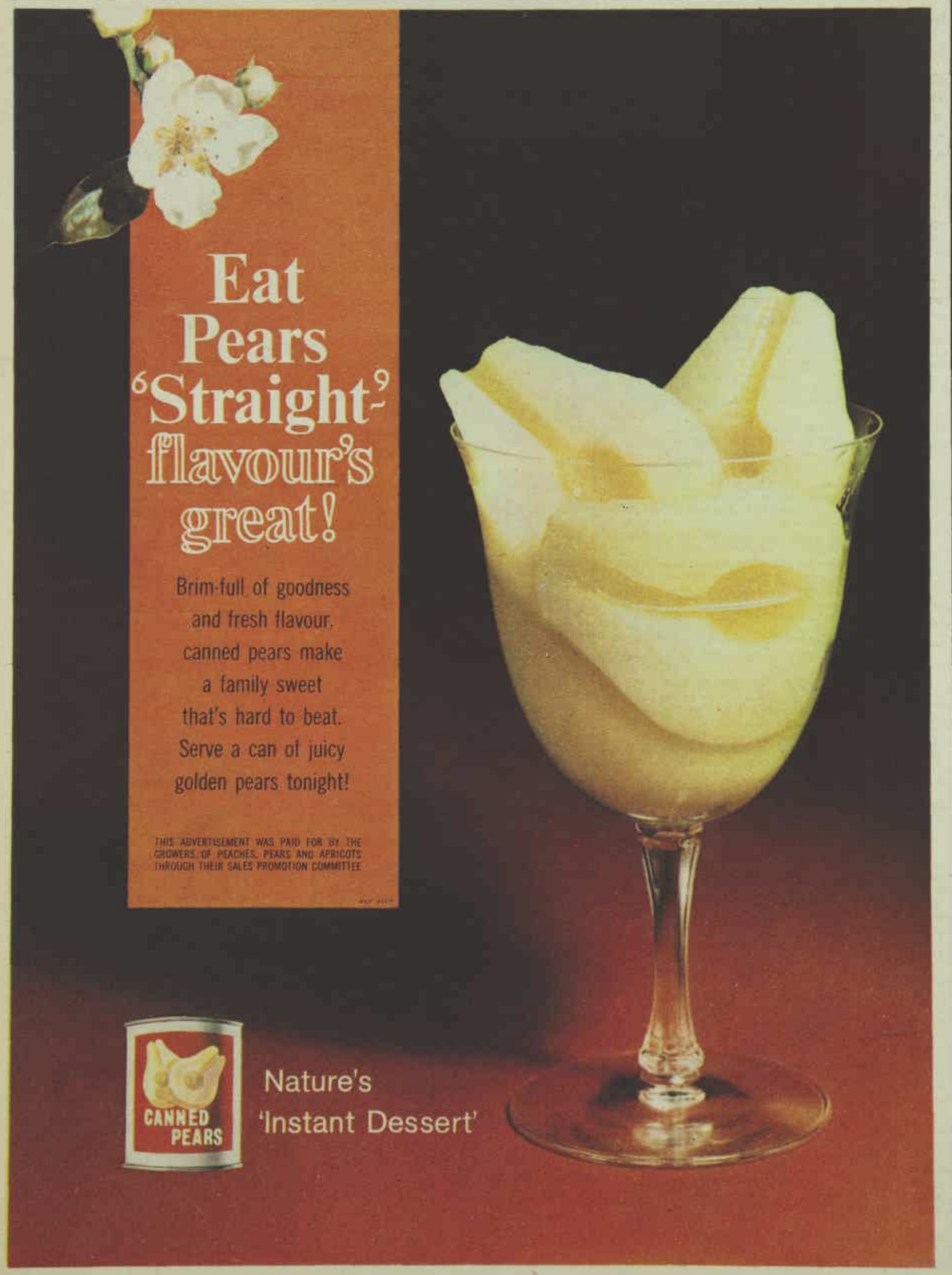
YEASTLESS HOT CROSS BUNS

Three cups self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 2oz. butter or substitute, ¼ cup sultanas, ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons chopped mixed peel, 1 to 1¼ cups milk.

Sift together flour, salt, and spices in basin. Rub in butter or substitute, add fruit and sugar, mix with milk to form soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Cut small pieces from dough, form into buns. Cut a cross on top of each bun. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in hot oven 10 minutes.

Glaze while hot with 1 tablespoon gelatine and 1 tablespoon sugar dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Mason, 1897 Creek Road, Cannon Hill, Qld.



Useful hints from readers

● These useful household hints win a prize of £1/1/- each for readers.

WHEN a two-way stretch girdle begins to wear thin, darn it with shirring elastic. The girdle will then give a great deal of extra wear. — Mrs. Cyril Bowd, "Moorbel," via Canowindra, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Make your own corded piping by opening bias binding out flat and placing ordinary cord in centre; fold binding back in place, then press. Round shoelaces are convenient to use for short pieces of piping. —Mrs. L. Postle "Sylvan Hill," Wandoan, Qld.

★ ★ ★

If you have trouble getting baby to take medicine from a spoon, try giving it to him from an eye-dropper. — Mrs. Carol Dickinson, 23 Dale St., Bulleen, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Save the container from a roll of adhesive plaster and use it to prevent your tape measure unwinding in your sewing-box. Wind the tape round the empty spool, then cap it with the cover.—Mrs. D. G. Campbell, "Highfield," Warialda Rail, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Keep a soap-shaker in the bathroom for the scraps of bathroom soap that accumulate so quickly. Use the shaker to make a good lather when washing out small articles.—Mrs. E. Long, 48 Victoria St., Warragul, Vic.

★ ★ ★

When icing a cake for a children's party, press animal-cutters lightly into plain icing, then, following the outline thus made, pipe the shapes in colored icing. — Mrs. Homewood, Butcher St., Mundijong, W.A.

★ ★ ★

When you are left with two rubber gloves for the same hand, turn one inside out and sprinkle it inside with a little talc, making it easier to slip on. You then have a pair. — Mrs. E. Love, Flat 2, 69 Wattletree Rd., Armadale, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Cats will give seedlings a wide berth if some small bottles containing cloudy ammonia are buried up to their necks among the plants. — Mrs. Blackman, 19 Coppin St., Semaphore, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Line a leaking vase with a thick layer of candle grease. It will keep the vase watertight. — Robyn Hendry, 75 Rawson St., Aberdare, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To give a tailored finish when pressing or ironing a dress, turn it inside out and press all seams flat. If it has a zipp-fastener, close this and press on wrong side also. Then turn dress and press on right side. — Lois McCarthy, 77 William St., Nth. Brighton S5, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Do not add salt when cooking sweet corn cobs — it will toughen the grains. Put the stripped cobs in a saucepan with enough water to cover, place lid on, and boil gently 15 minutes. Serve with butter and pepper. — Mrs. E. Thompson, 76 Elizabeth St., Granville, N.S.W.

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THE YELLOW VILLA

"He must be somewhere," she said, noticing with a shock of alarm that Ted's form was not among those that had spilled out on to the runway. "He's probably inside," she explained hastily. "Or he could have been delayed. He's driving from Guadalajara, you know."

Mr Cordena nodded agreeably, reminded her to visit his shop, and then Marcey was alone, acutely disappointed.

Irresolutely she wondered whether she should wait here or go directly to the hotel. Ted was probably at the bar. A tremor of anger was churning past the disappointment. "I should have expected it," Marcey told herself. "It's happened often enough before."

But oddly enough she had not expected it. It had simply not occurred to her that he would call from Guadalajara, ask her to fly to Mazatlan, and fail to meet her.

"Baggage, Senorita?" A porter was holding out his hand. Marcey gave him her luggage checks.

A garble of Spanish blared from the loudspeaker; Marcey caught only . . . "Puerto Vallarta . . . Guadalajara, Mexico." A group was still clustered around the baggage counter . . . an elderly man wearing thick-lensed glasses . . . a tall, slender woman in a peasant skirt and blouse was holding a listless Pekingese dog while the uniformed attendant tied a large shipping tag around its neck.

When the attendant took the dog, the woman turned to leave, and her exotic, high, broad cheekbones, the sleek black hair were startlingly familiar.

"La Reles," the porter said.

"Of course, Rita Reles!" Marcey exclaimed. "I saw her as Marina, Cortez' mistress. But that was years ago. She must be old now, over forty."

HER taxi-driver sped away from the airport, along what she later learned was the main north-south highway. He veered left on to what appeared to be a sand track, and fear started to assume a tangible form. She was beginning to doubt that he was taking her to her hotel at all, when, unexpectedly, there was a sprinkling of bright windows and the cab was winding through the tropical gardens of the Mar Vista Hotel.

Several couples were sipping drinks at small tables in front of the lobby. The hot night air, stirred by the ocean breeze, had a heavy floral fragrance. It was like Hawaii, Marcey thought, and suddenly there were only the fragments of anger at Ted.

Even those disintegrated as soon as she learned that the rooms he had reserved were waiting, but that Senor Ferguson had not yet arrived.

"He must be here," Marcey protested. "He left Guadalajara this morning."

"I know, Senorita." The desk clerk was polite. "It is a long drive. And the roads are very bad."

The knowledge that Ted must have been unavoidably delayed touched Marcey with guilty misgivings.

The fondness that had once blinded Marcey to Ted's faults spurted to active life, enticed her to believe that he might have changed. At twenty-six she was still young enough to consider it possible, old enough to admit that it was most unlikely. She had come here for a lighthearted week in Mexico and, with or without Ted, the Mar Vista would be an ideal place to have it.

The gardens were enchanting; her attractive room opened on to the beach. She was in high spirits by the time she slipped into a navy polka-dot dress. It was the lightest-weight dress she had brought with her and even that was obviously too warm for the climate. She'd have to buy herself some cottons, perhaps some sundresses.

In the evening the terrace of the Mar Vista was a popular place to dine. The service was always perfect, and that was largely due to headwaiter Rojas.

Now his eyes darted past the other diners to note with relief that Inspector Menendes had been given his usual table at the far corner of the terrace. From the beginning, Rojas had felt that the dark, massive Indian detracted from the tone of the dining-room, and his opinion had been fortified by inquiries from some of the more sensitive guests. He repeated exactly what he had been told, that Menendes was a high official in the department of tourism, a personal friend of Commissioner Amalgro.

"The inspector is here on vacation," Rojas would say. "I understand that when Commissioner Amalgro leaves for the capital, Inspector Menendes will take his place."

When, after the first few days, the Indian had stopped lunching at the hotel, the headwaiter was greatly relieved. Second thoughts, however, were starting to fill Rojas with a nagging worry about the inspector's absence during the day. Perhaps something in the service had offended him and he had registered a complaint.

This evening the headwaiter was certain of it. When he had bowed deferentially and asked, "How are you this evening, Inspector?" Menendes had barely nodded.

Although Rojas applied himself to his duties translating the menu for the pale girl with the large, flashing blue eyes, he was unable to forget the table at the far corner of the terrace. Magnetically, his attention would be drawn back again and again to the Menendes family, to the heavily powdered, light-skinned senora, the ugly, mud-colored little girl, and to the huge Indian with the expressionless face.

Inspector Menendes ate in silence. Usually he looked forward to joining his wife and daughter for dinner on the terrace. It marked a pleasant end to the oppressive heat of the day. But tonight his wife was in for another disappointment, and trying to find the right words to prepare her for it kept the inspector preoccupied. Although he had been persuaded to take the trip to Mazatlan only because the post of commissioner would shortly be vacant, he had now decided he would not accept the vacancy.

Theresa could not be expected to understand his decision. But after spending the better part of a week at the police station, Menendes realised that, in spite of Carlos Amalgro's title, and the impressive office that went with it, his friend had far less power here than the inspector did in San Luis. The commandant of police, an aggressive and remarkably capable man, firmly controlled the investigating branch. If he consulted the commissioner, it was mere courtesy, and the tourist office had become a clearing house for reports, Press releases, and complaints.

Amalgro handled the rich tourists who swarmed through Mazatlan with a tact that Menendes could never hope to match. But the investigating part of his post, the part that most interested the inspector, had been absorbed by the regular police.

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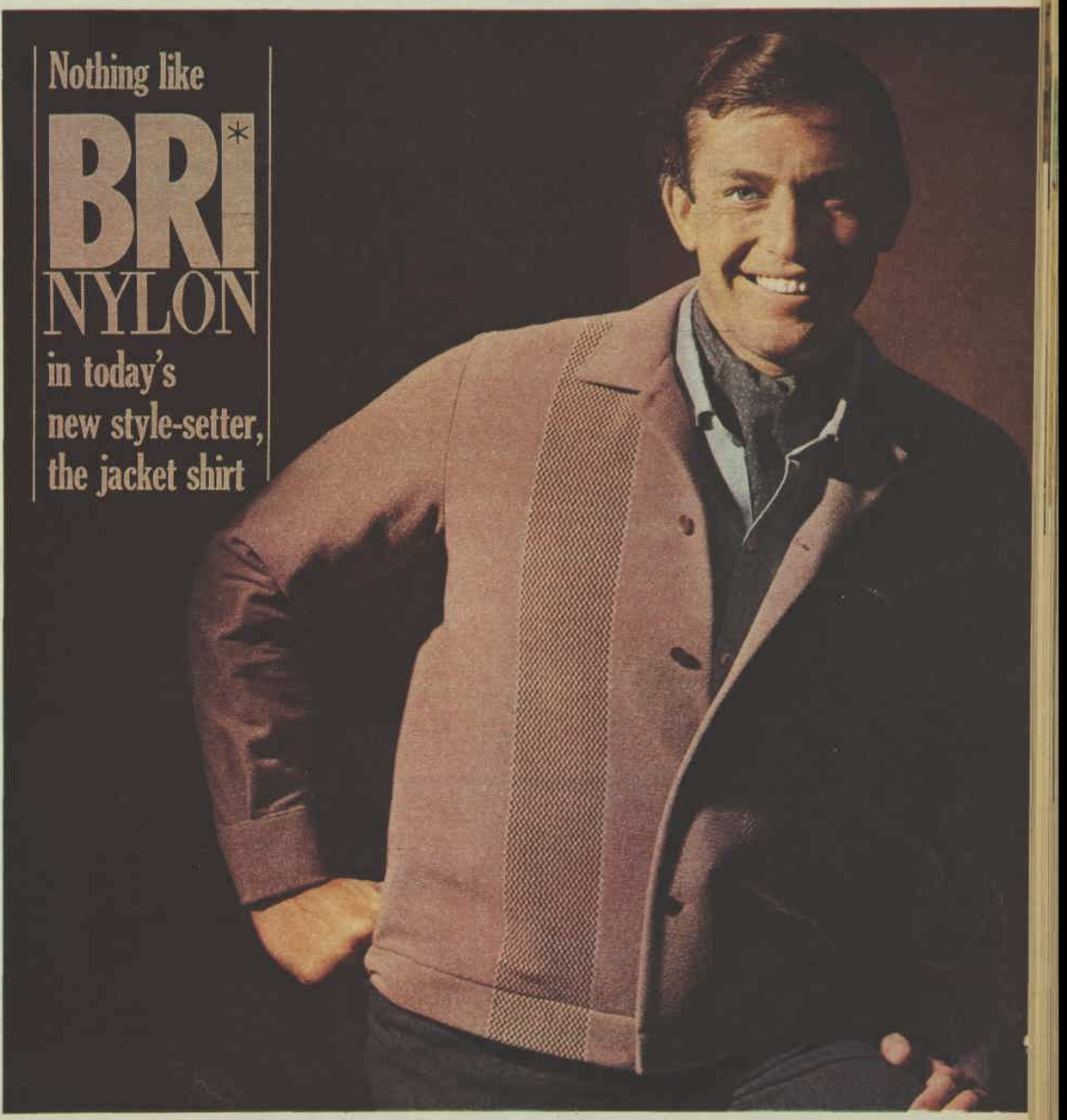

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In time, with stubbornness and purpose, the inspector could probably strengthen the function of the office, but was it really worth it when in San Luis his own power overshadowed that of the police?

"Theresa," he started in a flat, uncompromising tone, "I've decided against taking Amalgro's post."

He braced himself against the offensive, but none came.

"Whatever you think, Miguel," his wife replied with a demure acceptance totally unlike her.

The inspector was so astonished that his voice boomed out with unnatural loudness. "You mean you don't care?"

"Not really. My friends are in San Luis, and my mother. Maria's doing well at school and she likes Father Paul."

A rare smile softened the inspector's dark ugliness. In an awkward gesture of affection, he reached over and patted his wife's hand. "I'm glad you don't mind going back," he said.

Continued from page 57

THE YELLOW VILLA

Now that the dreaded moment had passed so smoothly, his dark eyes sought out the other faces in the room. The young woman who was sitting at the table near the balustrade must be a new arrival. The small, pansy-shaped face with the huge eyes was still very pale. If she had not smiled while the inspector was watching, he might not have particularly noticed her. But she did smile, and from an ordinarily pretty, rather pallid girl she became glowingly alive.

At first she stared around the terrace or out to the phosphoresence-tipped ocean with lively interest. Imperceptibly, however, her animation died. She looked at her watch, then back at the door. She must be waiting for someone.

Menendes began to speculate about her, about the man whom she was so obviously expecting. What kind of a man would keep a lovely woman waiting?

He was unaware that his own family had finished dinner until he heard Maria say, "I have to go to bed, Papa," and felt a mothlike kiss brush his cheek.

"Are you coming down with us, Miguel?" Theresa asked.

It was tempting a storm, but the inspector said indifferently, "Not yet. I'll sit here for a while."

If the headwaiter had not rushed across the room to pull back Theresa's chair, the inspector might have received more of an argument from his wife than merely an exasperated sigh, but Theresa would not argue in front of a servant.

THE headwaiter had picked up a napkin and was diligently brushing invisible crumbs from the tablecloth. "I hope you enjoyed your dinner, Inspector. Can we bring you anything else?"

More to be rid of the man than because he really wanted it, the inspector ordered Kahlua. The sentimental strains of a Yucatan love song seeped up from the lounge. He lingered on, sipping the sweet liqueur, marvelling that he, an Indian from an obscure village, should be sitting here in such selective surroundings.

. . . . . .

Only following the rainy season in Mazatlan is the weather oppressively sultry. Normally, even during the hottest hours, the constant ocean breeze provides an illusion of temperance. But, until the steaming artificial lakes left by the storm evaporate, the moist heat starts very early in the morning, just as it did on the day Rita Reles was to die.

Long before dawn the night shadows paled and, as if there had been no period of cooling, the heat rushed in with the first molten sheet of light. It burned into the courtyard in front of the actress' lemon-yellow villa, crawled under the banana trees near the door where her three remaining Pekingese panted in the shade.

Upstairs the actress sprawled in comfort under the huge blades that rotated above her bed.

In the adjacent room the tall, blond man tossed in restlessness. He dreamed that he was in the room next door, but it was not Rita's room. It was his mother's bedroom in the Chicago apartment. Just as it had been when he was a boy, the bed was made up with its rust-colored taffeta spread. The boudoir doll with its long, gangling legs and ruffled skirt was propped against the bolster.

He started to reach for the doll, but each time he touched it it moved. Suddenly, although he could not see her, he knew his mother was also in the room. She was angry at him. He did not feel her strike him, just the painful welt rising on his back, and he tried to escape from the pain.

He opened his eyes and the dream evaporated. Only faint tendrils of its meaning remained . . . Rita having another of her tantrums . . . her door was closed . . . Today he was going to leave her . . . He should pack.

Outside, beyond the courtyard, the esplanade was beginning to come to life. Two

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workmen were trimming the overgrown palm fronds.

From across the road, the inspector, who was driving toward town, observed that the blinds were drawn at the upstairs windows and, except for the fact that the windows were open, it would be easy to assume that the place was still vacant.

Earlier in the week, when Amalgro had pointed out the villa and told Menendes that La Reles wintered there, the yellow shutters had been closed.

A few days later it was evident to the inspector that Rita had returned. After that, in the morning on his way back to the hotel, Menendes had slowed his car, hoping to see the actress, but he had not yet been fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of La Reles.

"If you really want to see her," Amalgro had suggested, "Let's go to the bullfights. She's always there on Sunday afternoon, in the front row with her father or her current lover. Our Rita has been showing her customary social defiance these past few years," he added with mild distaste. "She selects only young, typically North American lovers."

"Perhaps it is not defiance at all," Menendes had objected. "Perhaps from them she gets what she has always needed, unquestioning acceptance."

"You have your own prejudices, my friend," the Castilian commented kindly, "and they blind you. If you study Rita's life, you will find it follows a pattern of defiance — from the day she ran away from her village to the moment she led the Communist rally that destroyed her career."

MENENDES admitted that much of what Amalgro had said of Rita was true, that she had ruthlessly defied the standards of society, that she had flaunted her immoralities, that she had abused her popularity to cause disruption. It was the one thing that remained unsaid that invariably made Menendes defend her, the accident of birth that underlay both her rebellions and rejection.

"What can you expect of someone like La Reles?" he seemed to hear behind every criticism. "She's a barbarian, an Indian."

For although Rita's father was a Mestiza, she called herself an Indian, pointed with pride to the fact that her mother was pure Yaqui. In all her public interviews, she stressed that at ten years old she had not been taught to read, that there had been no school in her village.

Without the defiance that apparently consumed her, she could never have broken away from her hereditary ignorance. But she had refused to accept the destiny allotted her by race. Rebellion had driven her to find a way up the ladder. That she had used her beauty, her body to help her was as understandable to Menendes as the fact that he had used his intellect.

To the inspector, La Reles, even in disgrace, remained a symbol which he felt impelled to defend. Amalgro insisted that Menendes was reading into Rita's actions a significance that was not there. The commissioner labelled her a "vain, arrogant woman," but Amalgo was European. He had never experienced the struggle for acceptance that the inspector and Rita had shared.

. . . . .

For Marcey, that morning had a quality of unreality. She awakened early to a glare of sunshine, the confused sense of not knowing immediately where she was or exactly what was wrong. Then she remembered Ted.

It seemed incredible that after urging her to meet him here, he would fail to arrive. Last night, when she finally went to bed, she had been certain he must have been in an accident. The roads, the clerk had said, were bad. Perhaps Ted had found it too dangerous to travel after dark.

Still, he should have phoned or wired. Yet maybe he had. Suddenly she was very certain that, unless Ted had arrived in the middle of the night, he had wired.

It was a sharp contrast between the air-conditioned room and the heavy heat that pawed at her after she had dressed and stepped outside. She had not realised how early it was, or that most of the guests

Continued from page 58

THE YELLOW VILLA

would still be sleeping. At the round wicker tables in front of the lobby, a single white-haired woman was drinking coffee. Inside, only a sallow-faced clerk was on duty at the desk.

When Marcey asked him about Ted, he shuffled through the registration cards halfheartedly.

"No," he said. "Senor Ferguson is not here." Then, at her insistence, he checked the mail. "Nothing, Senorita."

"But I'm not expecting a letter," Marcey protested. "It's a telegram. Mr. Ferguson was supposed to have arrived yesterday."

'Senorita, there are no telegrams. In Mazatlan they do not deliver at night."

But Marcey refused to be dismissed. "When are they delivered?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Nine o'clock . . . ten o'clock, maybe. When the man gets here." . . .

"I'm sorry, Senorita," the clerk told her at ten o'clock. "There's nothing for you."

Because he was the only person she knew, Marcey thought of Mr. Cordena. At least she would have someone to talk to, someone who was concerned.

Now that she had a concrete plan of action she felt better, much better. She had worried about Ted before and he had always shown up. In the taxi, her anxiety retreated further. She found herself marvelling at the brilliance of the ocean, the tiny coconut-laden palms, the quaint one-horse carriages, the huge glass and stone apartments and hotels. The driver let her out at the Belmar, but it took Marcey several minutes to locate Jose Cordena's shop. It was little more than a cubby-hole. The interior was festooned with shawls, peasant blouses, straw hats, and embroidered dresses. At the cluttered counter Mr. Cordena, his face puckered with concentration, was polishing a silver cigarette-box.

"Senorita Palmer!" he exclaimed with delighted surprise. "I was just thinking of you. One moment!" He rushed to a curtained doorway in the rear. "Angela!"

And Angela Cordena bustled in from what were evidently living quarters to add her chorus of "Welcome, Senorita."

For the first time that morning Marcey lost the feeling that she was utterly alone. The Cordenas noticed at once that she was disturbed, encouraged her to tell them about Ted. Mr. Cordena clucked sympathetically.

Angela Cordena advised her not to worry. "It's too bad, of course," she said. "But you know how men are."

Mr. Cordena agreed that there was no cause for alarm. However, he suggested that, if it would reassure her, she should go to the police. "Come, I'll show you the way," he urged.

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GREASELESS, STAINLESS

Continued from page 59

THE YELLOW VILLA

He escorted her as far as the corner. "Here," he said, indicating a narrow, cobblestone alley. "Take this street to the church. Turn right. You can't miss the prefecture of police. It's a long, white building."

"Thank you for everything, Mr. Cordena."

"My pleasure, Senorita. Come back afterward. Tell us what you have learned."

It was a short walk to the police station, a long, low adobe building that looked like an army barracks. Marcey expected it to be quite simple. However, inside the station she discovered that it was not so simple.

The sergeant on duty spoke no English, and the policeman who was summoned to help spoke only slightly more.

Mistaking her for a prospective client, a middle-aged lawyer, for whom the police station served as headquarters, joined the group. "Can I be of assistance, Senorita?"

Patiently Marcey repeated her name, Ted's name, her problem, and the lawyer rapidly translated. Then he explained that this was not a matter for the police, but for the department of tourism.

"If you will go through that arch and follow the corridor, you will find Commissioner Amalgro's office."

MARCEY found a handsome, dark-haired man seated behind an elaborately carved desk. He interrupted a conversation with a large dark man beside him to give Marcey his full attention. Indicating an extra chair, he invited her to sit down.

"This is my friend and colleague, Inspector Menendes," the commissioner said in flawless English. "Please tell us how we can serve you."

She wasn't certain whether the inspector understood. He merely nodded, and for a fascinated moment, Marcey could not tear her glance away from his broad, brown face. It was an Indian face, enlivened only by a pair of very sharp, intelligent black eyes.

"I'm Marcey — Marcia Palmer. I flew in yesterday from Seattle. My friend, Ted Ferguson, was supposed to meet me . . ."

And once again Marcey gave the pertinent details, but this time she had an interested audience. Apparently she had finally been sent to the right place.

The moment she stepped into the office, the inspector recognised the young woman he had seen on the terrace at the Mar Vista. It did not surprise him that the senorita was here. His fleeting curiosity at dinner could have been a harbinger that they would meet. The senorita was obviously trying to belittle her own anxiety. "I suppose it's really too early to worry," she was saying with an attempt at lightness, "but you hear things about Mexico . . . the roads, bandits."

"All very exaggerated, Senorita," Amalgro interposed smoothly. "As for accidents, of course we have our share of them. When did you say your friend left Guadalajara?"

"He was supposed to leave yesterday. We made plans, over a month ago, to meet in Mazatlan."

"Could he have become confused about the dates?" the commissioner suggested helpfully. "No. Well, let's see what we can do." He started to collect details about Senor Ferguson and write them down in a stylised European hand.

Simultaneously the inspector scrawled them across the surface of his retentive memory, and a picture of the man the senorita was waiting for came to life. Theodore Ferguson — Ted, she called him — was a journalist in his early thirties, blond, grey-blue eyes, very tall.

When she talked of her friend's articles on Jalisco, her face glowed with pride. "His work on the Juarez papers was wonderful," she said. "And the article on the Jalisco muralists won a national award." About their personal relationship, she was more reticent. They were, she insisted, just very good friends. She knew neither the name of his hotel in Guadalajara nor the make of car he was driving.

"He picked up a new one on his way down, at El Paso," she explained, "and he had no permanent address."

"It shouldn't be hard to trace him. Do you want us to put out a general alarm?"

The senorita hesitated, blushed, said evasively, "I just want to be sure nothing has happened."

Menendes caught the change in the shading of Amalgro's expression, observed the diplomatic way in which he redirected the conversation. "Senorita, no accidents have been reported between here and Guadalajara. If anything happens to a tourist, this office is usually among the first to be notified. If I receive a report, I will certainly let you know."

"You mean there's nothing I can do except wait?"

"Why, yes. We can send out a general inquiry. If there has been an accident that has not been reported, we can get an answer by late afternoon."

"Would you do that for me?" Senorita Palmer asked earnestly.

"I will, Senorita. And if anything has happened, I will phone you at the Mar Vista. Inspector Menendes is staying there, too."

The senorita gave Menendes a startled glance. Embarrassed at having forgotten him, she brightened with an apologetic smile. "Then I'm sure we'll meet again, Inspector." She said graciously, "I don't know how to thank you, Commissioner."

"My duty and my pleasure, Senorita," Carlos answered. "And may I suggest that you check the telegrams again? Sometimes there is a confusion in the transmission of an Anglo-Saxon name. Anyway, if there is any news, you will hear from me."

As soon as the senorita had left, the commissioner sat back for a moment of thoughtful silence, then picked up the report on Ted Ferguson, reread it and put it to one side. Seeing the inspector frown, he asked, "What do you think about the senorita, Miguel,"

"I'm not sure," the inspector replied.

"You must have noticed her hesitation when I suggested that we hunt for him. I think Senorita Palmer suspects that something other than an accident has happened to delay her friend."

"Maybe. But aren't you going to look into it anyway?"

"My friend!" Carlos expostulated affectionately. "The senorita left here content. That is what is important. There has been no accident. The man will show up."

"But what if he doesn't show up?" Menendes objected.

"Then the senorita will be back. We'll look into it." He stood up, grinning amiably, put his hand on the inspector's arm. "You are too serious, Miguel. Forget it. Come, the commandant wants us to join him for lunch."

Within an hour, the inspector had forgotten about the Senorita Palmer, for in the middle of lunch, a patrolman delivered the news that Rita Reles had been murdered. To Menendes, the news brought a sense of personal loss. He thought of her talent, her fiery rebellions, her beauty . . . Rita's exotic face with its high cheekbones and voluptuous mouth erased all others from his mind . . .

From the balcony Rita's murderer looked down at her body lying in the courtyard. The actress had fallen with her arms outstretched, one leg crumpled beneath her; and the brilliant floral skirt was spread around her just as the ruffled skirt of the boudoir doll used to be spread on his mother's bed.

A relief for which he seemed to have been waiting forever told him that he was free. Rita, he vowed, would be the last. He had never had a high opinion of women. His own mother had lived a footloose, carefree life, drifting casually from man to man. And Rita had been the same. But his mother, at least, gave something, some love, whereas

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THE YELLOW VILLA

Continued from page 60

Rita only consumed, devoured, and was indifferent.

"Go, my friend," she had said haughtily. "It is not I who care whether you stay or go."

And the fear of being without her was reborn. She didn't really mean it, he told himself. She couldn't mean it! But when he had tried to kiss her, she had thrust him away. And the fragmented, unrecognised accumulation of rage had coalesced into driving, uncontrollable fury, the need to master and destroy her.

He was glad she was dead, so that he did not think in terms of escape until the silky, fan-tailed Pekingese rushed from the shade at the edge of the house and started to circle the body. He realised, then, that he was in full view of the balcony where he could easily be seen. He scanned the esplanade, saw only the crown of palms, the fronds that littered the road.

It was the siesta. Most of the city would be sleeping. He weighed his chances of escape. He would have to make a run for it. The odds were with him during these hot hours when everyone who could remained indoors.

QUICKLY, Welden sped to his room, crammed money, cigarettes, and sunglasses into his pockets. He thought of taking his suitcase, decided against such a conspicuous burden. He almost left wtihout the .38, then remembered it and rummaged under his shirts.

As soon as he touched the coolness of the mother-of-pearl handle, a resurgence of anger washed over him. He should have killed Rita the day she gave him the revolver. They had been staying at her house in Mexico City. The evening before, they had gone, at her request, to the Bolo de Oro.

She had been irresistibly beautiful that evening, exotic and mysterious. He realised very shortly, however, that her beauty was not desiened for him. After dinner she had curtly dismissed him and remained behind, talking with the pianist, a talented young man.

All night she had not returned. In the morning she was back, carrying the gun, wrapped as a gift. He had believed it a peace offering until he opened it. In malicious jest, Rita had given him not only a lethal weapon but one with three bullets in the chambers.

"Your choice," she had said laconically, implying that he could kill her, himself, her lover, or all three, and she had turned her back insolently, as if he didn't dare.

And somehow, she was right. His hand froze on the trigger.

The episode marked the beginning of a deterioration. As often as he threatened, he had been unable to leave her . . . until today.

He hurried through the silent house and left by the rear door, cut across the patio, through the shaded garden where Rita's father was sleeping in a hammock, and out through the rear gate.

He put on his dark glasses automatically to protect his eyes from the glare, realising instantly that they offered the added protection of a moderate disguise. Unobserved, he walked behind the enclosing walls of the other hotels and villas that faced the ocean, reached a cross street and doubled back to the Suprema Hotel.

Just as he expected, there was a taxi in front of the hotel. The esplanade was as quiet here as it was elsewhere. He awakened the dozing taxi-driver, asked him to drive swiftly to the bus station.

When the taxi deposited him at the bus station, he waited until it was out of sight, then walked away to the congested strip opposite Olas Altas beach. Here there was the customary activity. He continued to walk slowly along the boulevard until he reached the Copa De Leche. There he picked his way through the crowded sidewalk cafe and back to a popular air-conditioned bar.

Only when he reached the refuge of the dimly lit back room did he realise how very hot he was, how frightened. His face felt flushed from the sun and the welt where Rita's nail had raked his cheek burned like an open sore.

Repeatedly he warned himself not to give in to panic. He was sorry, now, that he had sold his car. They were easier to sell down here than to buy, especially without connections. There was no one to smuggle him over this border. Well, he would have to find someone, he decided.

With rigid self-control he reviewed the situation. The first step the police would take was to watch public conveyances. He was over seven hundred miles from the border, and even if he reached it, the patrols would be alerted. How would he get across? He weighed the possibility of stealing a car . . . rejected it. A car was not enough. He would need new papers, too, a new identity.

There was a single chance. With transportation, new identity papers, he could get away. However, no one was going to hand him a set of

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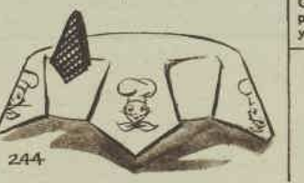
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THE YELLOW VILLA

car keys, the necessary documents. If he wanted them, he'd have to be prepared to kill for them.

I don't have the ruthlessness to do it, he thought. Yet he slowly lifted his head and studied the people seated at the bar.

. . . . . .

The commandant was disappointed. The Reles murderer was not, as the police chief had confidently predicted, apprehended within the hour. Almost immediatley after the workman reported the murder, a taxi-driver was found at the Suprema Hotel who had picked up a fare answering the description of the killer. It had seemed then as if the case, barely opened, was already closed. But the trail ended abruptly at the bus depot. No cashier remembered selling the tall blond man a ticket. The commandant was certain, and Inspector Menendes agreed, that La Rele's murderer was still bottled up in the city.

The investigation moved on to the actress' villa, the commandant and his assistants leading the way in a black official limousine, the inspector following discreetly in his own small grey sedan. The inspector was well aware that his presence would be tolerated only on the perimeter of the investigation.

At the villa, La Rele's body had been removed. Had the inspector been in charge, he would have questioned the workmen more carefully. But Menendes reminded himself he was not in charge. And the questioning, he admitted, was a minor point to criticise in the overall excellence of the police work.

Automatically, as soon as the details of the murder were received, a description of the man had been broadcast, the borders informed, the buslines, trains, air terminals all alerted.

The commandant's brusque, curt approach to witnesses disturbed Menendes, however. It seemed to him that although the workmen had been eager to talk, they had been asked too little and again, in the actress' living-room, that her frightened maid had been badgered too much.

With Rita's father, even the chief himself must have realised that his military manner had failed completely. With sympathy, perhaps the commandant might have been able to reach him; on the other hand, whatever approach had been used might have failed. Senor Reles was so consumed with hatred that he could talk only of avenging her death.

"I'll find him and kill him myself," the grey-faced old peasant said woodenly, over and over again. But no one really took the talk of vengeance seriously. It would take him time to get over his daughter's death. But, stubborn as he was, Rita's father did reveal a vital bit of information, the murderer's name, and when the commandant relayed that back to the police station, the inspector was forced, once more, to admire the chief's competence and caution.

"He's been calling himself Steve Welden, and that's probably his name," the commandant said into the phone. "Check with immigration on his entry permit. He'd be a fool to use it now . . . but add it as a possibility on all outgoing reports."

As the inspector wandered through her house, some of the murdered woman's curious contradictions unfolded. He learned details that humanised her . . . of filial devotion in her father's grief. The illiterate peasant's presence must have been a constant source of embarrassment, yet, even at the peak of her glory, the old man had told them, the actress had kept him with her as part of her household.

Oddly enough, although he ended by idealising her less, he found that he pitied her more. He was unable to assess her with the detachment that he would have applied to anyone else. He saw only that once Rita's career was gone she had felt desperately lonely. It was impossible to tell how she had filled her days. There was no indication that she had any absorbing interest.

However little remained to Rita in terms of personal satisfaction, she had not wanted to die. Faced with annihilation, she had fought for her life. A chair was overturned, an ashtray broken. Could all that have happened in an instant?

In the centre of the road, the two workmen were again hacking disinterestedly at the sweeping palms. Directly below the balcony, Senor Reles shuffled into the courtyard, followed by the pekingese dogs. He stopped at the bloodstain, brooded over it. Except for his height, the long thin bones, it was difficult to believe that this was Rita's father. He looked old and twisted, rough-hewn like the figurines that are carved in the villagek

TIME, the inspector realised, had passed in the world beyond the villa. The siesta was over; in fact, it must be almost five o'clock. The burnished orb of the sun was dipping toward the sea. Soon it would set; darkness would rush across the city — and the murderer was still at large, a man driven by dangerous compulsions that, having erupted once, might be expected to erupt again.

The killer's description pushed to the surface of Menendes' mind—tall, blond, an unusual description in Mexico. It was incredible that he had evaded the police patrols this long. Yet, perhaps not so incredible. Many North Americans answered the same description.

The room behind him was emptying, police were getting ready to leave, technician collecting equipment, commandant talking about calling it a day. There was a sharp edge to the commandant's voice, as though he were tired or beginning to worry, just as the dark man on the balcony worried that Rita's killer might manage to escape . . .

Until five it was quiet in the Copa De Leche, too quiet. Only one of the booths was occupied. The blond man sitting there was still wearing sunglasses, still nursing the dregs of his beer.

No new patrons had dropped in during the past hour. The same fisbermen in their striped T-shirts and yachting caps were camped at the far end of the bar. The bosomy woman in the crumpled pink dress had been here since noon. She was a regular customer, the perfect example of the bartender's description of North American drinking habits.

"The first drink," he always explained to a new apprentice, "they take with water. The second—without water. The third—like water."

He turned on the radio, twisted the dial to the local station, and an announcement of the four o'clock news. As if the radio had electrified him, the man in the booth rose, groping to remove the sunglasses that were apparently blinding him, and walked purposefully across to the bar.

Without the dark lenses his face was lean, angular; a thin red welt like a cat's scratch curved along one cheek beside pale, ice-blue eyes

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There was a discordant urgency in his demand for service. The bartender came hurrying forward to open another can of beer.

The woman in the pink dress was holding out her glass, swaying coquettishly to the music, trying to attract the blond man's attention.

Although she beamed alluringly, the blond man stared sightlessly through her. On the back bar, the radio was chanting the news. Stiffly, trying to appear as natural as possible, he picked up his beer. It seemed almost as if the announcer was screaming at him. "La Reles . . . murdered . . . fugitive." And his own name, "Steve Welden."

The radio was blaring, "The police are on the trail of the killer and expect to make an immediate arrest . . . And now stay tuned for the latest weather immediately following this message." Once again the commercial and the refrain of "El Rancho Grande."

The perilous moment ended; Steve's surroundings came back into focus. He slipped on to the stool next to the woman, not knowing exactly why he did it, but wanting, somehow, to allay the suspicions he must have aroused. He handed the bartender a twenty-peso note, knowing that it was far too large.

"Get us some music on the jukebox," he said. "The lady and I would like to dance."

The bartender relaxed. This tourist was, after all, not so different from any of the others, he decided, watching the man gallantly light the woman's cigarette. Nothing on the lean, tanned face, he later told the police, marked the man as a killer. And, of course, he hadn't heard the news.

Although the immediate danger was past, now Steve was fully alerted to the tightening chain of encirclement that existed beyond the Copa. The lethargy that had almost betrayed him was gone. He was aware of his own suspicious behaviour in sitting so long in the booth, of lingering over his beer. He must have dozed off. Then, some unrecognised inner censor had warned him to remove the sunglasses that were out of place in the dimly lit room, had controlled the timbre of his voice. Optimism followed, assurance in his luck.

If nothing else, he could leave with the woman. It was unlikely that a typically North American couple would be stopped by the police. He eyed the woman appraisingly, the friendly agate eyes. She was not bad-looking, a trifle shopworn perhaps, her hair too bright an orange.

"Hi," she said archly. "What's your name?"

"Steve." It slipped out before he could catch it. "From the Windy City — and you?"

"Ann Renning, Atlanta. In between times, that is. I've been Ann Renning more often than you could shake a stick at."

"And in between?"

"Wood . . . Olander . . . Kapelski. Kap was the nicest of the lot. He gave me this." She held up her hand to display the brilliance of a huge diamond.

She was susceptible, alone, and better still, she must be rich. Money, lots of money, could buy anything, even freedom. "I can't believe it," Steven commented.

Continued from page 62

THE YELLOW VILLA

"Can't believe what? That I was married three times?"

"No, that anyone would be fool enough to let you go. Come on, Ann, let's dance."

He didn't realise until she climbed off the stool that she had had very much to drink. When he put his arms around her, she slumped against him. If he planned to leave with her, it would have to be soon. He measured her state of intoxication against his needs. He remembered the border patrols that would be watching for him, the incriminating documents in his pockets, and decided that, at best, Ann Renning presented a dubious route to safety.

Shortly after five, the rush hour began. Parched and tired tourists who had been shopping straggled into the lounge. Only a few empty places remained at the bar. The redheaded woman reclaimed her seat and ordered another drink. The blond man with her sipped on his stale Carta Blanca.

The bartender was busy, too busy to digest the successive faces of his customers. He related to them in terms of their libations; the young married couple, daiquiris; the pleasant, round-faced man with the broad grin, beer; the redheaded woman, whisky on the rocks; the blond man beside her, nothing.

BECAUSE it was such a commonplace occurrence, he didn't pay any attention to the circumstances under which the round-faced man moved over to join the woman and her companion. As he told the commandant of police several days later, an easy familiarity exists between the patrons at the Copa bar, and the round-faced man was the friendly type. There was nothing unusual about him and he might have been unnoticed completely had he not asked the bartender to call the Mar Vista.

"I dont speak Spanish," he said apologetically. "I should have left Guadalajara yesterday, but I didn't and I'm a day late. I'm not sure whether they've held my reservations."

The bartender, too busy to make the call, referred the man to the waiter, and without consciously sorting any of it, saw the man talk briefly to the waiter.

He observed the woman's blond companion coldly appraise the newcomer, heard, after what seemed to be a prolonged pause, the invitation to join them for a drink and the other man's acceptance.

"I'm Ted Ferguson," he announced, putting out a huge, friendly hand.

"My name's Steve." The blond man's smile centred only around his mouth. "This is Ann."

"Hi, Ann!" Admiration broadened the boyish grin.

The bartender witnessed it all, but it was so ordinary that it cast only a meagre shadow on his memory. He observed the differences rather than the similarities between the men. The newcomer was stockier, his hair finer and a shade darker than the man who had spent the afternoon in the bar. His actions and his expression were freer and he drank beer as though the brewery was about to run dry.

All this the bartender noticed in the web of confusion that climaxed the rush hour, but one thing he failed to notice was exactly when the two men left.

The sun sets early in the tropics. Only the last fiery segment still flamed above the sea when the two men left the Copa. The breezes had cooled and the tormenting heat was magically relieved.

To Ted, after a night of dissipation and the nerve-racking drive, the salty breeze was refreshing. Following Steve's directions, he pulled away from the strip and headed north. He drove slowly, enjoying the spectacular view, in no hurry to reach the hotel.

Marcey would be furious, as she always was, when he was late. And dimly, vaguely, without fully understanding his motivations or regrets, he wondered why he had asked her to fly down.

Meeting Steve at the Copa had been a lucky break. He wouldn't have to face Marcey alone. He could tell her he'd had car trouble and, whether or not she believed him, she would pretend she did in front of a stranger.

He deliberately neglected to mention that anyone was waiting for him at the hotel. It never occurred to him that he could have spared his efforts to keep his companion entertained or that the other man might also have considered their meeting fortuitous.

A stroke of predestined fortune must have led Ted to the Copa. It was the redheaded woman who had drawn Steve's attention to Ted, made the preliminary overtures even before. Steve noticed how closely the newcomer's physical characteristics tallied with his own.

He thought of the sandspit of land beyond the Mar Vista where he intended to lure Ted. Often at high tide it was inundated. It was a desolate, unfrequented spot where a body could lie undetected for days or until the undertow washed it away. He did not think in detail of what he would do when they arrived. He couldn't bring himself to the cold-blooded realisation that to survive he must kill this man beside him.

They were beyond the hospital, the Suprema. Then Steve could see the yellow villa, the crowd peering through the fence. He saw no sign of the police, decided that the investigation was over.

"What do you suppose happened?" Ted asked with idle curiosity.

"It looks as if someone fell from the balcony." Knowing that he was saying too much, he added, "An accident, I guess." It sounded detached, but he could not leave it alone. "Some old time actress lived there."

In an obscure fashion, the words were intended as a barb for Rita, an infliction of a continuing revenge. His personal fears receded. He was able to think beyond the moment, even to feel pity for his companion as the unsuspecting pawn of fortune. It's his life or mine, Steve concluded.

An ingenious embellishment of his plan for eluding the police sprang unbidden to the forefront of the murderer's mind. There was always the possibility that the undertow would not be strong enough to drag the body out to sea. It might be wise not only to assume Ted's identity but to endow Ted with his own. Changing papers would not be bad, but the rest . . . for that he would have to use a stone . . . or the wrench.

All at once with a pang of alarm he realised he had forgotten something that could prove disastrous. Less than a quarter of a mile away was a huge billboard marking the turn-off to the Mar Vista, and beyond that the road to the spit. It was so light that Ted could not fail to see it.

At the prospect of capture so close to the edge of flight, a pounding in Steve's temples began, but when they reached

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Continued from page 63

the intersection he was able to say casually, easily, "Go straight ahead. It's the short cut."

Amazingly, Ted obeyed, followed Steve's instructions blindly, taking the wrong road that twisted along the desolate shoreline to the sand-spit.

"Are you sure you know where you're going?" Ted asked.

"Yes," Steve answered grimly.

The darkness was gathering; the world became suddenly opaque. The road ended in a sand dune that seemed to be accidentally barring its passage. Ted turned on the headlights, stopped the car, opened the door, but did not, as Steve had intended he would, get out.

"It doesn't look as if we can get through this way." Ted's voice ended in uneasy doubt.

He swung back to look at Steve searchingly in the faint glow of the dash light as though seeing the narrow face, the ice-blue eyes distinctly for the first time. He must have recognised menace, for the powerful muscles automatically bunched under the fabric of his coat.

After all Steve's planning, at the last minute he found himself unprepared. He forgot the gun, reached for the wrench instead. As soon as he lifted it his intentions were revealed.

When he struck it was as it had been with Rita—rage, repressed, unrecognised, was unchained within him. Although the first blow felled Ted, sent him toppling out of the car, Steve sprang after him, hitting the wounded man again and again. Rage, once aroused, was slow to subside. He stood at last, confused, not sure of his bearings or who the dead man really was.

He turned away absently and started to climb back into the car. A scuttling sound stopped him and he hesitated, frightened. What if his enemy were still alive? He searched the glove compartment for a flashlight, played its beam over the body, the battered head — and remembered.

A large pink crab scurried away from the light. It was a lucky thing the sound had stopped him or he might have left the papers behind. Without them the car would be useless. He forced himself to go back and search the body.

Once the wallet was in his hand he felt better. Now he turned the light on the mutilated face. Ted battered beyond recognition. Deliberately, Steve carried out the rest of his plan, emptying his own pockets, exchanging wallets, lighters, substituting the Del Prados he preferred for Ted's mentholated cigarettes. Only the snapshot he had taken with Rita at the floating gardens he could not bear to leave with the dead man. To part with it seemed an acknowledgment of defeat, and though he knew it was dangerous, he took the picture with him.

In a few minutes he would be headed north toward the border, toward safety. Then he reached the junction and, unexpectedly, the danger he had believed behind him loomed ahead. He could see the flares of the roadblock, the red tail-lights of a halted truck. Frantically he veered toward town, running instinctively from the police, certain that if they were stopping Mexican transports, even with his assumed identity they would not let him pass.

He raced to the southern entrance of the city, found another roadblock there, doubled back to circle pivotlessly through the streets, frightened, surrounded, unable to steel himself to test Ted's papers, knowing that he was entrapped. He wandered for what seemed an eternity past endless walls, dimly lit cafes, finally to reach the tourist strip, drawn as he had been earlier by the protective presence of other Americans.

ALONG the seawall, silhouetted against the spangled sky, a line of shadowy figures bent over the parapet above the sea. He joined them, sharing their anonymity, included automatically in the desultory conversation. A Midwestern tourist mentioned that, not so many years ago, the strip marked the northern boundary of the resort.

"I always stay at the Belmar," he said. "It's close to everything and I'm used to it. I suppose you're at one of those modern places out on the North Beach."

It took Steve a delayed moment before he realised the man was speaking to him. "Yes. At the Mar Vista."

"Too far out for me," the man said.

All at once Steve wondered why he hadn't thought of the Mar Vista sooner. He couldn't stay on the parapet all night. In the morning, when the stream of tourist traffic began, it would be easier to pass the roadblock. Until then he would need a place to hide, and what safer place than the hotel? Ted's reservations, confirmed from the Copa, were available, waiting for someone to pick them up.

Because there is no dusk near the equator, no lingering pause between daylight and dark, ordinarily Ted's body would have remained undiscovered. It would have sprawled in the sand until the high tide washed

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY
By RUD

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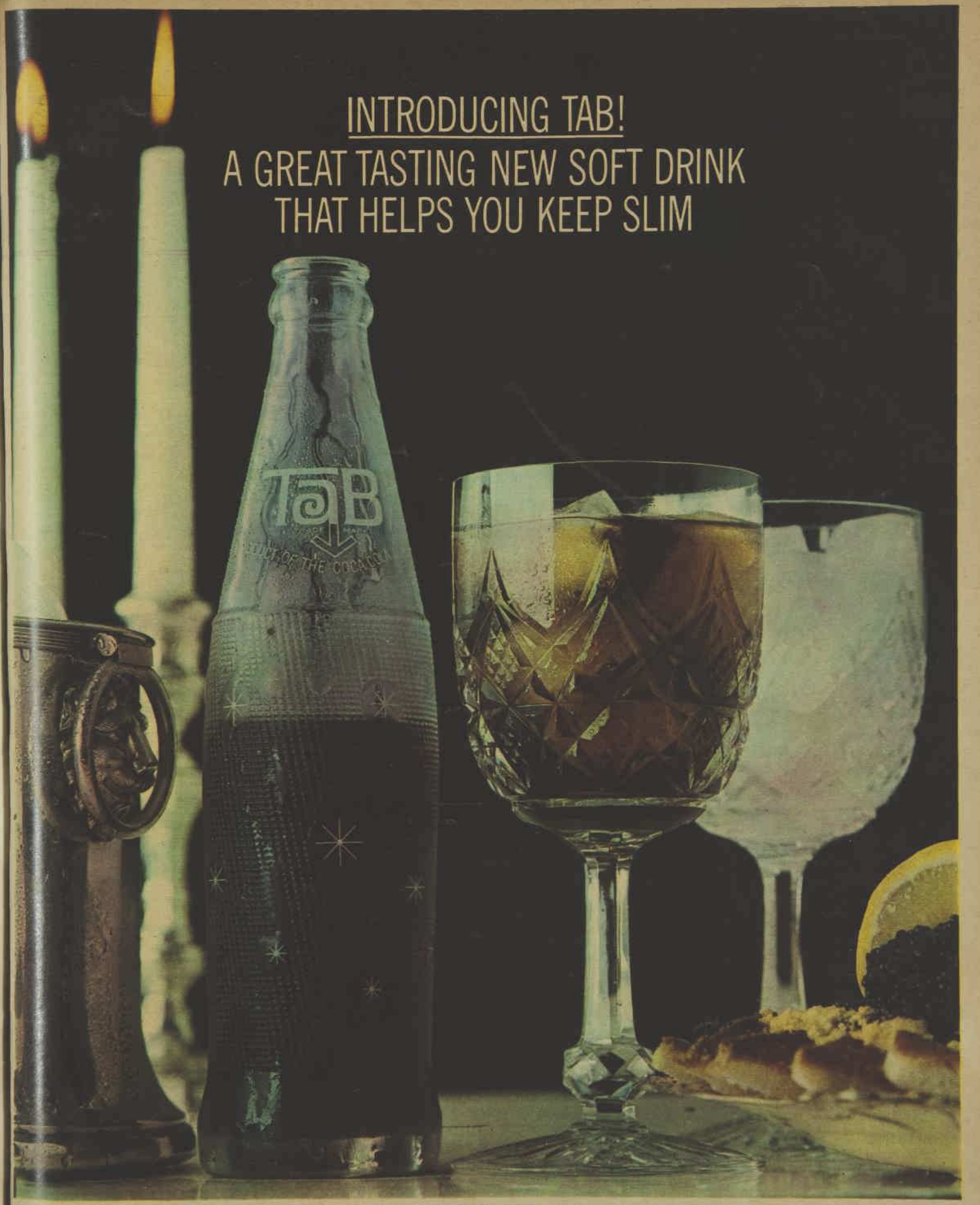

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Continued from page 64

THE YELLOW VILLA

over it and the undercurrent dragged it to sea. But on this particular night some fishermen's children who had delayed too long on the adjacent beach saw lights shining on the spit. Curiosity led them to investigate. It was an act of great daring for the two small boys with frightened eyes and the tiny, ragged girl who tagged along behind them. To reach the sandspit, the children had to climb over the dunes, and by the time they had a clear view, the car had driven away and the eerie lights had vanished.

The boys concealed their fear of the awesome place, but the little girl was openly terrified. Pointing to a shadow larger and darker than the rest, she drew back.

"What's that?" she asked in a shaky whisper.

"Nothing, silly," one of the boys answered bravely.

The girl refused to go closer. Unable to persuade her, the two boys ventured into the shadows, but they had gone only a few yards before they turned and bolted. For lying down was the body of a man. In less than an hour the police were there. The dead man was examined, his papers checked.

The commandant, the plainclothesmen, the commissioner, everyone connected with the investigation of the actress' death was notified that her murderer himself had been murdered.

Old Senor Reles was arrested and the Rita Reles case considered closed.

Inspector Menendes, who was waiting impatiently in the lobby of the Mar Vista for Commissioner Amalgro, remained ignorant of recent developments.

The murder gnawed at him, the knowledge that he had been powerless to object when the commandant had announced that he was going home, a family dinner.

Theresa was sitting beside him extolling his importance to an elderly widow from Los Mochis and her spinster sister-in-law.

Menendes gloomily felt that he was being hemmed in by respectability.

Then Carlos arrived, bubbling with excuses about the press of business. Menendes offered to leave him with the ladies for a moment while he looked in on Maria. He fled out through the glass lobby doors and along the shadowed wing of the guest rooms.

Maria was sleeping the untroubled slumber of childhood. He left the lamp on to reassure her should she awaken, and tiptoed out into the coolness of evening. Beyond the dimly lit walkway, torches brightened the night, picked out the tall figure of a man pacing the flagstone patio in front of the lobby.

The cut of the man's suit, the inspector observed as he came nearer, boasted an excellent tailor, and the yellow torchlight gilded his hair. He was tensely impatient. Now and again he would stop his restless pacing to peer through the glass doors of the lobby and when he lit a cigarette, regular features and pale eyes showed in the white flare of the match.

With Rita never very far from the screen of his mind, Menendes thought of the parallels between what was known of her murderer and the appearance of the man on the patio. The inspector was wondering just how he could tactfully approach the man when the glass doors opened and a bellboy appeared.

"There you are." The man sounded irritable.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting, Senor Ferguson. Would you like me to park your car?"

"No, just show me where to put it and help me with the bags."

"Certainly, Senor."

Chuckling at himself for his own over-active imagination, the inspector went on into the lobby. He rescued Amalgro and the men were at last going to dinner.

Only then did the commissioner explain why he had really been delayed. He told about the fishermen's children who had discovered the body on the sand and about the commandant's anger at having to return to the police station in the middle of his party. "So, of course he called me," Amalgro said wearily. "Because murderer or not, Welden is a North American. Someone had to deal with the consulate."

"The body has been identified?" The inspector asked, elated that Rita's death had been avenged.

"Yes, there's no question about it. Same height, light hair. And his entry permit was in his pocket."

"I suppose Senor Reles killed him."

Amalgro shrugged. "Senor Reles. Who else?"

"Odd, I never thought he'd do it," the inspector mused. "In spite of his threats."

The inspector pushed ahead to his customary place near the balustrade.

The commissioner described the body of the murdered man. "I haven't seen it, of course, but we can go down to the station after dinner. I talked to the commandant. The man was bludgeoned, beaten viciously around the head even after he was dead. The commandant thought as you did, Miguel — that the old man was harmless — until he saw the body." He looked up from his plate. "Miguel, you're not eating."

The hint of a smile softened the Indian's massive features. "I was thinking."

"You were thinking? About the old man? La Reles? The consul? What?"

"About the man on the patio."

"What man? What patio?"

"Do you remember the senorita who came into your office this morning? She's sitting over there." He indicated a table nearby where Marcey was dining with an elderly lady and a grey-haired gentleman. The girl, wearing the same navy dress, was listening attentively to the woman with her, but she seemed dispirited.

"What was the name of the man she was waiting for?" the inspector asked.

"The name was Ferguson, I think."

"Ferguson, that's right. I saw him just now on the patio in front of the lobby. I thought you'd like to know he finally did arrive."

"I said he would." Amalgro shook his head with exaggerated patience. "Miguel, why do you make a Federal case out of everything?"

"Just the workings of my simple Indian mind," the inspector said as if that should explain everything.

As close as the two men ever came to full agreement was that evening at dinner and, peculiarly enough, the source of their accord was Rita Reles. Her murder had forced both men to modify their opinions of her.

Almost everyone else in the dining-room knew about the Reles murder. The search for Rita's murderer had been on all the radio broadcasts, and since the news of the body on the spit was not immediately

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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FRYABANANA

Peel bananas. Place in frying pan. Sprinkle with salt. Cook and turn 'til golden brown and easily pierced with fork.

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AND MAKE MEN WONDER

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WINTER JACKETS TO KNIT

● The design shown below is an easy-knit, button-through style with striped, contrast trim round all outer edges. The jacket on the opposite page is an elegant edge-to-edge design with cable interest.

Straight with striped trim

TRIM JACKET (above) is closed up the front with six buttons. Notable features are the side vents, raglan sleeves, and two-tone striped edging. Directions are given for 32, 34, and 36in. bust measurements.

Materials: 15 (16, 17) oz. Sirdar Double knitting wool, main color (m.c.); 1oz. Sirdar Double knitting wool, 1st contrast color (c.c.1); 1oz. Sirdar Double knitting wool, 2nd contrast color (c.c.2); 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles; 6 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length from shoulder, 23½ (24½, 25½) in.; sleeve seam 20 (20½, 21) in.

Tension: 6½ sts. to 1in.

Note: Figures in brackets refer to larger sizes. When given once this applies to all sizes.

BACK

Using m.c., cast on 96 (102, 108) sts. Work in st-st. for 6½in., ending with p row.

Cast on 4 sts. at each end of the next row—104 (110, 116) sts.

Cont. until work measures 16 (16½, 17) in. from beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Armholes: * Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row * until 36 sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using m.c., cast on 46 (49, 52) sts. Work in st-st. for 6½in., ending with p row. Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next row. Cont. until work measures as back to armhole edge, ending with p row.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next row.

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every k row only, until 19 sts. rem., ending with k row.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row until 1 st. rem. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front, reversing all shapings.

BACK RIB EDGE

With right side facing, pick up and knit 96 (102, 108) sts. * Use c.c.1.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd and 3rd Rows: K 1, p 1 rib.

Break off c.c.1. Use c.c.2.

4th Row: Knit.

5th and 6th Rows: K 1, p 1 rib.

Cast off in rib *.

BACK VENT EDGE

Right: With right side facing, beg. at bottom edge, pick up and knit 48 sts., ending at top. Work as back rib from * to *.

Left: Beg. at top edge, pick up and knit 48 sts., ending at bottom, and work as right side.

FRONT (LOWER) EDGES

Work as back rib edge, substituting figures 96 (102, 108) for 46 (49, 52) sts.

FRONT VENT EDGE

Work as back, substituting right for left and left for right.

SLEEVES

Using m.c., cast on 50 (54, 58) sts.

Work in st-st. and inc. 1 st. at each end of 4th and every following 7th row until 80 (86, 92) sts. on needle.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 17 (17½, 18) in. from beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Top: Work as back from * to * until 12 sts. rem., ending with p row. Cast off.

CUFFS

With right side of work facing, pick up and knit 50 (52, 54) sts. along edge. Using m.c., work 2½in. in k 1, p 1 rib, last row ending at right side of work.

Work as back rib edge from * to *.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece, using hot iron and damp cloth. Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Stitch edges of border ribs to 4 cast-on sts.

NECK RIB

With right side of work facing, pick up and knit evenly around neck (including sleeve top sts.) 96 sts. Work as back rib edge from * to *.

LEFT FRONT RIB

With right side of work facing beg. at edge of neck rib, pick up and knit 126 (130, 134) sts. along edge. Work as back rib from * to *.

RIGHT FRONT RIB

Beg. at lower edge, pick up same number of sts. as left, ending at neck.

Rib edge — use the c.c.1.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd and 3rd Rows: K 1, p 1 rib.

Use c.c.2.

4th Row: K 20 (24, 28) sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., * k 18, w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to 4 sts., 4 rib sts.

5th and 6th Rows: K 1, p 1 rib.

Cast off in rib.

TO FINISH

Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press all seams.

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EASY-FIT jacket in mohair knits up quickly on big (No. 4) needles. It's mainly in stocking-stitch, with a cable-twist on lower edges. Directions below are for 32, 34, 36, and 38in. busts.

Edge-to-edge in mohair

Materials: 13 (14, 14, 15) balls Woolworths Italian Mohair; 1 pr. each Nos. 7 and 4 Woolworths needles; 1 cable needle; 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 22 (22½, 23, 23½) in.; length of sleeves, 14 (14, 14½, 14½) in.

Tension: 13 sts. to 3in.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 74 (78, 82, 86) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 8 rows. Change to No. 4 needles and work pattern:

1st Row: P 2 (4, 2, 4), * k 6, p 2 (2, 3, 3) *, rep. from * to *, ending last rep. p 2 (4, 2, 4).

2nd Row: K 2 (4, 2, 4), * p 6, k 2 (2, 3, 3) *, rep. from * to *, ending last rep. k 2 (4, 2, 4).

3rd Row: P 2 (4, 2, 4), * slip next 3 sts. on to cable needle and place at back, k 3, then k 3 from cable needle, p 2 (2, 3, 3), * rep. from * to *, ending last rep. p 2 (4, 2, 4).

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

9th Row: As 3rd row.

10th Row: As 2nd row.

Cont. in st-st., commencing with knit row, until work measures 13½in. or length required.

To Shape Raglan Armholes (right side): Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next row and every alt. row to 24 (24, 26, 26) sts. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 40 (42, 44, 46) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 8 rows. Change to No. 4 needles.

1st Row: P 2 (4, 2, 4), rep. from * to * of first patt. row of back 4 times, (k 1, p 1) 3 times.

2nd Row: Rib 6, * k 2 (2, 3, 3), p 6 *, rep. from * to * 4 times, k 2 (4, 2, 4).

3rd Row: P 2 (4, 2, 4), rep. from * to * of 3rd patt. row of back 4 times, rib 6.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

9th Row: As 3rd row.

10th Row: As 2nd row.

Next Row: Knit to last 6 sts., rib 6.

Next Row: Rib 6, purl to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 13½in. or length required.

To Shape Raglan (right side): Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every alt. row until 21 (21, 22, 22) sts. rem.

To Shape Neck (wrong side): Work 8 (8, 9, 9) sts. and leave on stitch-holder, cont. on rem. sts., dec. at raglan every alt. row as before, at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row 4 times, then every alt. row twice.

Cont. as before, dec. at raglan every alt. row to last st. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 34 (38, 40, 40) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 8 rows (inc. 1 st. at end of last row in 2 largest sizes only) — 34 (38, 41, 41) sts.

Change to No. 4 needles and pattern thus:

1st Row: P 2 (4, 4, 4), rep. from * to * of first patt. row of back 4 times, ending last rep. p 2 (4, 4, 4).

2nd Row: K 2 (4, 4, 4) *, p 6, k 2 (2, 3, 3) *, rep. from * to * 4 times, ending last rep. k 2 (4, 4, 4).

3rd Row: P 2 (4, 4, 4), rep. from * to * of 3rd patt. row of back, ending last rep. p 2 (4, 4, 4).

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice, then 3rd row once, then 2nd row once more (inc. 1 st. at end of last row in two largest sizes only)— 34 (38, 42, 42) sts.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every foll. 4th row to 56 (60, 62, 66) sts.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 14 (14, 14½, 14½) in. or length required.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until 6 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join all raglan seams. Slip 8 (8, 9, 9) sts. from right front holder on to No. 7 needle, join in wool and pick up 12 sts. along right side of neck, 6 across top of sleeve, 23 (23, 25, 25) across back, 6 across top of sleeve, 12 along left side of neck, k 2 (2, 3, 3), rib 6 — 75 (75, 79, 79) sts.

Using No. 7 needles, work (k 1, p 1) to last st., k 1.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) to last st., p 1.

Rep. last 2 rows once. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Seam sides and sleeves. Lightly press seams on wrong side with warm iron and damp cloth. Brush as required.

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Continued from page 66

THE YELLOW VILLA

released, long after the case had been closed, it was generally assumed that he was still at large.

Marcey was dining with the Sewells. She had met the elderly doctor and his wife on the beach shortly before sunset. She lay on the hot white sand, talking idly with them about Mexico City. A half-firm resolution not to waste her vacation waiting for Ted but to continue on had been slowly solidifying, and she had almost made up her mind to go.

"You should go to the Villa Fontana," Mr. Sewell had said. "There are probably other nightspots, but my nephew Charlie could tell you more about those than we can. It's too bad he's not here."

"He'll be back for dinner, I'm sure," Mrs. Sewell said. "Why don't you make it a point to join us then, my dear?"

Dreading the prospect of eating alone, Marcey had accepted with alacrity. "I'd like that," she had said.

The meal turned out to be less pleasant than she had anticipated. The doctor's nephew apparently had made plans of his own and the doctor was disgruntled.

Mrs. Sewell, accustomed to her husband's moods, good-naturedly carried on without him. Assuming that Marcey had heard about the Relcs murder, she told her that at the last news the killer had not been found.

"He was an American."

Mrs. Sewell added, "She lived a wild, dissolute life and lots of people hated her."

Probably only part of it was true, Marcey thought. She decided she didn't like Mrs. Sewell very well and was glad that in the fresh flush of acquaintance she hadn't mentioned Ted.

It was her new perspective that had made her consider going on to Mexico City, of severing a relationship that should have ended when she had returned Ted's ring. If it had not been for the dresses she had ordered from the Cordenas, she would have left on the evening plane. But there were those dresses. She had stopped at the shop after seeing the commissioner and had picked out two embroidered cottons that Mrs. Cordena was altering and that Jose Cordena had promised to deliver in the morning. So she would have to wait until then.

On the way out of the dining-room Marcey excused herself, saying she had letters to write. She hurried briskly across the lobby to the desk. The clerk who had been there in the morning was on duty again.

"Senorita," he said with a bland smile, "I was just going to look for you. Your friend has arrived."

Marcey felt the stirring of a deep, long accumulating anger. "Did he leave a message for me?" she asked.

"No, Senorita, but I was not on duty when he registered. His card is here. He's in room one-twenty-five, a few doors from you."

"I don't care what room Mr. Ferguson is in," Marcey said coldly. "And you can have mine in the morning."

Marcey stalked angrily across the lobby, determined once and for all to put an end to this business of being Ted's girl Friday. The angry click of her heels accompanied her along the walkway, past her own door, through the covey of maids who had collected around the water-cooler and to the door of room one-twenty-five. Taking pleasure in the pain in her knuckles, Marcey rapped sharply.

There seemed to be an endless fumbling with the lock before the door swung slowly open. Braced to lash out at him, it took Marcey a second or two to realise that it was not Ted silhouetted against the light. This man was taller, thinner, and he was quite obviously annoyed at being disturbed.

"Yes?" he asked sharply.

Marcey's rage uncertainly seeped away into disappointment. "I'm terribly sorry," she managed. "I must have the wrong room."

"Who did you want?" the man asked.

"Ted Ferguson. The desk clerk told me one-twenty-five."

The man's whole body, even his breathing, paused for a moment of adjustment. "No," he said. "It's my mistake. You must be Ted's girl. I should have known."

"This is his room then?"

He nodded.

"I'm Marcey Palmer. It's a wonder Ted mentioned me. By the way, where is he?" she asked.

The stranger mumbled placatingly. "He drove into town for the papers. Come on in. He'll be right back."

Marcey swept past him into the room. The door closed behind her, shutting out the curiosity of the maids who clustered around the water-cooler. But Marcey had no premonition of danger. She saw Ted's gladstone open on the bench. She saw an untapped bottle of his favorite bourbon on the bureau, beside it the battered yellow wallet he always stuffed with scraps of notes and receipts and the key chain with the tiki she had sent him from Hawaii.

It was the tiki that caused the first sharp pang of uneasiness. Without his keys, how could Ted have driven into town? The first sip of doubt was not fully tasted when she heard the night-lock snap into place. That sound frightened her. Who was this man? Why had he locked the door? Why were only Ted's things here?

She turned around slowly, expecting to be reassured, found the man watching her hostilely, braced against the door, holding a gun.

He was rigid, controlled, unmistakably menacing. But she couldn't understand why he was threatening her, and surprise kept her from being devoured by terror. Then he spoke and her courage dissolved. She realised the full extent of her danger.

To be concluded

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting March 31.

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ After the 3rd, events take a decided turn for the better, and April has mainly beneficial stars. Aprile is your moment of truth, so get cracking. The stars favor marriage and romance.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

★ The star-drought should end this week and April should see a big lift in things. Easter is mainly fortunate, except the 6th. You receive good influences, especially for romance.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ The 1st is definitely a bad day, and it could have an unhappy hangover. From then on generally fine star-weather is promised, with a good Easter. The week favors finance.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ We've all just passed through some of the worst stars for years, but April gives us a much-needed respite. Count 1st-2nd as adverse, but afterwards things improve.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, jade, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Tues.

★ There could be a money mix-up with a friend involving loss on the 1st-2nd. Afterwards no April showers, but an almost unbroken success period and a happy Easter.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ Good news for Virgo! The 1st is a bad day—your image could dim a little—but the rest of April is good. Mars gets off your back and a happy Easter should be yours.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ If the peace-loving Librans can weather the 1st and 2nd, calm water lies ahead. Watch what you write and say on All Fools' Day. Perhaps some could find themselves phoning the Zoo.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, yellow, red. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ You've gone through a rugged patch, but after the 1st-2nd April offers peace and progress. There's no reason why you should not enjoy a memorable Easter.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ Married folk could have adverse pressures on the 1st-2nd, so it's wise to stick to routine. The rest of April sees a rapid improvement in just about all departments of your life.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, lilac, brown. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ Your ruling star tangles with Uranus on the 1st and 2nd. Rest of April offers every opportunity for enjoyment and progress, including, for once, a good Easter holiday break.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, blue, rose. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ Storm clouds with lightning on the 1st-2nd (beware of accidents and tangled decisions), then a period of fine weather, with favoring winds. April gives you the scope for success.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, mauve, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Mon.

★ Saturn has a final bash at you on the 1st-2nd. If you ride his punches, April is a month of comparative calm, offering you the chance of a peaceful and propitious Easter.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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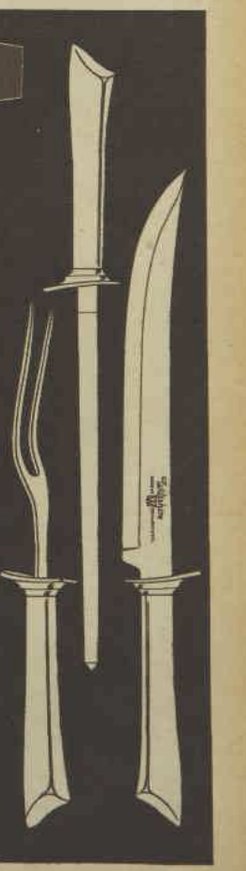

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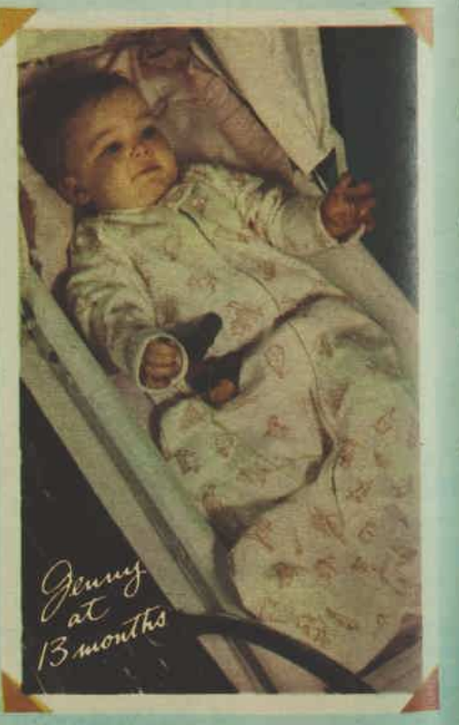
He won't slip. There are special non-slip safety soles on this **FLEECY BOND SLEEPER.** Full length zip opens down side of the leg for easy nappy changing. Soft tab protects his chin from zip slide. Style 15234. White, pink, Blue, Sizes ASO/22, 1/24, 2/27, **29/11.**

Bond's Gro-Wear in handsome thermal knit will still fit him when he's 18 months. **CARDIGAN** is style 95946, **LEGGINGS,** style 95045. Pink, Lemon, Aqua with white and White. Cardigan **17/11.** Leggings **17/11.**

2-PIECE PYJAMA SUIT with non-slip soles really stay put with fully elasticised waist and, they button on. Top has convenient shoulder opening. Style 15227. White, Pink, Blue. Sizes ASO/22, 1/24, 2/27. **29/11.**

His interlock **MATINEE JACKET** with roomy raglan sleeves, elasticised wrists. Style 15618. Size AS1 **12/11.** Double Interlock **TRAINING PANTS,** flannelette insulated for extra absorbency. Style 15010. AS1 & 2, **10/6.**

Awake (as usual). In cotton interlock **NIGHTGOWN** that gives her just the right amount of light warmth. Soft, non-chafe binding on neck. Back opening. Tail folds back to avoid wetting. Style 15303, Size AS1, **17/11.**



Not a care in the world and perfectly snug in her fleecy lined interlock **SLEEPING BAG.** Comfy raglan sleeves. Long zip for easy nappy change. Style 15642. White/Pink. White/Blue Size AS1, **34/11.**

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Growing up with Bond's

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MATCHING SLACKS. Detachable straps. Replaceable elastic waist. Style 95041. Blue, Green, Red, Brown. AS2, AS3, AS4. **39/11.**

Brushed interlock **SHIRT,** elasticised neck and cuffs. Style 15945. White, Red, Blue, Royal, Lemon, Brown. Sizes AS1 to AS14 from **13/11.**
FLEECY POPOVER Style 45628. Blue, Green, Red. AS2, AS3, AS4. **29/11.**
Fleecy lined **KNITTED SLACKS.** Wear them with or without adjustable shoulder straps. Stitched 'crease'. Style 45035. Blue, Brown, Green, Red. AS2, AS3, AS4 **25/11**

Brushed interlock **SHIRT.** Style 15944. White, Blue, Red, Royal, Lemon. AS2 to AS14 from **14/11.**
Fleecy **KNITTED JERKIN.** Style 45937. Blue, Green, Red, Brown. AS2, AS3, AS4, AS6. **25/11**
Stitched 'crease' **SLACKS.** Style 45036. Blue, Green, Red, Brown. AS2, AS3, **2311.** AS4, AS6. **25/11.**

Fleecy lined **KNITTED JACKET.** Elasticised waist, cuffs. Full length zip. Blue, Green, Red, Brown, Lemon. Style 45936. AS2. **34/11.** AS4, AS6, AS8. **39/11.**
MATCHING SLACKS. Permanent 'crease'. Elasticised waist. Inset side pocket. Style 45037. Blue, Green, Red, Brown. AS2, AS3. **25/11.** AS4, AS6. **28/11.**

Snug as the eskimo on his fleecy lined **TRACKSUIT** Elasticised wrists and ankles keep warmth in; chills out. Fleecy contrast collar. Full length zip for easy changing. Style 45638. Blue, Brown, Red. AS1, AS2, AS3. **49/11.**

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Junior Bondwear

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Young art on show in Adelaide gallery

● *An old unused shop in Adelaide is the centre of an ambitious venture designed to help struggling young artists.*

AND at the head of it all is a 19-year-old boy.

He is Peter Beagley, a thin, bearded musician who believes firmly that young artists are just as talented—some even more so—as the older artists continually featured in art exhibitions.

"But there aren't many people who believe me," he said. "And it's simply because they've never had a chance to see the work of young artists.

"When a young person finishes at art school and wants to earn his living through art he runs into many problems.

"He hasn't enough money, he has nowhere to sell or show his paintings, and his parents nag him. He soon gets very discouraged."

So, with all this in mind, Peter and a close friend decided to establish an art gallery specially for young artists.

They rented an old vacated shop at North Adelaide, just out of the city, redecorated it, and, at the end of two weeks, working day and night, they were ready to hang up their sign, "The Archer Gallery."

Peter, probably the youngest gallery director in Australia, has already held four exhibitions.

Most of the artists featured range in age from 18 to 22. Work on view includes paintings, drawings, prints, sculpture, and copper jewellery.

Peter is very happy with the results so far.

"We've had lots of people in here looking around. We had 60 on the opening day and during our first week we sold nine paintings.

"But even if people don't buy at least they are now able to see just what young artists can do, and that's what all this is aimed at."

Peter spent two years at art school himself, the first year as a student, the second as a male model.

He loves to paint and has several of his own paintings on view at the gallery.

His other big interest is music—jazz music. He is the leader of a modern jazz group called The Peter Beagley Trio.

They play at casual dances, concerts, and coffee lounges and do a bit of hotel and nightclub work.

"We are booked up on the average of three nights a week, so we're pretty busy and we work long hours."

This is one of the reasons why Peter left home.

Six months ago he moved into what he calls "a big 15-room mansion" at North Adelaide with five other musicians.

Peter plays the piano and guitar and says he has never had any real music tuition.

"We can all practice together and talk music as much as we like without annoying anyone," he said.

"I taught myself," he said. "It took four years."

Now he's teaching others. He gives lessons to three people a week.

His ambition is to make a big name for himself combining both music and art but he's not too sure how he's going to do it.

"Maybe I could be a travelling musician-artist. I want to go overseas eventually and I've been toying with the idea of hitch-hiking round the world giving jazz concerts and painting and selling at the same time.

"In the past couple of years I've hitch-hiked to Melbourne a few times and played at suburban hotels to earn a few bob. One night I even managed to win myself a bed for the night."

But the main thing for Peter at the moment is his art gallery.

"I'm going to hold a lot of mixed exhibitions this year as well as a few one-man shows.

"All proceeds will go to improving this place so that young artists will always have somewhere to turn."

—JOAN KENNETT

PETER BEAGLEY, 19, (above), in The Archer Gallery, which he started to help young artists. At right, outside the gallery, which used to be a shop.

Teenagers' WEEKLY

A PRETTIER BEDROOM

Here are some pretty, and useful, accessories for your bedroom — they're easy, fun, and attractive.

● How about this for a jazzy bedspread? Sew two contrasting fabrics together (school colors, maybe?) and applique your initial to the middle. Giant size, please.

● Save any pretty flowered remnants from your dressmaking days, cut out the flower motifs and glue them as a border to the bottom of your pastel holland blind.

● With a little bit of paint change some old wooden clothes pegs into "clips" for your memos. Paint them with cheeky faces and give them character with hair or hats made from bits of wool and felt. This way you'll never forget a thing.

● Glue pretty leftover fabric to empty jars or tins and see what glamorous hideouts they make for mail, hair rollers, and other feminine bits and pieces. Try adding some fringing and beading as a final touch!

THE SEEKERS (from left), Keith Potger, Judy Durham, Bruce Woodley, and Athol Guy. Keith was originally a member of The Escorts, another Melbourne group, before joining The Seekers.

The Seekers find success

● Melbourne folk group The Seekers have been steadily making their way in Britain, and now, with their first hit disc, it looks as if they're on their way to the top.

THE SEEKERS, who all come from Melbourne, are—Athol Guy, 24, Keith Potger, 23, Bruce Woodley, 22, and Judy Durham, 21.

They left for England a year ago and sent a film clip and tape in advance to one of the biggest talent agencies in London. When they arrived the agency signed them immediately.

Two days after arriving in England they appeared on the "Tonight" show on B.B.C. television. Within a week they were playing second billing to Freddie and The Dreamers, and within six weeks they appeared on the "Sunday Night at the London Palladium" television spectacular.

Concert and television work rolled in, and when they were billed with Dusty Springfield she encouraged them to stay and mentioned them to her brother, Tom.

The Seekers have a sound rather similar to the old Springfield's group, which disbanded when Dusty left to solo.

Tom wrote a song for them, got in touch with their manager and arranged a recording session.

The result—their hit disc, "I'll Never Find Another You!"

The Seekers began as a four-boy group in Melbourne in 1962, singing in coffee bars while they all held regular jobs. This lasted for a year until one of the boys left. Athol, Keith, and Bruce were then engaged to entertain on a Pacific cruise and when they returned to Australia decided to get a girl singer for the group.

Judy was singing with jazz bands in Melbourne and working as a secretary, and by chance came to work in Athol's office. He quickly had her singing with them, and by the beginning of 1964 they were getting so much work they turned fully professional.

—DIANE ROBERTS

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Getting to know the Americans

IT has been my good fortune, since last August, to be living in the United States as an exchange student under the American Field Service Programme, and this has given me the opportunity to see these people as they really are.

I attend a senior high school, Shawnee Mission North, in Kansas City, and it is a good deal larger than Sydney schools, as we have 2310 students (in three years).

School begins at 8.20 each morning. Lessons are 50 minutes long, and then a bell is rung and we are given five minutes to get to the next lesson, with a detention if we are not there in time. It is quite a rush, with 2310 students converging on the halls.

The appearance of the school is much like that shown in "Mr. Novak" on television, with the wide halls, and rooms with blackboards all round, and one-armed chairs. Students wear what they please. For girls this is mainly skirts and matching sweaters, and for the boys slacks and shirts (not many jeans and sweatshirts). There is quite a bit of competition in clothing.

Twice a week after fourth lunch hour (lunch-time is in four sections, as the cafeteria can only take so many) we have half an hour's club time. There are about 50 clubs to choose from. On Friday nights there is a basketball game, and in the weekends a debate and sports, so there is never a dull moment. — *Margaret Anne Price, Kansas City, U.S.A.*

Free reading

DO students know that the Public Service study and reading course is open to the public and is entirely free of charge?

It entails the correction of mechanical reading faults and study inefficiencies, and surely nothing could be more useful to the serious student. Perhaps the real point of wonder is that it is not included in the school curriculum. — *Christopher Rath, Turramurra, N.S.W.*

Single rooms

WHEN and if ever I marry, my children will all be sure to have a bedroom each. I share mine with a tomboy sister four years my junior who has a completely different personality from mine.

Thus we do not always get along with each other as well as we should. As we are always thrust together, how could we? Both of us envy girls lucky enough to have their own bedrooms, and we hope they appreciate it.

We wouldn't be without each other, but feel, if we weren't always on each other's toes, we would like each other a lot more.

Sisters shouldn't be made to share a room unless they have the same nature and personality and are not more than two years apart in age. — *P. Young, South Oakleigh, Vic.*

BEATNIK

"Can you wait? I'm expecting a phone call and it might be a better offer."

All Australian

I'M getting sick and tired of Australian pop stars just being cast aside. We have some fine talent such as Billy Thorpe and the Aztecs, Bryan Davies, Roy Browne and the Whispers, Jay'n'Jay, and many, many more.

The promoters bring out all those shows from the States and Britain, which is all very well. But have they ever considered having an All-Australian Show? I sincerely hope that something will be done about this — and soon. — *Kerry O'Brien, Potts Point, N.S.W.*

Stand apart

WHY are so many teenagers afraid to stand apart on an issue? Many join a group of vandals or louts because they are too afraid to face the scorn of this element when they reject its ideas as criminal, dangerous, or showing extreme stupidity.

They take part in reckless, senseless bouts of misbehaviour simply because they fear that they will lose their friends if they don't go along with the pack. This ruinous desire to be one of the mob has been the downfall of far too many teenage sheep.

I implore other teenagers —follow your dance crazes, record idol, and other harmless fads as blindly as you like, but, for goodness' sake, make your own decisions on your social and moral behaviour.

I followed this principle at school and consequently had very few friends. But at least I did have the satisfaction of knowing that my actions reflected my own thinking and not that of some public nuisances. — *"Goody Goody," Pallamallawa, N.S.W.*

Clothes . . .

WHEN I began Matriculation in 1964, I realised that my parents could not afford to pay for a good education and clothe me as well. Or rather they could not clothe me in the fashions I desired, namely, the mod styles.

To alleviate this position I obtained a job at the weekend. It usually takes up all Sunday. As a result, in early 1965, I can proudly say that I have succeeded in buying over £60 worth of clothes and now have quite a comprehensive wardrobe.

I have not spent all my money on clothes but have saved some for future holidays. Not only have I gained materially over the past year but I have also gained an insight into working life. I believe this insight will help me when I leave school and enter the business world. — *Jeffrey Bugg, Upper Burnie, Tas.*

Souvenir gifts

● Replying to M. Anderson, readers suggest some bright ideas for inexpensive but typically Australian gifts to send to pen-friends overseas.

ANYONE wishing to buy an inexpensive Australian present for a pen-pal should go along to their local branch of the Australian Inland Mission. The gifts sold there are made by the aborigines for the mission, and, as they are well made, they do not look cheap.

I once bought a very pretty necklace of small shells (cost 7/6) for an American pen-friend, and she thought it was wonderful.

You not only will be supporting a worthy cause but will be giving a genuine Australian article. — *Anne Cummins, Lindfield, N.S.W.*

WHY not join a club which searches for Australian gemstones and teaches how to polish them and make them into jewellery?

Another idea is to press wildflowers and put them either on a wall plaque or in a lightweight frame without glass.

These suggestions make a really Australian gift, and are not too expensive. — *"Goose," Tennyson, Vic.*

COMING across an address for literature for school projects on Australia in an old social studies book, I wrote explaining that I wanted the printed matter to send as a gift to a friend overseas.

Within a few days I received a large envelope containing material such as "The Australian Aborigine," "Australian Territories," "Papua — New Guinea," and "The Northern Territory." There were attractive folders and booklets, maps, pictures, and information.

The address I wrote to is: The Department of Territories, Canberra, A.C.T. — *Sandra Hindes, Royal Park, S.A.*

HANDKNITTED articles made from Australian wool and also parcels of wool make welcome gifts. If you send the latter, the fine yarns like two-, three-, or four-ply are appreciated most.

But before buying anything to send away as a gift from Australia, make sure that it is made in Australia, as many articles using an Australian theme are made overseas. — *Mrs. R. McMaugh, Bankstown, N.S.W.*

THE reason for Australian souvenirs being so expensive is obvious when you consider that their main market is tourists — who spend far more money when away from home.

However, I have found a very satisfactory solution in reproductions of Australian paintings, which can be bought at very reasonable prices at the State Art Galleries. These also have the advantage of cheap postage. — *S. Griffiths, Mt. Lawley, W.A.*

AUSTRALIA'S lovely sea-shells make fine souvenirs. If you find them yourself they'll cost nothing. But even when bought from a dealer you can get specimens such as the beautiful tiger cowry for 5/- or less. — *"Shelley," Orchard Hills, N.S.W.*

. . . and uniforms

MANY students write to this column each year complaining about the fact that they have to wear school uniforms. I, too, was one of these people until I began going to business college.

We go five days a week, and my friends and I admit now that the old school uniform wasn't such a bad thing after all. Some of us wish that we had a uniform to wear now, as we find that there is much class distinction. Some girls have plenty of clothes and some only a few.

So, next time you think what a horrible uniform you have, just stop and consider what it would be like without. Many of you who intend going to sixth year perhaps would find that your parents couldn't afford it, because they were continually paying money for clothes. — *Joan Hale, Marrickville, N.S.W.*

"Something to see you, Bess."

RELIEF!

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THE CLASSICS

ROSSINI AND IBERT: Orchestral works.

ROSSINI wrote 38 operas between the ages of 18 and 37, then abruptly retired and spent the rest of his life (nearly 40 years) writing no more than odd trifles for the amusement of his friends.

These delightful little pieces lay neglected until the great ballet impresario Diaghilev discovered them and handed them over to Respighi to orchestrate into a ballet score. The resultant ballet, "La Boutique Fantasque," was first produced in 1919, and has become a firm favorite both on the stage and as a concert piece.

This merry, witty, tuneful music appears on a new R.C.A. Victrola disc, played with suitable high spirits by the Boston Pops Orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler, along with two other pieces of theatre music in the same vein of good fun: Ibert's Divertissement and some extracts from the American ballet "Cakewalk."

The Ibert suite dates from 1930, and was originally written as incidental music to a stage comedy. It is one of the most successful essays, in musical humor, ranging from sly satire to broad slapstick.

"Cakewalk," like "Boutique Fantasque," is a ballet adapted from forgotten 19th-century music—in this case the music of the early American composer Louis Gottschalk, arranged by Hershy Kay.

—MARTIN LONG

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Are you conceited?

● ***It is important for each of us to build personal pride and self-confidence, but these characteristics, like salt in stew, can be overdone. Conceit has the rare and undesirable ability to lie to itself and to see others through the large end of a pair of fieldglasses. Answer the following questions to see if you can keep yourself in perspective.***

1. Do you secretly believe that most people are stupid?
2. Do you feel that most of your friends do not know the real you?
3. Do you often interrupt others when they are telling a story or a joke?
4. Do you think that you are quite a unique person, something apart from the usual run-of-the-mill?
5. Have you noticed that success comes to you easily while others have to work for it?
6. Are you satisfied with what you have achieved, feeling that no one could have done better under similar circumstances?
7. Do you like going to parties/places where you know you will be recognised?
8. Do you like to see your name in print?
9. Do you find yourself looking in mirrors if they are available?
10. Would it please you if a friend named her child after you?
11. When you write a letter to a friend, is it filled with pronouns which refer to yourself (I, me, my, mine, etc.)?
12. Do you seldom tell others of your problems or failures?
13. Do you feel foreigners are inferior culturally?
14. Do you feel that your talents are not really appreciated?
15. Can you honestly say your feelings have never been hurt?

SCORING: Give yourself two points for each "yes" answer.

0 TO 8 POINTS: Take a good look at yourself. Did you cheat on this test a little by answering what you thought would give you a good score? Because if you did not, your ego may need some fortification. You may not be making a justifiable impression on your friends.

10 TO 16 POINTS: It is evident that you are self-possessed, a characteristic that may (we hope not) have begun to color your power of self-criticism. However, you stand on your own two feet and do not let others hurt or run over you.

18 TO 30 POINTS: Very likely you give the impression of being a pompous bore. Try to see others around you, and, just for a mental exercise, list two things about each of your friends that are superior to your own qualities. It could be that your conceit is a cover-up for your own sense of insecurity.

MEN WEAR SPACE 'STRIDES'

ROUND ROBIN

● **I see that two Russian girls are scheduled to follow in the space "walk" footsteps of Lieut.-Colonel Leonov.**

THIS looks like one space travel department in which the West certainly won't be able to catch up.

This will be because of our girls' obvious disinclination to walk — anywhere.

The way in which local lasses won't put their best feet forward — or even backward — was brought home forcibly to me recently.

A girl told me that in her six or so years of dating she had never been out with a boy on public transport.

If a boy didn't have a car, she said, he didn't have a chance. Taxis would fix things, of course.

This attitude to walking doesn't augur well for feminine space exploration on foot.

I can just see what would happen if one of my girls was picked for a space walk.

There would be no walking my baby back home from 300 miles up.

And it would be no good trying to argue with her up there about it.

It's hardly the place a bloke would want to get "dropped."

Still, you'd think a lass' vanity would make her want to have the highest heels on record.

Even if a Western girl was persuaded to go for a space walk the clothes would not impress her.

Russian space doctors said Colonel Leonov's walking suit was made of layers "like puff pastry."

Oh, well — that's the way the cookie tumbles in space.

You might say, a cook's tour.

— *Robin Adair*

Beauty in brief:

LOOK OF LUXURY

A LITTLE luxury is a lovely thing and, beautywise, need not be all that expensive.

For the young, the luxury look is ready-made with just a bit of extra effort and push here and there.

You don't have to waft around made up like a photographic model and smelling like a perfumery counter, but no girl on a luxury kick would dream of ignoring either her make-up or personal fragrance.

Depend on it, anyone who looks like a million has her make-up routine down pat. So learn how to give yourself a full, natural make-up in ten minutes flat — it shouldn't take longer. The more you practise, the better the job — and the effect.

Don't hurry grimly through a duty bath. When you have such pleasant accessories as bath salts, bubble bath, bath oil, dusting powder, use them. True, they look decorative on the shelf.

But if you use them you will feel richer and be more attractive.

Learn to shape your hair into a luxurious hairdo like the one pictured at right if you want to look as though you were born beautiful. At least, try to handle it according to its type — fine, coarse, oily, dry, average.

Devote the same care and understanding to your skin and complexion. Even if you're going nowhere special and seeing nobody in particular, you'll feel prettier and more luxurious, and everyone around you will be subtly affected by it all.

Above all, don't be a starter and a stopper about your grooming routines. You'll get nowhere that way. Daily effort is what gives you the confidence and skill you need always to look your luxuriant best.

—CAROLYN EARLE

Vital Statistics 36-24-36

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I've now lost fourteen pounds. Ford Pills are wonderful.
M.J. of Kurnell, N.S.W.
I was too overweight but now have lost three stone.
L.M. of Inman, S.A.
I take Ford Pills and follow the Diet Chart for slimming and I praise them to my friends.
P.K. of Wahroonga, N.S.W.
I took off seven pounds in one week.
J.Y.K. of St. Peters, Sydney.
I'm back to normal and so much better in health, I can really highly recommend Ford Pills.
C.E., Clayton, Vic.

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FORD PILLS

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Louise Hunter Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Too young?

"I AM going steady with a 15-year-old schoolgirl. As I am working my friends say that she is too young to go out with. Her mother doesn't mind me but her father resents me. Should I keep going out with her?"

"Doubtful," Qld.

There is no reason why you shouldn't see her occasionally providing her parents don't object and the girl likes you. While it is a good idea in most cases to disregard the trivial advice of "friends" who are in no way concerned with your problem, they have a point this time.

The girl at 15 is far too young for a steady relationship.

Age questions

"COULD you please tell me at what sensible age could a girl wear make-up, shave her legs, have her first date, have a steady boyfriend, put a rinse through her hair, and wear shoes with a one and a half inch heel."

"Just Wondering," N.S.W.

At 16 a girl could begin with a light (oh, so light) foundation and palish lipstick, graduating in her later teens to eye make-up for special occasions.

There are various devices, for example, creams and fine emery sanding mits, for keeping down leg hair. (Be wary of shaving legs as this tends to encourage thicker and faster hair growth.)

First dates for 14- and 15-year-olds should be in group outings. (At 16 or 17 you can progress to dates to pictures and sporting events, with a boy alone.)

Going steady ought to be the stage before an engagement which is a serious matter. Try not to rush into a "steady" relationship too young (not before 18 or 19). You may regret it.

As for hair-coloring—don't be too ready to abandon that wonderful asset of youth—natural, shiny hair. But if you must change its color—and you probably will—don't do it before you're 19 or 20.

Fashionable heels are low. So the height of your heels is no indication of sophistication. However, if you're short, high heels can make legs look longer, and you can wear them when you leave school.

Young, sweet love

"I AM 14½. I have wonderful parents. I am not allowed to date boys, but if I meet one at the tennis club or at a church social Mum and Dad are always pleased when I bring him home and introduce him. Last month there was a 16-year-old boy staying in our town and I got to know him. He was only here for two weeks, but now I find I have a notion that I love him. I dream about marrying him. I tell myself I am an idiot, but inside I think he is perfect. I try to talk myself out of it, but I can't. Can you talk some sense into me?"

"In Love," Vic.

No, and I'm not going to try. Your feelings are wonderful and natural at your age. You are on the threshold of something beautiful. Oh, it may not be this special boy (who means the world to you right now), but it will be someone, someday. This is, by the sound of it, your very first crush. Don't worry too much about the sweet pain it's causing you. Accept it and be happy.

Small-town blues

"I FEEL doomed to spinsterhood. I have been engaged twice, both to local boys, but now I never get asked out for a date. I suspect this is the reason—my parents refuse to let me leave home (even though I am 25), saying they will disown me. All my girlfriends are either married or live in the city. What shall I do, as the town where I live is very small and I have no chance of meeting anyone here?"

"Worried," Tas.

At your age it is necessary for you to have your own interests and friends. If this is not possible at home, then a job in town may lead to a more interesting life. Make your plans quietly, then tell your parents, asking them to understand.

Strict parents

"I AM a 17-year-old boy and have very strict parents. I am not allowed to go out with a girl or go to the pictures. I am allowed to watch television at my mate's place but I always have to be home by 9 p.m. A lot of girls have asked me out for a date but I have to refuse because of my parents. What do you advise?"

"Problem," N.S.W.

You are possibly still at school and although you won't believe me, you will be grateful to your parents when your final exam results are published. However, you are at an age where it is desirable to have friendships with girls and boys your own age. I would discuss it with your parents and ask them to give you a few hours free on Saturdays and Sundays, for outside recreation.

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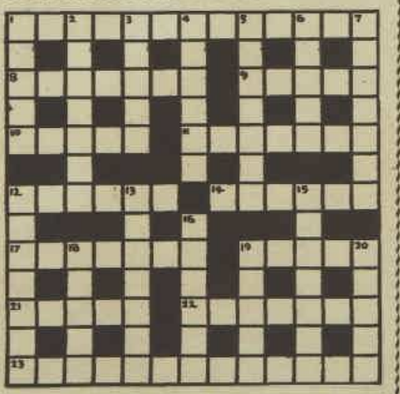
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE MOLE made his escape from the museum in a sports car, but was seen by a tramp, who helps the police. Meanwhile the Mole is planning another daring theft. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. His work brings the light to many places (6-7).
8. Such knowledge is gained from experience (7).
9. An old-fashioned aunt met me (5).
10. Awkward boors, whose inside is out (5).
11. Region of N.W. Italy (7).
12. Fears adders (6).
14. Daughter of Oedipus and Yocasta (6).
17. Bits on a tower of fortification (7).
19. Mass of cast metal (5).
21. Stand up (5).
22. Pressing in holy insect (7).
23. Confused medley, but children like it (6-7).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Circular frame, which turns on an axis (5).
2. A planet ending in melody (7).
3. Cruel giants living in a bulldog reserve (5).
4. Pucker with an edible bivalve (6).
5. Issues see me back on the outside (7).
6. Belgian city S.E. of Brussels (5).
7. Go back by the same course, using the car in reverse (7).
12. Lead away from duty (7).
13. Waste away, wind led (7).
15. Fix deeply, using a raft (7).
16. Fantastic ornaments in cats (6).
18. Read laboriously with a magic formula (5).
19. Point in question (5).
20. Trout when teaching (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Butterick PATTERNS

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3251. — Softly bloused dress with self cord tie belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3204. — The Young Look pullover with deep v-neckline and armhole. Darted straight skirt. Bust sizes: Sub-Teen 28, 29, 31, 33in. Young Junr. 30½, 31½, 33in. Teen 30, 32, 34, 36in. Price 5/- includes postage.

3301. — Pretty lace overblouse with lined bodice and sheer, long, cuffed shirt sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage.

3310. — Easy to make one-piece dress, back-buttoned, with self ruffle on collar and sleeves. Sizes 2 to 6X (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 25in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

3009. — Raglan sleeved co-ordinates. Semi-fitted over-blouse and box jacket, with slim darted skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 5/9 includes postage.

Butterick Patterns are available at leading stores.

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-039, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents

GARDEN PERENNIALS

APRIL 7, 1965

● Perennials are the backbone of the garden whose owner cannot devote as much time as he would like to his plot. This book lists a huge variety of perennials from the well-loved types to the unusual, with advice on each plant's "likes" and "dislikes," how to grow them. Our cover: Paeony roses.

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STACHYS LANATA (Lamb's Tongue).

THE A.B.C. OF

● This list of perennials, arranged alphabetically for easy reference, includes many of the species and varieties stocked by nurserymen in Australia.

THE list is by no means complete—for instance, some very well-known garden perennials like geraniums, pelargoniums, fuchsias, gerberas, cannas, day lilies, irises, kniphopias, and the bulb family have been omitted.

ACANTHUS MOLLIS (Oyster plant).—A vigorously growing plant up to 5ft. tall used mainly for its large, handsome foliage and flowers. The leaves are 2ft. long or more and variously divided or toothed. Flowers are mauve and white, borne on erect spikes up to 2ft. long.

Requires moderately rich soil in open, sunny position, but will grow in partial shade. Propagated from seed or divisions.

ACHILLEA species (Milfoil or Yarrow).—Easy to grow, free-flowering, plants often have finely cut fern-like foliage and large heads of white, pink, or yellow flowers suitable for cutting. Will grow in any rich soil.

Species cultivated include: A. eupatorium (yellow flowers, grey foliage, 4ft.); A. ptarmica, "The Pearl" (double white flowers, 2ft.); A. tomentosa (bright yellow flowers, greyish foliage, 12in.); and A. clypeolata (deep yellow flowers, silvery foliage, 1ft.).

AETHIONEMA species (Stone Cress).—About 50 different species, of which several are cultivated, occur in Mediterranean regions. They are small plants, usually with pink, lilac, or rose-colored flowers, and very useful in rockeries, dry walls, or borders.

The variety "Warley Rose" is 4-8in. tall, has blue-grey foliage, and dense masses of rose-colored flowers in spring.

AGAPANTHUS. — Withstands hard conditions and neglect, but responds to better treatment. The well-known blue or white flowers are attractive in the garden and ideal for cutting. The strap-shaped foliage growing in clumps is also ornamental. Likes full sun; will grow in shade, but fewer flowers are produced. Propagated by dividing old clumps or from seed.

A new introduction, A. andersonii, has dark blue flowers, bluish stems, and flowers from mid-February to March.

ALYSSUM SAXATILE (Golden Tuft). — A small-growing plant up to 12in. tall with grey foliage and golden-yellow flowers in spring. Suitable for low borders in most soils. Propagated by seeds or cuttings.

ANCHUSA species (Forget-me-nots). — Strong-growing plants with blue flowers.

A. myosotidiflora (sometimes listed under Brunnera) has lovely sprays of blue flowers in spring, and prefers a cool soil in semi-shade. Grows to 18in.

ANEMONE species. — A hupehensis or A. japonica (Japanese Wind Flower). — Has attractive foliage and many erect flower stalks 3-4ft. tall, with large white, pink, or red flowers in late summer and autumn. Prefers rich, moist soil in partial shade, and resents disturbance. Propagated from divisions or seed.

A. pulsatilla (sometimes known as Pasque Flower).—Attractive, feathery foliage and blue to reddish-purple bell-shaped flowers, up to 2½in. across, in spring. Seed heads are fluffy and silken. Grows to 12in. tall or more and does best in semi-shade.

ANTHEMIS species.—Hardy, easily grown, sturdy plants requiring full sun and average soil.

A. nobilis "Chamomile" is a compact plant with grey leaves and white, daisy-like flowers.

A. tinctoria grows up to 2ft. tall and has yellow or creamy-white flowers. Propagated from seeds, cuttings, or divisions.

ARABIS species (Rock Cress).—Useful little spring-flowering plant for rock gardens or borders, able to stand fairly dry conditions. Most varieties prefer plenty of sun and are from 6 to 9in. in height. Flowers are mainly white, but some varieties are pink. Propagated by divisions, seeds, or cuttings.

ARMERIA species (Thrift).—These are hardy little perennials, up to 9in. tall or occasionally taller, with tufted leaves and flowers varying in color from white to several shades of pink and rose.

Good species or varieties are Alpina, Corsica, Mauritanica, Pink beauty, and Isobel Burdett. Very useful for borders, rockeries, and edging.

Variety and color

● Many classes of plants are used in the creation of gardens. Trees, shrubs, and annuals all play their part in providing beauty and interest.

SOFT-WOODED perennials or herbaceous perennials, as distinct from the woody perennials such as shrubs, are important in giving great variety of color and texture and have a satisfying permanence which lightens the burden of the gardener.

Strictly speaking, herbaceous perennials are those with perennial roots and tops which die down annually.

This book includes not only the truly herbaceous perennials but others which do not die down, and are mainly distinguished from shrubs by being more or less soft wooded.

There is a magnificent range of perennials available for the average gardener, varying tremendously in size, habit of growth, and flowers.

Garden perennials can be gathered together into one section of the garden which is entirely devoted to their culture, or they can be grown in borders among shrubs and other plants.

Display beds of some perennials can be most effective, and they are a good source of cut flowers.

They are also helpful in new gardens as they come quickly into flower and give color and substance while shrubs are establishing themselves.

Some perennials are comparatively short-lived and have to be renewed after several years. Others, like Agapanthus, last for many years, even if neglected.

If you have in mind establishing a perennial border entirely devoted to such plants, care should be taken in the choice of site.

Most perennials prefer an open, sunny position, although others revel in cool conditions in semi-shade. A background of a wall, fence, trellis, or hedge is desirable, although the bed may be placed in a free position in the garden if desired.

To avoid trampling the soil, don't make the bed too wide, and if the bed is placed against a wall or fence leave a narrow path at the rear of the border for easy maintenance.

Thorough soil preparation is necessary, irrespective of where the plants are to be grown, as the roots of many perennials go down fairly deeply and they are in their permanent home.

In mixed borders they will also be in competition with shrubs and other plants, so that good cultivation is required.

When selecting plants for the perennial border make sure they are suited to local soil and climatic conditions, and remember that the object is to get a natural picture of different habits, heights, and colors.

"Natural" look

The tallest plants are placed at the back of the border, graduating out to the smaller ones, but beds designed to be seen from both sides have the tall plants in the centre.

Try to avoid a painful air of symmetry. Use taller plants here and there to break up the pattern.

For color effects aim at large splashes, but avoid too striking contrasts.

Reds, for example, can go through the pale shades to strong color and then back to pink. This can merge into pale yellow and continue through to stronger yellows.

Some strong colors can be combined without graduation, for example blue and gold. White-flowered perennials go well with most colors, but should not be overdone.

Plant in groups of four to nine of the same species or variety, depending on size. Foliage plants, including grasses, give added interest.

Some perennials stand an amazing amount of neglect, but most need care and attention.

Mulching or liberal dressing with well-rotted manure or compost is desirable, and the plants need a ration of a complete fertiliser twice a year.

Watering is essential, especially when the plants are coming into flower.

Increasing or propagating the plants is gained mainly by division, cuttings (stem or roots), and seed. Many perennials are readily propagated by dividing up the old clumps as they become over-mature or worn out.

Lift the clumps with a fork, gently detach the side shoots or break up the clumps, making sure that each piece has some fibrous roots and a sound crown.

Clumps can be soaked in a barrel of water to free them of soil and to help division.

Most perennials are divided in late winter or early spring. New plants are set with the crowns at soil level or just clear of it.

Cuttings can be taken of many perennials, including stem cuttings and soft-tip cuttings, or the basal shoots can be treated as such.

Root cuttings are sometimes used, especially where large quantities of plants are required.

An old plant is lifted, the roots washed, and the main ones cut into short lengths and planted in seed boxes with about ¼in. covering of light soil.

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PERENNIALS

65 species and how to grow them

By R. H. ANDERSON

RUSSELL LUPINS

ARTEMESIA species (Wormwoods).—Hardy plants with attractive silvery, often aromatic foliage, and small white or yellow flowers. Will grow in most soils, including poor ones.

Species most commonly grown are A. argentea (silvery foliage, white flower, 5ft.), A. baumgartenii (small white leaves, yellow flowers, 9-12in.), and A. stelleriana (silvery foliage, yellow flowers). Increased by division.

ASTERS (Perennial Asters, Michaelmas Daisy). — Easily grown plants, giving a good display in late summer and autumn and very useful for cutting. They prefer open, sunny positions, protection from wind, and medium, loam soil.

Many color varieties in red, pink, white, blue, violet, and lavender-purple. Best grown in clumps of each variety. Old clumps can be divided in late winter. The new dwarf varieties, 6-12in. high, are free-flowering and very attractive.

ASTILBE (Goat's Beard). — Moisture-loving plants with attractive fern-like foliage and graceful plumes of flowers in summer. They prefer cool, damp, rich soil and do admirably near pools or in ferneries. Sometimes grown in barrels of soil placed in water.

Several color varieties in white, red, and various shades of pink. Some new and lovely hybrids are available. They benefit from a good top-dressing of compost in winter. Propagated from division.

BOLTONIA ASTEROIDES.—A tall-growing plant up to 6ft. tall, with long, greyish leaves and large heads of many dainty white flowers in summer. Needs protection from wind, is useful in the back of borders. Propagated by division.

CAMPANULA species.—Beautiful plants, mostly requiring cool, moist conditions and good soil. Flowers are bell-shaped and very showy when well grown.

Many species, ranging from 9in. tall to 5ft.

C. glomerata has deep blue flowers in late spring and summer (18in.). C. persicifolia has several varieties in blue and white, single or double.

C. rapunculoides is free-flowering and hardy, with blue flowers in summer or white in the variety alba.

Most campanulas form a dense ground cover of leaves over the creeping root stock. Clumps should be divided every two or three years.

CENTAUREA species (Cornflowers). — Thistle-like plants with purple, blue, or pink flowers. C. gymnocarpa "Dusty Miller" is densely white-woolly, has finely cut leaves and pink or rose-violet flowers. C. dealbata has deeply cut leaves, whitish beneath, and rosy-pink flowers. C. jacea has purple flowers up to 1½in. across. Propagated by divisions, cuttings, or seed.

CENTRANTHUS RUBER (Red Valerian or Jupiter's Beard).—More correctly named Kentranthus. A very hardy plant, nearly always in bloom, with red or pink flowers, or white in the variety Albus. Propagate from seed or divisions, or soft tip cuttings.

CHRYSANTHEMUM FRUTESCENS (Marguerites or Paris Daisy).—Useful plants in any garden as they flower over a long period and provide cut flowers. Available in white, bright rose, pink, and yellow. Easily grown from suckers or soft green cuttings, 3-6in. long.

"Mary Wooten" (white), "Miss New Zealand" (pink), and "Snowflake" (small, double white) are good varieties.

CHRYSANTHEMUM MAXIMUM (Shasta Daisies.)—Very hardy white flowering perennials suitable for cut flowers and garden display. Both single and double varieties are available. Chiffon varieties have attractive frilled petals. Will grow in most soils, but need good drainage. Old clumps should be divided in late winter, selecting strong pieces, preferably from the outside, with some roots attached.

Best varieties include "Chiffon," "Esther Reid," "Mayfield Grant," and "Quilled Beauty." The related species Chrysanthemum rubellum "Clara Curtis" has deep pink single flowers.

CINERARIA MARITIMA (also known as Senecio cineraria):—Grown for its attractive, finely cut silvery foliage and flat heads of yellow flowers. Revels in fairly dry, sunny positions. 2-3ft. tall. Propagated from cuttings.

CLIVIA.—Handsome plants with strap-like leaves and large funnel-shaped showy reddish-orange flowers in clusters, ideal for cutting. They prefer semi-shade and will grow well under trees and shrubs, forming strong clumps. Light, well-drained soil in warm areas free from heavy frosts. Increased by division after flowering in spring. Can also be raised from seed, but slower to reach maturity. Water well in spring and summer, but little in autumn and winter.

CONVALLARIA (Lily of the Valley).—A popular perennial with dainty, fragrant white flowers valued for bridal bouquets and other floral decorations. Does best in partial or full shade in cool, rich soil. Needs top-dressing each year with well-rotted manure or compost. Resents disturbance, takes two years to become established, and can be left undisturbed for five or six years.

COREOPSIS GRANDIFLORA.—Free-flowering hardy perennial, 2ft. high with yellow flowers in spring. Perry's variety has large, semi-double flowers. Accepts most soils in sunny positions. Propagated from cuttings or divisions.

DELPHINIUMS.—These are among the best of the blue-flowering perennials, hardy and easily grown, but for best results a rich, well-drained soil with plenty of lime is desirable. Liberal watering and mulching with manure and fertilisers or liquid manure are required. Propagated by division after flowering or in spring, cuttings in spring, or from seed sown in autumn or spring.

Best varieties to grow are "Pacific Giant" and "Belladonna," with "Pink Sensation" for those who want to break away from the blues.

DIANTHUS (Pinks).—These hardy and attractive plants are free-flowering and usually delightfully perfumed, mainly white or in varying shades of pink. They prefer an open, sunny position, plenty of water during the dry weather, and liquid manure during the growing season. Suitable for borders or bedding; 6-12in. tall.

DICENTRA SPECTABILIS (Bleeding Heart).—An attractive perennial up to 2ft. tall with pink or rose-red heart-shaped flowers in one-sided sprays in spring and summer. The divided leaves are also attractive. Requires a cool, moist, well-drained position and will grow in semi-shade. An application of liquid cow manure at flowering time is beneficial. The roots are fairly brittle, so care is needed in lifting them when increasing by division.

DIGITALIS species (Fox Gloves). — Handsome biennial and perennial plants, 2 to 4ft. tall or more, which, if given shade and reasonably good soil in cool districts, are very hardy. The flowers are in long spikes and purple, pink, red, pale-yellow, or white in color. Propagated by seeds or divisions.

DIMORPHOTHECA species (Cape Marigold). — Shrub-like plants 2-3ft. tall producing abundance of daisy-like flowers of varying colors, usually with different shades on the inner and outer sides of the petals.

Hardy, and will grow in most soils, including poor seaside ones. Propagated from cuttings or seeds.

Dimorphotheca barberiae rosea has the inner face of petals pink, outside blue or mauve. D. ecklonis has inner face white, reverse side blue or light purple.

DORONICUM (Leopard Bane).—Several species, ranging from 12 to 36in. tall with large, yellow, daisy-like flowers on erect, leafless stems.

Prefers sunny position in cool districts. Propagated by division.

ECHINACEA PURPUREA or Rudbeckia purpurea (Purple Cornflower).—A hardy late-summer and autumn-flowering plant, resisting dry conditions and with rosy-purple, daisy-like flowers with a high central golden-bronze cone. A useful border plant, 2-4ft. tall, not so commonly grown today. Propagated by division.

ECHINOPS RITRO (Globe Thistle).—Thistle-like plants of different and interesting appearance, having large, deeply-cut leaves, silvery stems, and ball-like smoky-blue flower heads in summer. Increased by seed.

To page 6

ASTER YUNNANENSIS (left) has lilac-blue flowers.

• The beautiful Paeony rose on our cover was photographed by Ron Berg at Mr. and Mrs. George Valder's garden, Nooroo, Mount Wilson, N.S.W. Other flowers were photographed in the gardens belonging to Sir Robert and Lady Webster, Clifton Gardens, N.S.W.; Mr. and Mrs. H. Sutton, Burradoo, N.S.W.; Mrs. A. R. Hargreaves, Roseville, N.S.W.: Mrs. Edith Dupain, Bowral, N.S.W.; Owen Fletcher's garden, Bowral, N.S.W.; Mrs. J. Andrews, Canterbury, N.S.W. The garden scenes were photographed at Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Armitage's garden, Koonawarra, Mount Wilson, N.S.W.

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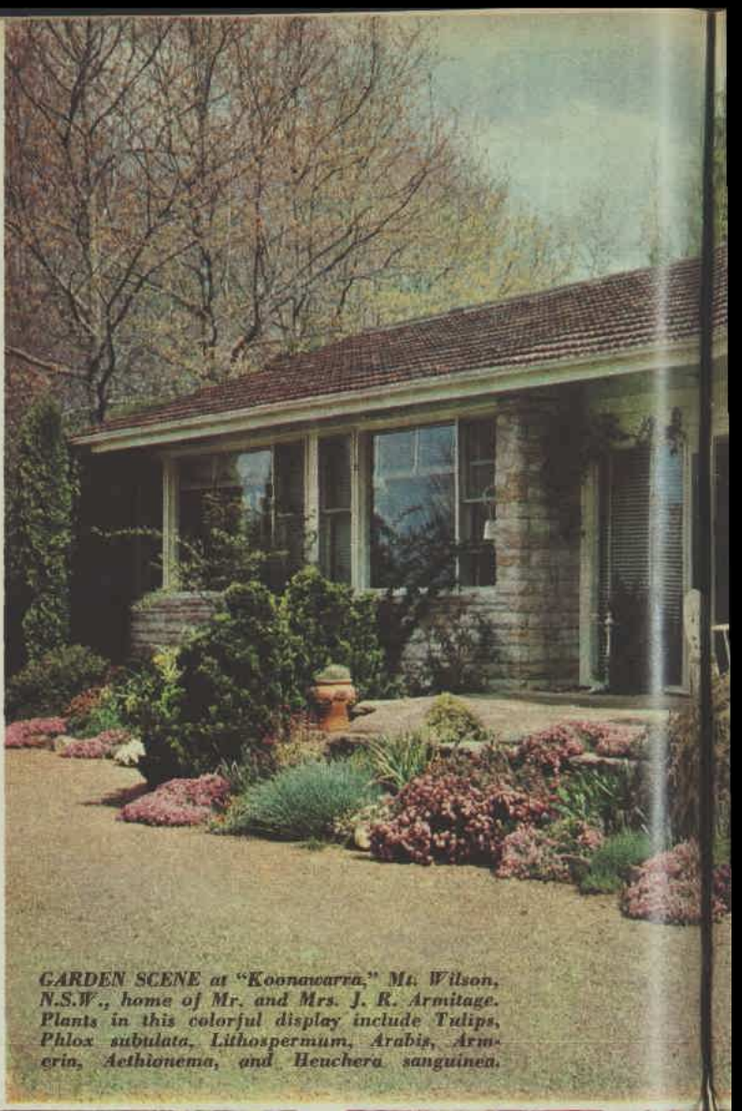
PERENNIAL PHLOX

DICENTRA

CAMPANULA

PHYSOSTEGIA VIRGINIANA



GARDEN SCENE at "Koonawarra," Mt. Wilson, N.S.W., home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Armitage. Plants in this colorful display include Tulips, Phlox subulata, Lithospermum, Arabis, Armerin, Aethionema, and Heuchera sanguinea.

FOXGLOVE

LYCHNIS VISCARIA SPLENDENS

CANTERBURY BELLS

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PULMONARIA SACCHARATA

FORGET-ME-NOT

GEUM

ANEMONE PULSATILLA

AQUILEGIA

SHASTA DAISIES

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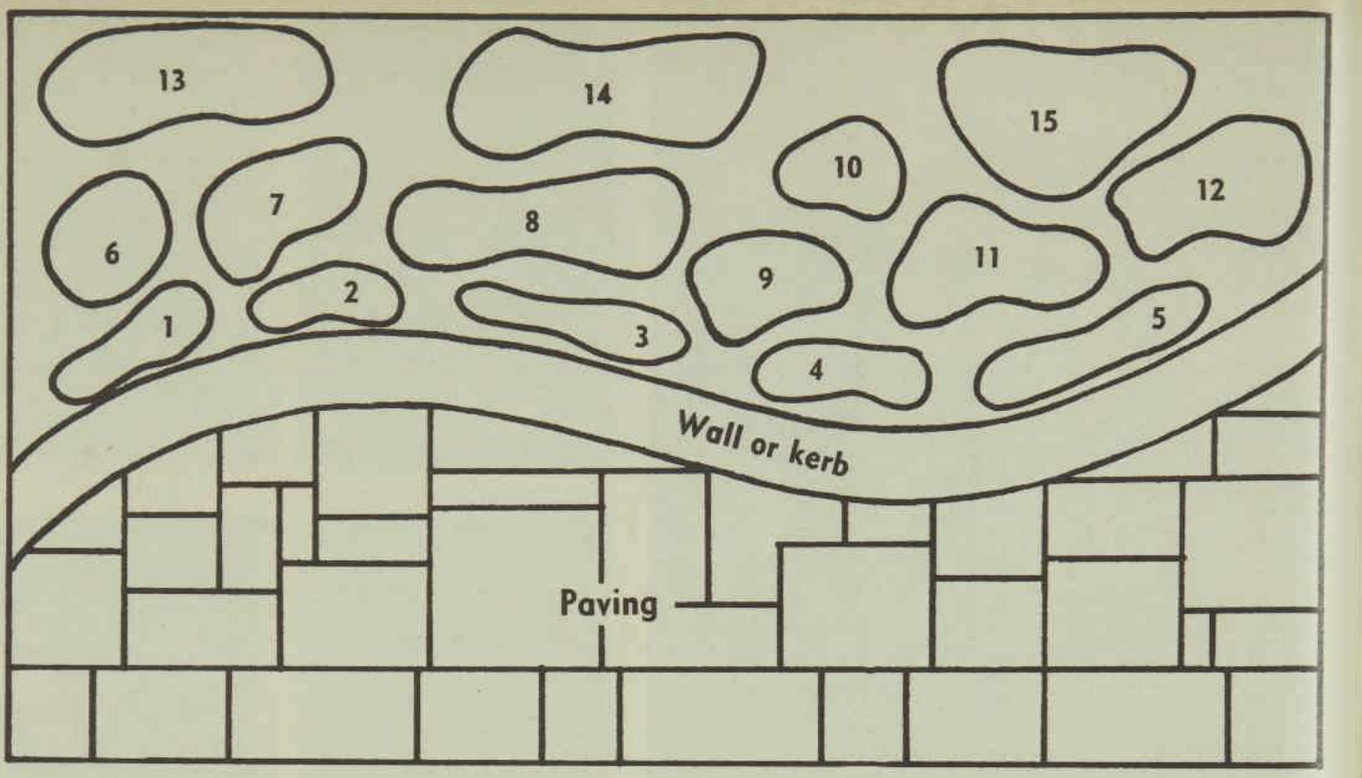

TERRACE OR PATIO BORDER

1 *PHLOX SUBULATA*
2 *ALYSSUM SAXATILE*
3 *IBERIS SEMPERVIRENS*
4 *LITHOSPERMUM PROSTRATUM*
5 *ARMERIA CORSICA*
6 *CENTAUREA DEALBATA*
7 *STOKESIA*
8 *PHYSOSTEGIA*
9 *SHASTA DAISIES*
10 *AQUILEGIA*
11 *PENSTEMON*
12 *CAMPANULA PERSICIFOLIA*
13 *ANEMONE*
14 *DELPHINIUM*
15 *RUSSELL LUPINS*

A.B.C. of perennials (cont.)

ECHIUM species. — Biennials, perennials, or shrubs, mainly grown for their striking spikes of blue or purple flowers. Prefer open sunny positions.

Echium fastuosum grows up to 6ft. tall, and has large cylindrical spikes of purple or dark blue flowers with red stamens.

Echium candicans, also a shrub, has blue or white flowers in immense spikes. These are sometimes known as Pride of Madiera.

ERIOCEPHALUS AFRICANUS. — A winter-flowering plant, used to dry conditions. Silvery leaves and white and violet flowers.

ERIGERON. — Spring-flowering plants with daisy-like flowers in blues and pinks. Many hybrid varieties are grown. Will grow in most soils, but do best in cool positions or semi-shade. Twelve-eighteen inches tall.

ERYNGIUM (Sea Holly).—Unusual-looking plants with thistle-like appearance up to 2ft. tall and with highly colored blue spiny bracts surrounding the central cone-shaped flower. Valued for decoration as they last for a long time when dried. Good drainage is essential and sandy soils are preferred. Propagated from seed or root cuttings.

FRANCOA RAMOSA (Bridal Wreath). — A large-leaved perennial not commonly grown, up to 3ft. high, with spikes of white flowers on gracefully drooping stems; useful for decoration. Prefers cool, well-drained position. Propagated by seed or division.

GAZANIA.—South African plants with large showy blooms, easily grown and tolerant of poor, dry soils and seaside conditions, but require good drainage and a sunny position.

The common **Black-eyed Susan** was grown in many gardens but the new hybrids have introduced a fresh range of colors in yellow, apricot, burgundy, orange, and bronze-red. The flowers close at night.

Propagated by division, the short basal shoots being treated as cuttings, preferably in early autumn.

GEUM species.—These old-time favorites are easily grown, and thrive in most garden soils, but do best in cool districts. They flower over a long period, mainly in summer, and can be obtained in reds, yellows, pinks, or orange.

The two most commonly grown species are G. chiloense (Rich orange red) and G. lorisii (orange-scarlet). "Lady Strathedeen" has double golden-yellow flowers. Propagated by seed or division.

GYPSOPHILA (Baby's Breath).—Fairly easily grown plants, 18-24in. tall, with a profusion of small white flowers ideal for table decoration. Will grow in most soils, but likes a dressing of lime.

G. paniculata has dainty white flower sprays, "Bristol Fairy" double white, and "Pink Star" double pink.

Propagated by cuttings or root grafts. Use hormone preparations for striking cuttings.

HELENIUM (Sneeze Wort). —Strong-growing summer- and autumn-flowering perennials up to 4ft. tall, useful for cut flowers and garden display. They prefer a rich, moist soil in full sun, sheltered from wind.

Readily increased by dividing old clumps.

HELLEBORUS (Christmas Rose).—Useful winter-flowering plants for shady positions, requiring humus and plenty of water in summer. Flowers in apple-green, purple, mauve, and white, good for cutting.

Propagated from seeds or division.

HELIANTHUS (perennial sunflower). — Tall-growing perennials up to 6ft. tall but much shorter in some varieties, with coarsely hairy stems and leaves. They need a sunny position out of the wind, and will grow in most well-drained soils. Flowers yellow or orange.

Easily propagated by division.

HEUCHERA (Coral Bells). —Very useful border plants in reds and pinks, growing about 18in. tall and flowering from early spring until autumn. They tolerate partial shade, but like a cool position and plenty of water during dry weather and a good rich light loam, preferably mulched in spring with well-rotted animal manure.

Propagated by seed or division.

LILY OF THE VALLEY (see **Convallaria**).

LIATRIS SPICATA (Blazing Star). — An uncommon plant up to 3ft. tall with densely crowded spikes of rosy-purple flowers in summer and autumn. They need plenty of water, die down during winter.

Propagated by seed or division.

LIMONIUM species, also known as Statice (See Lavender).—Plants form a rosette of leaves from which the flowering stems appear, bearing blue, white, or pink flowers of papery texture, long-lasting and suitable for dried arrangements. Flowers most of the year.

LITHOSPERMUM species. — Several species, some up to 2ft. tall or more, others small, compact, or creeping. Free-flowering in delightful shades of blue, and very useful for rockeries or edging.

L. prostratum and its variety, Grace Ward, produce masses of flowers, especially in a sunny, well-drained position.

LOBELIA CARDINALIS (Cardinal Flower) var. "Queen Victoria."—Up to 3ft. tall with crimson foliage and long spikes of brilliant scarlet flowers. They need a rich, cool, moist soil.

Propagated from seed or division.

LUPINS — Russell. This hybrid strain is outstanding among the perennial lupins. They have long, symmetrical flower spikes in many shades. Best suited for cool districts.

LYCHNIS species.—The two most commonly grown species are L. viscaria and L. chalcedonica. The latter is often called the Maltese Cross or Jerusalem Cross, because of the shape of the four-petalled flowers. From a compact clump of foliage it produces stems up to 1 or 2ft. long with scarlet flowers.

L. viscaria "Catchfly" has spikes of rose-colored flowers, and the variety "Plena" is a lovely double form.

Propagated by seed or division.

LYTHRUM (Loosestrife).—A tall, striking plant up to 4ft. tall with spikes or trusses

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Perennial borders

HERE are two suggestions for planting perennial borders.

The plants suggested for a terrace or patio border (left) are suitable for cool districts, but most would not be right for warmer areas. For your particular requirements, make your selection of suitable plants from the general list.

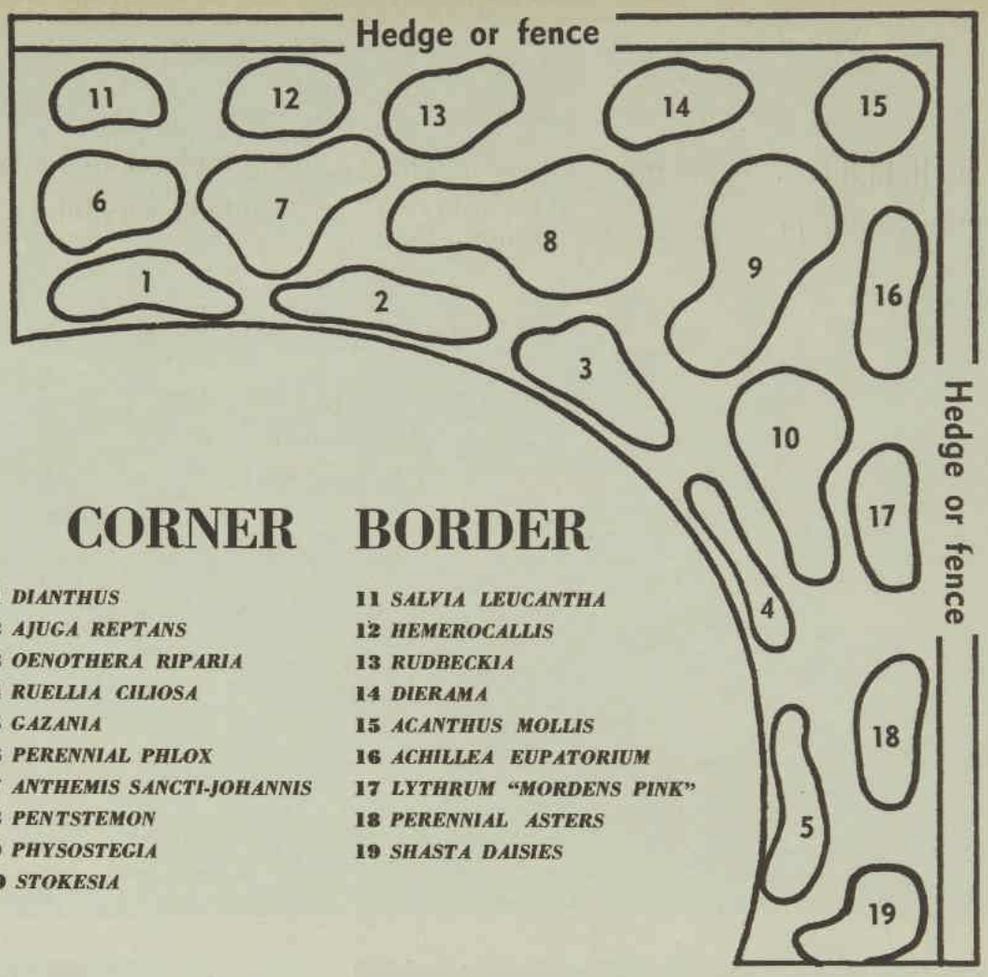
The plan (at right) for a corner perennial border is suitable for warm or temperate areas. The shape of any perennial border depends on the size and location of the garden, but curving lines are more attractive to the eye.

Small plants should be grouped in greater numbers than large ones.

Avoid planting too few of the one variety. Bold splashes are more effective. Above all, don't plant in regular sections—the groups should flow into each other with no straight demarcations.

Don't plant too closely, especially the larger plants. Keep in mind the amount of room required by the different species and varieties when mature.

When planning a perennial border make a scale plan first, fixing the outlines and then pencilling in the various groups until a pleasing pattern is achieved.



CORNER BORDER

1 *DIANTHUS*
2 *AJUGA REPTANS*
3 *OENOTHERA RIPARIA*
4 *RUELLIA CILIOSA*
5 *GAZANIA*
6 *PERENNIAL PHLOX*
7 *ANTHEMIS SANCTI-JOHANNIS*
8 *PENTSTEMON*
9 *PHYSOSTEGIA*
10 *STOKESIA*
11 *SALVIA LEUCANTHA*
12 *HEMEROCALLIS*
13 *RUDBECKIA*
14 *DIERAMA*
15 *ACANTHUS MOLLIS*
16 *ACHILLEA EUPATORIUM*
17 *LYTHRUM "MORDENS PINK"*
18 *PERENNIAL ASTERS*
19 *SHASTA DAISIES*

of red-purple or pink flowers in summer and autumn.

Good for the back of the border. Does best in damp soil but will tolerate drier sites.

Propagated by cuttings or seeds.

MONARDA DIDYMA (Bergamot or Oswego Tea). — A beautiful, fairly uncommon perennial up to 3ft. tall, free-flowering with dense masses of crimson, rosy-red, pink, purple, or lilac flowers. Does best in cool conditions and in partial shade and needs plenty of water in dry seasons.

Propagated by division or seed.

MYOSOTIS species (Forget-me-nots). — These include annuals, biennials, and perennials, but the latter are often treated as annuals. Clear blue flowers, there are also pink and white varieties. They thrive in fairly moist, semi-shaded positions, but also tolerate full sun.

PAEONIA (Herbaceous Peony Rose).—A lovely perennial 2-3ft. tall with large single or double fragrant flowers in shades of pinks, reds, lilacs, and white. Does best in cool districts in good deep soil and requires liberal watering. Should not be disturbed for several years. Although usually said to do best in semi-shade, it often prefers a sunny position, especially morning sun.

Propagated by division or root-grafting.

PENTSTEMON. — Hardy plants with brilliant flowers suitable for most soils. The hybrid varieties have a fine color range and are useful for cutting.

P. campanulatus has rose-colored flowers from spring to autumn. P. pinifolius has fine needle-like foliage and scarlet flowers. "Van Halm" has deep green leaves and spikes of rather small deep crimson flowers. P. heterophyllus is a valuable species with bluish-purple flowers useful for cutting.

Propagated by cuttings or seeds.

PHLOX (perennial). — One of the best of the perennials, growing under many conditions and with a long flowering season and wide range of colors, but dislikes too dry or hot conditions. Does best in good deep soil and when well watered in summer. Leave clumps alone until well established.

Many named varieties are available, varying from white to crimson and purple.

Propagated by division or green or root cuttings.

PHYSOSTEGIA (Obedient Plant or Mock Erica). — An easily grown plant with sturdy square stems up to 3ft. tall, carrying spikes of pink, red, or lilac-colored flowers from summer to autumn.

Does best in fairly fertile soil in open sunny position.

Several good varieties, including "Vivid" (rosy crimson) and "A. McIndoe," a vigorous variety with pink and white flowers.

Propagated by division.

PLATYCODON (Balloon Flower or Chinese Bell Flower). —A charming perennial up to 2ft. tall with blue or white flowers which, in the young stage, form a balloon-like bud opening out to a cup-shaped flower about 2in. across. Stems are often weak, requiring support. Dies back in winter.

Does best in medium, well-drained loams enriched with compost or manure, and protected from hot sun.

Propagated mainly from seed.

PULMONARIA species.—P. saccharata ("Bethlehem Sage") is a handsome plant up to 12in. tall, with green oval leaves marbled with white, and bright salmon-rose flowers. Prefers a cool position.

P. angustifolia has narrow leaves, large blue flowers, and likes a moist, semi-shaded position. Both can be propagated by division.

REHMANNIA ANGULATA. — Not commonly grown, but a striking plant with rosettes of leaves lying flat on the ground, from which come tall stems up to 3ft. tall with large rosy-purple flowers with yellow throats spotted red.

Spreads freely on light soils. Does best in semi-shade.

Propagated by seed.

RUDBECKIA species (Coneflowers).—Hardy summer and autumn free-flowering perennials up to 6ft. high, grown for their showy yellow flowers.

They do best in open, sunny positions on medium or sandy loams, and require plenty of water in spring and summer.

Several species are available, including R. laciniata (single) and the variety "Golden Glow" (large double flowers), R. speciosa, and R. californica.

Propagated by division in late winter or seed.

SALVIA.—Several species of perennial salvias are grown, being useful in most gardens. Salvia leucantha is one of the most valuable late-autumn-and-winter-flowering perennials, very attractive with sage-green leaves, silvery beneath, and woolly lavender-violet flowers with white corolla. Up to 5ft. tall.

Other species include S. angustifolia (blue), S. coccinea (scarlet), S. uluginosa (blue-and-white).

Propagated by division or seed.

SAPONARIA OFFICINALIS (Soap Wort).—A hardy, easily grown plant with pink flowers, single or double, useful for cuttings.

Propagated by division.

SOLIDAGO CANADENSIS (Golden Rod). — A hardy, yellow-flowering border plant up to 6ft. tall, making good splashes of color in late summer and autumn. Some other species and hybrids are 1-2ft. tall, and are becoming popular.

Propagated by seed or division.

STACHYS LANATA (Lamb's Tongue).—An attractive plant with woolly, greyish foliage and purplish-pink flowers. Sometimes known as Donkey's Ears.

Tolerates fairly dry conditions and poor soils. Propagated by seed or division.

STATICE. See under **Limonium.**

STOKESIA CYANEA (Cornflower Aster). — A very desirable border plant producing large lavender-blue flowers, 4-5in. across, and blooming over a long period. Prefers a cool situation. A white-flowering variety is also available.

Propagated by division or seed.

THALICTRUM DIPTEROCARPUM (Lavender Shower or Meadow Rue).—An attractive perennial with fern-like foliage and long flowering stalks up to 4 or 5ft. tall bearing sprays of dainty mauve flowers with yellow anthers.

They need a rich, cool soil in partial shade, and ample moisture. Propagated by seed or division.

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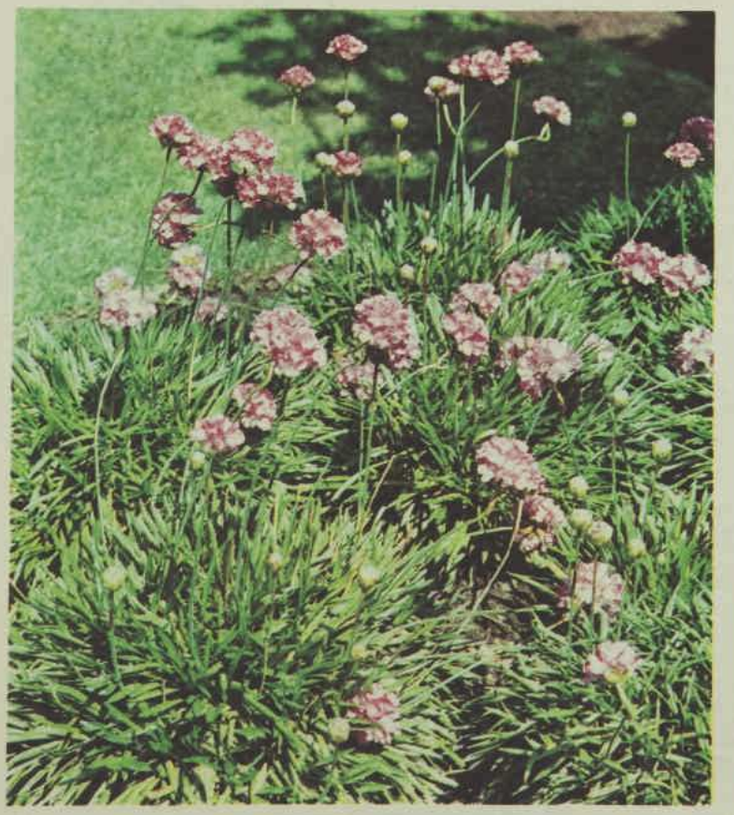
MR. AND MRS. J. R. ARMITAGE, of "Koonawarra," Mt. Wilson, N.S.W., planted this garden border with Iberis sempervirens, Erysimum pulchellum, Phlox subulata, and Daphne cneorum.



ARMERIA (Thrift)

ECHIUM ("Pride of Madeira")

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